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MUNICIPAL ADMINISTRATION: THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE.

IN New York, in the fall of 1894, Tammany Hall was overthrown by a coalition composed partly of the regular Republicans, partly of anti-Tammany Democrats, and partly of Independents. Under the last head must be included a great many men who in national politics habitually act with one or the other of the two great parties, but who feel that in municipal politics good citizens should act independently. The tidal wave, which was running high against the Democratic party, was undoubtedly very influential in bringing about the anti-Tammany victory; but the chief factor in producing the result was the widespread anger and disgust felt by decent citizens at the corruption which under the sway of Tammany had honey-combed every department of the city government, but especially the police force. A few well-meaning persons have at times tried to show that this corruption was not actually so very great. In reality it would be difficult to overestimate the utter rottenness of many branches of the city administration. There were a few honorable and high-minded Tammany officials, and there were a few bureaus which were conducted with some measure of efficiency, although dishonestly. But the corruption had become so widespread as seriously to impair the work of administration, and to bring us back within appreciable distance of the days of Tweed.

The chief centre of corruption was the police department. No man not inti-

mately acquainted with both the lower and the humbler sides of New York life — for there is a wide distinction between the two — can realize how far this corruption extended. Except in rare instances, where prominent politicians made demands which could not be refused, both promotions and appointments towards the close of Tammany rule were almost solely for money, and the prices were discussed with cynical frankness. There was a well-recognized tariff of charges, ranging from two or three hundred dollars for appointment as a patrolman, to twelve or fifteen thousand dollars for promotion to the position of captain. The money was reimbursed to those who paid it by an elaborate system of blackmail. This was chiefly carried on at the expense of gamblers, liquor sellers, and keepers of disorderly houses; but every form of vice and crime contributed more or less, and a great many respectable people who were ignorant or timid were blackmailed under pretense of forbidding or allowing them to violate obscure ordinances, and the like. From top to bottom the New York police force was utterly demoralized by the gangrene of such a system, where venality and blackmail went hand in hand with the basest forms of low ward politics, and where the policeman, the ward politician, the liquor seller, and the criminal alternately preyed on one another and helped one another to prey on the general public.

In May, 1895, I was made president of the newly appointed police board,

whose duty it was to cut out the chief source of civic corruption in New York by cleansing the police department. The police board consisted of four members; all four of the new men were appointed by Mayor Strong, the reform mayor, who had taken office in January.

With me was associated as treasurer of the board Mr. Avery D. Andrews. He was a Democrat and I a Republican, and there were questions of national politics on which we disagreed widely; but such questions could not enter into the administration of the New York police, if that administration was to be both honest and efficient; and as a matter of fact, during my two years' service, Mr. Andrews and I worked in absolute harmony on every important question of policy which arose. The prevention of blackmail and corruption, the repression of crime and violence, the safeguarding of life and property, securing honest elections, and rewarding efficient and punishing inefficient police service, are not, and cannot properly be made, questions of party difference. In other words, such a body as the police force of New York can be wisely and properly administered only upon a non-partisan basis, and both Mr. Andrews and myself were quite incapable of managing it on any other. There were many men who helped us in our work; and among them all, the man who helped us most, by advice and counsel, by stalwart, loyal friendship, and by ardent championship of all that was good against all that was evil, was Jacob A. Riis, the author of *How the Other Half Lives*.

Certain of the difficulties we had to face were merely those which confronted the entire reform administration in its management of the municipality. Many worthy people expected that this reform administration would work an absolute revolution, not merely in the government, but in the minds of the citizens as a whole; and felt vaguely that they had been cheated because there was not an

immediate cleansing of every bad influence in civic or social life. Moreover, the different bodies forming the victorious coalition felt the pressure of conflicting interests and hopes. The mass of effective strength was given by the Republican organization, and not only all the enrolled party workers, but a great number of well-meaning Republicans who had no personal interest at stake expected the administration to be used to further the fortunes of their own party. Another great body of the administration's supporters took a diametrically opposite view, and believed that the municipality should be governed without the slightest reference whatever to party. In theory they were quite right, and I cordially sympathized with them; but in reality the victory could not have been won by the votes of this class of people alone, and it was out of the question to put their theories into complete effect. Like all other men who actually try to do things instead of confining themselves to saying how they should be done, the members of the new city government were obliged to face the facts, and to do the best they could in the effort to get some kind of good result out of the conflicting forces. They had to disregard party so far as was possible; and yet they could not afford to disregard all party connections so utterly as to bring the whole government to grief.

In addition to these two large groups of supporters, there were other groups, also possessing influence, who expected to receive recognition distinctly as Democrats, but as anti-Tammany Democrats; and such members of any victorious coalition are always sure to overestimate their own services, and to feel that they are ill-treated.

It is of course an easy thing to show on paper that the municipal administration should have been conducted without any regard whatever to party lines, and if the bulk of the people saw things with entire clearness, the truth would

seem so obvious as to need no demonstration. But the great majority of those who voted the new administration into power neither saw this nor realized it, and in politics, as in life generally, conditions must be faced as they are, and not as they ought to be. The regular Democratic organization, not only in the city, but in the State, was completely under the dominion of Tammany Hall and its allies, and they fought us at every step with wholly unscrupulous hatred. In the State and the city alike, the Democratic campaign was waged against the reform administration in New York. The Tammany officials who were still left in power in the city, headed by the comptroller, Mr. Fitch, did everything in their power to prevent the new administration from giving the city an efficient government. The Democratic members of the legislature acted as their faithful allies in all such efforts. Whatever was accomplished by the reform administration — and a very great deal was accomplished — was due to the action of the Republican majority in the Constitutional Convention, and especially to the Republican governor, Mr. Morton, and the Republican majority in the legislature, who enacted laws giving to the newly chosen mayor, Mr. Strong, the great powers necessary for properly discharging the duties of his office. Without these laws the mayor would have been very nearly powerless. He certainly could not have done a tenth part of what actually was done.

Now, of course, the Republican politicians who gave Mayor Strong all these powers, in the teeth of violent Democratic opposition to every law for the betterment of civic conditions in New York, ought not, under ideal conditions, to have expected the slightest reward. They should have been contented with showing the public that their only purpose was to serve the public, and that the Republican party wished no better reward than the consciousness of having done its duty by the State and the city.

But as a whole they had not reached such a standard. There were some who had reached it; there were others who, though perfectly honest, and wishing to see good government prosper, yet felt that somehow it ought to be combined with party advantage of a tangible sort; and finally there were yet others who were not honest at all and cared nothing for the victory, unless it resulted in some way to their own personal advantage. In short, the problem presented was of the kind which usually is presented when men are to be dealt with as a mass. The mayor and his associates had to keep in touch with the Republican party, or they could have done nothing; and, on the other hand, there was much that the Republican machine asked which could not be granted, because a surrender on certain vital points meant the abandonment of the whole effort to obtain good government.

The undesirability of breaking with the Republican organization was shown by what happened in the management of the police department. This, being the great centre of power, was the especial object of the Republican machine leaders. Toward the close of Tammany rule, of the four police commissioners, two had been machine Republicans, whose actions were in no wise to be distinguished from those of their Tammany colleagues; and immediately after the new board was appointed to office the machine got through the legislature the so-called bi-partisan or Lexow law, under which the department is at present conducted; and a more foolish or vicious law was never enacted by any legislative body. It modeled the government of the police force somewhat on the lines of the Polish Parliament, and it was avowedly designed to make it difficult to get effective action. It provided for a four-headed board, in which it was hard to get a majority anyhow; but, lest we should get such a majority, it gave each mem-

ber power to veto the actions of his colleagues in certain very important matters; and, lest we should do too much when we were unanimous, it provided that the chief, our nominal subordinate, should have entirely independent action in the most essential matters, and should be practically irremovable except for proved corruption, so that he was responsible to nobody. The mayor was similarly hindered from removing any police commissioner: when one of our colleagues began obstructing the work of the board, and thwarting its effort to reform the force, the mayor in vain strove to turn him out. In short, there was a complete divorce of power from responsibility, and it was exceedingly difficult either to do anything, or to place anywhere the responsibility for not doing it.

If by any reasonable concessions, if indeed by the performance of any act not incompatible with our oaths of office, we could have stood on good terms with the machine, we would assuredly have made the effort, even at the cost of sacrificing many of our ideals; and in almost any other department we could probably have avoided a break; but in the police force such a compromise was not possible. What was demanded of us usually took some such form as the refusal to enforce certain laws, or the protection of certain lawbreakers, or the promotion of the least fit men to positions of high power and grave responsibility; and on such points it was not possible to yield. We were obliged to treat all questions that arose purely on their merits, without reference to the desires of the politicians. We went into this course with our eyes open, for we knew the trouble it would cause us personally, and, what was far more important, the way in which our efforts for reform would consequently be hampered. However, there was no alternative, and we had to abide by the result. We had counted the cost before we adopted our plan, and we followed it resolutely to

the end. We could not accomplish all that we should have liked to accomplish, for we were shackled by preposterous legislation, and by the opposition and intrigues of the basest machine politicians, which cost us the support, sometimes of one, and sometimes of both, of our colleagues. Nevertheless, the net result of our two years of work was that we did more to increase the efficiency and honesty of the police department than had ever previously been done in its history.

Besides suffering, in aggravated form, from the difficulties which beset the course of the entire administration, the police board had to encounter — and honest and efficient police boards must always encounter — certain special and peculiar difficulties. It is not a pleasant thing to deal with criminals and purveyors of vice. It is very rough work, and it cannot always be done in a nice manner. The man with the night stick, the man in the blue coat with the helmet, can keep order and repress open violence on the streets; but most kinds of crime and vice are ordinarily carried on furtively and by stealth, perhaps at night, perhaps behind closed doors. It is possible to reach them only by the employment of the man in plain clothes, the detective. Now the function of the detective is primarily that of the spy, and it is always easy to arouse feeling against a spy. It is absolutely necessary to employ him. Ninety per cent of the most dangerous criminals and purveyors of vice cannot be reached in any other way. But the average citizen who does not think deeply fails to realize the need for any such employment. In a vague way he desires vice and crime put down; but, also in a vague way, he objects to the only possible means by which they can be put down. It is easy to mislead him into denouncing what is unavoidably done in order to carry out the very policy for which he is clamoring.

The Tammany officials of New York, headed by the comptroller, made a sys-

tematic effort to excite public hostility against the police for their warfare on vice. The lawbreaking liquor seller, the keeper of disorderly houses, and the gambler had been influential allies of Tammany, and head contributors to its campaign chest. Naturally Tammany fought for them; and the effective way in which to carry on such a fight was to portray with gross exaggeration and misstatement the methods necessarily employed by every police force which honestly endeavors to do its work. The methods are unpleasant, just as the methods employed in any surgical operation are unpleasant; and the Tammany champions were able to arouse a good deal of feeling against the police board for precisely the same reason that a century ago it was easy to arouse what were called "doctors' mobs" against surgeons who cut up dead bodies. In neither case is the operation attractive, and it is one which readily lends itself to denunciation; but in both cases the action must be taken if there is a real intention to get at the disease.

Tammany found its most influential allies in the sensational newspapers. Of all the forces that tend for evil in a great city like New York, probably no other is so potent as the sensational press. Until one has had experience with them it is difficult to realize the reckless indifference to truth or decency displayed by papers such as the two that have the largest circulation in New York city. Scandal forms the breath of the nostrils of such papers, and they are quite as ready to create as to describe it. To sustain law and order is humdrum, and does not furnish material for flaunting woodcuts; but if the editor will stoop, and make his subordinates stoop, to raking the gutters of human depravity, to upholding the wrongdoer and furiously assailing what is upright and honest, he can make money, just as other types of pander make it. The man who is to do honorable work in any form of civic

politics must make up his mind (and if he is a man of properly robust character he will make it up without difficulty) to treat the assaults of papers like these with absolute indifference, and to go his way unheeding. He will have to make up his mind to be criticised also, sometimes justly, and more often unjustly, even by decent people; and he must not be so thin-skinned as to mind such criticism overmuch.

In administering the police force, we found, as might be expected, that there was no need of genius, nor indeed of any very unusual qualities. What was required was the exercise of the plain, ordinary virtues, of a rather commonplace type, which all good citizens should be expected to possess. Common sense, common honesty, courage, energy, resolution, readiness to learn, and a desire to be as pleasant with everybody as was compatible with a strict performance of duty, — these were the qualities most called for. We soon found that, in spite of the widespread corruption which had obtained in the New York police department, most of the men were heartily desirous of being honest. There were some who were incurably dishonest, just as there were some who had remained decent in spite of terrific temptation and pressure, but the great mass came in between. Although not possessing the stamina to war against corruption when the odds seemed well-nigh hopeless, they were, nevertheless, heartily glad to be decent, and they welcomed the change to a system under which they were rewarded for doing well, and punished for doing ill.

Our methods for restoring order and discipline were simple, and hardly less so were our methods for securing efficiency. We made frequent personal inspections, especially at night, going anywhere, at any time. In this way we soon got an idea of whom among our upper subordinates we could trust and whom we could not. We then proceeded to punish those who were guilty of shortcom-

ings, and to reward those who did well, refusing to pay any heed whatever to anything except the man's own character and record. A very few promotions and dismissals sufficed to show our subordinates that at last they were dealing with superiors who meant what they said, and that the days of political "pull" were over while we had the power. The effect was immediate. The decent men took heart, and those who were not decent feared longer to offend. The *morale* of the entire force improved steadily.

A similar course was followed in reference to the relations between the police and citizens generally. There had formerly been much complaint of the brutal treatment by police of innocent citizens. This was stopped peremptorily by the obvious expedient of dismissing from the force the first two or three men who were found guilty of brutality. On the other hand, we made the force understand that in the event of any emergency requiring them to use their weapons against either a mob or an individual criminal, the police board backed them up without reservation. Our sympathy was for the friends, and not the foes, of order. If a mob threatened violence, we were glad to have the mob hurt. If a criminal showed fight, we expected the officer to use any weapon that was requisite to overcome him on the instant, and even, if it became needful, to take life. All that the board required was to be convinced that the necessity really existed. We did not possess a particle of that maudlin sympathy for the criminal, disorderly, and lawless classes which is such a particularly unhealthy sign of social development; and we were determined that the improvement in the fighting efficiency of the police should keep pace with the improvement in their moral tone.

To break up the system of blackmail and corruption was less easy. It was not at all difficult to protect decent people in their rights, and this result was

effected at once. But the criminal who is blackmailed has a direct interest in paying the blackmailer, and it is not easy to get information about it. Nevertheless, we put a complete stop to most of the blackmail by the simple process of rigorously enforcing the laws, not only against crime, but against vice.

It was the enforcement of the liquor law which caused most excitement. In New York, we suffer from the altogether too common tendency to enact any law which a certain section of the community wants, and then to allow that law to become very nearly a dead-letter if any other section of the community objects to it. The multiplication of laws by the legislature and their partial enforcement by the executive authorities go hand in hand, and offer one of the many serious problems with which we are confronted in striving to better civic conditions. New York State felt that liquor should not be sold on Sunday. The larger part of New York city wished to drink liquor on Sunday. Any man who studies the social condition of the poor knows that liquor works more ruin than any other one cause. He knows also, however, that it is simply impracticable to extirpate the habit entirely, and that to attempt too much often results merely in accomplishing too little; and he knows, moreover, that for a man alone to drink whiskey in a bar-room is one thing, and for men with their families to drink light wines or beer in respectable restaurants is quite a different thing. The average citizen, who does not think at all, and the average politician of the baser sort, who thinks only about his own personal advantage, find it easiest to disregard these facts, and to pass a liquor law which will please the temperance people, and then trust to the police department to enforce it with such laxity as to please the intemperate.

The results of this pleasing system were evident in New York when our board came into power. The Sunday

liquor law was by no means a dead-letter in New York city. On the contrary, no less than eight thousand arrests for its violation had been made under the Tammany régime the year before we came in. It was very much alive, but it was executed only against those who either had no political pull or refused to pay blackmail.

The liquor business does not stand on the same footing with other occupations. It always tends to produce criminality in the population at large, and lawbreaking among the saloon-keepers themselves. It is absolutely necessary to supervise it rigidly, and to impose restrictions upon the traffic. In large cities the traffic cannot be stopped, but the evils can at least be minimized. In New York, the saloon-keepers have always stood high among professional politicians. Nearly two thirds of the political leaders of Tammany Hall have been in the liquor business at one time or another. The saloon is the natural club and meeting-place for the ward heelers and leaders, and the bar-room politician is one of the most common and best recognized factors in local government. The saloon-keepers are always hand in glove with the professional politicians, and occupy toward them such a position as is not held by any other class of men. The influence they wield in local politics has always been very great, and until our board took office no man ever dared seriously to threaten them for their flagrant violations of the law. The powerful and influential saloon-keeper was glad to see the shops of his neighbors closed, for it gave him business. On the other hand, a corrupt police captain, or the corrupt politician who controlled him, could always extort money from a saloon-keeper by threatening to close his place and let his neighbor's remain open. Gradually the greed of corrupt police officials and of corrupt politicians grew by what it fed on, until they began to blackmail all but the very most influential liquor sellers;

and as liquor sellers were numerous and the profits of the liquor business great, the amount collected was enormous.

The reputable saloon-keepers themselves found this condition of blackmail and political favoritism almost intolerable. The law which we found on the statute books had been put on by a Tammany legislature, three years earlier. A couple of months after we took office, Mr. J. P. Smith, the editor of the liquor dealers' organ, *The Wine and Spirit Gazette*, gave out the following interview, which is of such an extraordinary character that I insert it almost in full:—

"The governor, as well as the legislature of 1892, was elected upon distinct pledges that relief would be given by the Democratic party to the liquor dealers, especially of the cities of the State. In accordance with this promise, a Sunday-opening clause was inserted in the excise bill of 1892. The governor then said that he could not approve the Sunday-opening clause; whereupon the Liquor Dealers' Association, which had charge of the bill, struck the Sunday-opening clause out. After Governor Hill had been elected for the second term, I had several interviews with him on that very subject. He told me, 'You know I am the friend of the liquor dealers and will go to almost any length to help them, and give them relief; but do not ask me to recommend to the legislature the passage of the law opening the saloons on Sunday. I cannot do it, for it will ruin the Democratic party in the State.' He gave the same interview to various members of the State Liquor Dealers' Association, who waited upon him for the purpose of getting relief from the blackmail of the police, stating that the lack of having the Sunday question properly regulated was at the bottom of the trouble. Blackmail had been brought to such a state of perfection, and had become so oppressive to the liquor dealers themselves, that they com-

municated first with Governor Hill and then with Mr. Croker. The Wine and Spirit Gazette had taken up the subject because of gross discrimination made by the police in the enforcement of the Sunday-closing law. The paper again and again called upon the police commissioners to either uniformly enforce the law or uniformly disregard it. A committee of the Central Association of Liquor Dealers of this city then took up the matter and called upon Police Commissioner Martin.¹ *An agreement was then made between the leaders of Tammany Hall and the liquor dealers, according to which the monthly blackmail paid to the police should be discontinued in return for political support.* In other words, the retail dealers should bind themselves to solidly support the Tammany ticket in consideration of the discontinuance of the monthly blackmail by the police. This agreement was carried out. Now what was the consequence? If the liquor dealer, after the monthly blackmail ceased, showed any signs of independence, the Tammany Hall district leader would give the tip to the police captain, and that man would be pulled and arrested on the following Sunday."

Continuing, Mr. Smith inveighed against the law, but said:—

"The (present) police commissioners are honestly endeavoring to have the law impartially carried out. They are no respecters of persons. And our information from all classes of liquor dealers is that the rich and the poor, the influential and the uninfluential, are required equally to obey the law."

There is really some difficulty in commenting upon the statements of this interview, statements which were never denied.

The law was not in the least a dead-letter; it was enforced, but it was corruptly and partially enforced. It was

¹ My predecessor in the presidency of the police board. The italics are my own.

a prominent factor in the Tammany scheme of government. It afforded a most effective means for blackmailing a large portion of the liquor sellers, and for the wholesale corruption of the police department. The high Tammany officials and police captains and patrolmen blackmailed and bullied the small liquor sellers without a pull, and turned them into abject slaves of Tammany Hall. On the other hand, the wealthy and politically influential liquor sellers controlled the police, and made or marred captains, sergeants, and patrolmen at their pleasure. In some of the precincts most of the saloons were closed; in others almost all were open. The rich and powerful liquor seller, who had fallen under the ban of the police or the ward boss, was not allowed to violate the law at all.

Under these circumstances, the new police board had one of two courses to follow: We could either instruct the police to allow all the saloon-keepers to become lawbreakers, or else we could instruct them to allow none to be lawbreakers. We followed the latter course, because we had some regard for our oaths of office. For two or three months we had a regular fight, and on Sundays had to employ half the men to enforce the liquor law; the Tammany legislators had drawn the law so as to make it easy of enforcement for purposes of blackmail, but not easy of enforcement generally, certain provisions being deliberately inserted with the intention to make it difficult of universal execution. However, when once the liquor sellers and their allies understood that we had not the slightest intention of being bullied, threatened, or cajoled out of following the course which we had laid down, resistance practically ceased. During the year after we took office, the number of arrests for violation of the Sunday liquor law sank to about one half of what they had been during the last year of the Tammany rule; and yet the sa-

loons were practically closed, whereas under Tammany most of them had been open. We adopted no new methods, save in so far as honesty could be called a new method. We did not enforce the law with unusual severity; we merely enforced it against the man with a pull just as much as against the man without a pull. We refused to discriminate in favor of influential lawbreakers.

The professional politicians of low type, the liquor sellers, the editors of some German newspapers, and the sensational press generally, attacked us with a ferocity which really verged on insanity. We went our way without regarding this opposition, and gave a very wholesome lesson to the effect that a law should not be put on the statute books if it was not meant to be enforced, and that even an excise law could be honestly enforced in New York if the public officials so desired. The rich brewers and liquor sellers, who had made money rapidly by violating the excise law with the corrupt connivance of the police, raved with anger, and every corrupt politician and newspaper in the city gave them clamorous assistance; but the poor man, and notably the poor man's wife and children, benefited very greatly by what we did. The hospitals found that their Monday labors were lessened by nearly one half, owing to the startling diminution in cases of injury due to drunken brawls; and the work of the magistrates who sat in the city courts on Monday, for the trial of the offenders of the preceding twenty-four hours, was correspondingly decreased; while many a tenement-house family spent Sunday in the country because for the first time the head of the family could not use up his money in getting drunk. The one all important element in good citizenship in our country is obedience to law, and nothing is more needed than the resolute enforcement of law. This we gave.

There was no species of mendacity to which our opponents did not resort in

the effort to break us down in our purpose. For weeks they eagerly repeated the tale that the saloons were as wide open as ever; but they finally abandoned this because the counsel for the Liquor Dealers' Association admitted in open court, at the time when we secured the conviction of thirty of his clients, and thereby brought the fight to an end, that over nine tenths of the liquor dealers had been rendered bankrupt by our stopping that illegal trade which gave them the best portion of their revenue. Our opponents then took the line that by devoting our attention to enforcing the liquor law we permitted crime to increase. This of course offered a very congenial field for newspapers like the *World*, which exploited it to the utmost; all the more readily since the mere reiteration of the falsehood tended to encourage criminals, and so to make it not a falsehood. For a time the cry was not without influence, even with decent people, especially if they belonged to the class of the timid rich; but it simply was not true, and so this bubble went down stream with the others. For six or eight months the cry continued, first louder, then lower; and then it died away. A commentary upon its accuracy was furnished toward the end of our administration; for in February, 1897, the judge who addressed the grand jury of the month was able to congratulate them upon the fact that there was at that time less crime in New York relatively to the population than ever before; and this held true for our two years' service.

In reorganizing the force the board had to make, and did make, more promotions, more appointments, and more dismissals than had ever before been made in the same length of time. We were so hampered by the law that we were not able to dismiss many of the men who should have been removed, but we did turn out two hundred men; more than four times as many as ever had been turned out in a similar period be-

fore. All of them were dismissed after formal trial, and after having been given full opportunity to be heard in their own defense. We appointed about seventeen hundred men all told, — again more than four times as many as ever before, — for we were allowed a large increase of the police force by law. We made one hundred and thirty promotions; more than had been made in the six preceding years.

All this work was done in strictest accord with what we have grown to speak of as the principles of civil service reform. In making removals we paid heed merely to the man's efficiency and past record, refusing to consider outside pressure; under the old régime no policeman with sufficient influence behind him was ever discharged, no matter what his offense. In making promotions we took into account not only the man's general record, his faithfulness, industry, and vigilance, but also his personal prowess as shown in any special feat of daring, whether in the arresting of criminals or in the saving of life; for the police service is military in character, and we wished to encourage the military virtues. In making appointments we found that it was practical to employ a system of rigid competitive examinations, which, as finally perfected, combined a very severe physical examination with a mental examination such as could be passed by any man who had attended one of our public schools. Of course there was also a rigid investigation of character. Theorists have often sneered at civil service reform as "impracticable;" and I am very far from asserting that written competitive examinations are always applicable, or that they may not sometimes be merely stop-gaps, used only because they are better than the methods of appointing through political indorsement; but most certainly the system worked admirably in the police department. We got the best body of recruits for patrolmen that had ever

been obtained in the history of the force, and we did just as well in our examinations for matrons and police surgeons. The uplifting of the force was very noticeable, both physically and mentally. The best men we got were those who had served for three years or so in the army or navy. Next to these came the railroad men. One noticeable feature of the work was that we greatly raised the proportion of native-born, until of the last hundred appointed ninety-four per cent were Americans by birth. Not once in a hundred times did we know the politics of the appointee, and we paid as little heed to this as to his religion.

Another of our important tasks was seeing that the elections were conducted honestly. Under the old Tammany rule the cheating was gross and flagrant, and the police were often deliberately used to facilitate fraudulent practices at the polls. This came about in part from the very low character of the men put in as election officers. By instituting a written examination of the latter, and supplementing this by a careful inquiry into their character, in which we invited any decent outsiders to assist, we very distinctly raised their calibre. To show how necessary our examinations were, I may mention that before each election held under us we were obliged to reject, for moral or mental shortcomings, over a thousand of the men whom the regular party organizations, exercising their legal rights, proposed as election officers. We then merely had to make the police thoroughly understand that their sole duty was to guarantee an honest election, and that they would be punished with the utmost rigor if they interfered with honest citizens on the one hand, or failed to prevent fraud and violence on the other. The result was that the elections of 1895 and 1896 were by far the most honest and orderly ever held in New York city.

There were a number of other ways in which we sought to reform the po-

lice force, less important, and yet very important. We paid particular heed to putting a premium on specially meritorious conduct, by awarding certificates of honorable mention, and medals, where we were unable to promote. We introduced a system of pistol practice by which for the first time the policemen were brought to a reasonable standard of efficiency in handling their revolvers. The Bertillon system for the identification of criminals was adopted. A bicycle squad was organized with remarkable results, this squad speedily becoming a kind of *corps d'élite*, whose individual members distinguished themselves not only by their devotion to duty, but by repeated exhibitions of remarkable daring and skill. One important bit of reform was abolishing the tramp lodging-houses, which had originally been started in the police stations, in a spirit of unwise philanthropy. These tramp lodging-houses, not being properly supervised, were mere nurseries for pauperism and crime, tramps and loafers of every shade thronging to the city every winter to enjoy their benefits. We abolished them, a municipal lodging-house being substituted. Here all homeless wanderers were received, forced to bathe, given nightclothes before going to bed, and made to work next morning; and in addition they were so closely supervised that habitual tramps and vagrants were speedily detected and apprehended.

There was a striking increase in the honesty of the force, and there was a like increase in its efficiency. It is not too much to say that when we took office the great majority of the citizens of New York were firmly convinced that no police force could be both honest and efficient. They felt it to be part of the necessary order of things that a policeman should be corrupt, and they were convinced that the most efficient way of waging war upon certain forms of crime — notably crimes against person and property — was by enlisting the service of other criminals,

and of purveyors of vice generally, giving them immunity in return for their aid; the ordinary purveyor of vice was allowed to ply his or her trade unmolested, partly in consideration of paying blackmail to the police, partly in consideration of giving information about any criminal who belonged to the unprotected classes. We at once broke up this whole business of blackmail and protection, and made war upon all criminals alike, instead of getting the assistance of half in warring on the other half. Nevertheless, so great was the improvement in the spirit of the force, that, although deprived of their former vicious allies, they actually did better work than ever before against those criminals who threatened life and property. Relatively to the population, fewer crimes of violence occurred during our administration of the board than in any previous year of the city's history in recent times; and the total number of arrests of criminals increased, while the number of cases in which no arrest followed the commission of crime decreased. The detective bureau nearly doubled the number of arrests made, compared with the year before we took office; obtaining, moreover, 365 convictions of felons and 215 convictions for misdemeanors, as against 269 and 105 respectively for the previous year. At the same time every attempt at riot or disorder was summarily checked, and all gangs of violent criminals were brought into immediate subjection; while the immense mass meetings and political parades were handled with such care that not a single case of clubbing of any innocent citizen was reported.

The result of our labors was of value to the city, for we gave the citizens better protection than they had ever before received, and at the same time cut out the corruption which was eating away civic morality. We showed conclusively that it was possible to combine both honesty and efficiency in handling the police.

We were attacked with the most bitter animosity by every sensational newspaper and every politician of the baser sort, not because of our shortcomings, but because of what we did that was good. We enforced the laws as they were on the statute books, we broke up blackmail, we kept down the spirit of disorder and repressed rascality, and we administered the force with an eye single to the welfare of the city. In doing this we encountered, as we had expected, the venomous opposition of all men whose interest it was that corruption should continue, or who were of such dull morality that they were not willing to see honesty triumph at the cost of strife.

Our experience with the police department taught one or two lessons which are applicable to the whole question of municipal reform. Very many men put their faith in some special device, some special bit of legislation or some official scheme for getting good government. In reality good government can come only through good administration, and good administration only as a consequence of

a sustained — not spasmodic — and earnest effort by good citizens to secure honesty, courage, and common sense among civic administrators. If they demand the impossible, they will fail; and, on the other hand, if they do not demand a good deal, they will get nothing. But though they should demand much in the way of legislation, they should make their special effort for good administration. We could have done very much more for the police department if we had had a good law; but we actually accomplished a great deal although we worked under a law very much worse than that under which Tammany did such fearful evil. A bad law may seriously hamper the best administrator, and even nullify most of his efforts; but a good law is of no value whatever unless well administered. In other words, all that a good scheme of government can do is to give a chance to get the good government itself, and if the various schemes stand anywhere near on an equality, the differences between them become as naught compared with the difference between good and bad administration.

Theodore Roosevelt.

ARE THE RICH GROWING RICHER AND THE POOR POORER?

THERE is a great deal of pathetic talk of unrest under our modern civilization. Yet a casual reading of history shows the existence of unrest at all times, the difference between that of our times and that of previous times being only in degree and in the conditions which cause it. But everywhere and at all times the causes of unrest have been ethical and economical in their character, its essential factors being more ethical, because whatever economic relations may be established primarily between men as individuals, or between men and the community in which they live, the lasting

relations are ethical. Ethics defines the equitable relations between individuals who limit one another's spheres of action and who achieve their ends by coöperation; and, beyond justice between man and man, justice between each man and the aggregate of men has to be dealt with by ethics.¹ Thus the examination of wages, the standard of living, working time, the cost of living, education, interest in religion, in literature, in art, and in all things concerning common man, leads to the conclusion that the industrial situation has more to do with social conditions

¹ Herbert Spencer, in *Data of Ethics*.

than any other factor. The industrial power contains in itself the moral, intellectual, and physiological elements which are the three essential factors of human life, and so the most essential factors in ethics and in social organization. To them logically, then, we must look for the chief elements which result in social unrest. The alleged causes taken together make a kaleidoscopic mass, ever shifting with every turn of industrial status. When a man asserts, therefore, that this or that is the prime source of the prevailing unrest at any period, he is simply ignoring the relationship of one cause to another, and probably of cause to effect.

Among all the varied causes which are specifically assigned for the unrest of our times, the assertion that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer has for some reason taken more complete possession of the popular mind than any other single one. The doctrine contained in it is a false one, false in its premises and misleading in its influence, for it has so deceived the people during the last few years as to develop a sharp and a growing antagonism between those who do not prosper to the extent of their ambition and those who have carried wealth far beyond the reasonable ambition of any man. No one, pessimist or optimist, would for a moment suppose that the chief cause of popular discontent, if there be a paramount one, lies in any lack of the production of useful and necessary things. It may be held, however, that there is an inequality in the distribution of the products of industry, and upon an analysis of the various discussions which have been put forth, it is easily seen that it is this question of distribution which affects the popular mind. It is legitimate, from any point of view, to question the justice of the distribution of wealth. But when we reflect that by the use of the telegraph credits can now be placed in any part of the world, and thus affect

prices of commodities and of exchange and influence the whole machinery of commerce; that a given quantity of production is secured in much less time to-day than of old; and that transportation has been so perfected as to bring to the doors of the poor man, as well as of the rich, the results of the industry of far-away people, the quarrel over distribution resolves itself simply into an incident of modern development. This development has resulted in the sharp juxtaposition of the very fortunate and the very poor in city life. When the rich man's wealth consisted in lands which were cultivated by his poorer neighbors, the demarcation of conditions was not so sharp, and the sources of unrest had to be sought in other directions than those which now come under consideration. The very rich, with their fine mansions, their private cars, and sometimes with their obtrusive and almost impertinent display of wealth, cause the ordinary man to feel that he has in some way been robbed to make possible the wealth-shows which irritate him. And unfortunately for the truth, this irritation has been intensified by the constant use of this epigrammatic assertion that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. We need not attempt to trace its origin; it is a wandering phrase, without paternity or date. De Laveleye, the Belgian economist, attributes it to Gladstone; others credit it to La Salle. Its origin does not matter; its familiarity has given it weight. To very many persons, who consider only one side of a proposition, it expresses the whole truth; to others, who examine superficially ethical and economical questions, it has some truth; to the investigator, who cares only for the truth itself, it is as a whole untrue, while one half is true. To the investigator the real statement should be, The rich are growing richer, many more people than formerly are growing rich, and the poor are growing better off. In combating the familiar assertion as not represent-

ing the whole truth, I shall endeavor to establish the real truth of the expression as I have formulated it; but in so doing it is my purpose to limit my statements to conditions in this country.

It is to be regretted that statistics do not establish clearly the relations of personal to aggregate wealth. The government has never seen fit as yet to ask individuals about their property holdings, except for purposes of taxation, and these reports rarely give the value of individual estates. The State of Massachusetts and some other States ask for returns as to incomes that are taxable, and during the civil war the United States government taxed incomes, but the statistics drawn from these returns are not of sufficiently good quality to constitute a basis for conclusions relating to property; nor would they be serviceable if entirely trustworthy, for many men who have little or no property have taxable incomes. So the classification of fortunes is almost entirely a matter of assumption, usually being varied according to the attitude of its compiler. Nevertheless, common observation and such facts as are obtainable lead directly to the assumption that there are more large fortunes at the present time than at any other period of our history, and that there are more people having independent fortunes than at any other time. Let this be admitted, then, at the outset.

This admission, however, does not prove that the poor are becoming poorer. It does not follow that because there is a larger number of great fortunes and a larger number of men having independent fortunes, the poor are growing poorer. It is not enough to establish the fact beyond a reasonable controversy that less than half the families in America are propertyless; or, that seven eighths of the families hold but one eighth of the wealth, while one per cent of the families hold more than the remaining ninety-nine per cent; or, if fig-

ures be used, that 1,500,000 families own \$56,000,000,000, while the other 11,000,000 families own \$9,000,000,000 of the nation's wealth; or, that twelve per cent of the families own eighty-six per cent of the wealth, and the other eighty-eight per cent of the families own only fourteen per cent.¹

Granting all these conclusions to be fairly correct, it must still be demonstrated that the poor are growing poorer, that is to say, are not as well off now as at some previous time a generation or two ago. If wealth were stationary, it would be true that the poor are in poorer circumstances. Under such a condition, the absorption of vast fortunes into the hands of a few could not take place without a corresponding drainage from the many. But wealth is not stationary. Taking the true valuation of the real and personal estate of this country for each decade beginning with 1850, we find that the total wealth was: in 1850, \$7,135,780,228, or \$308 per capita; in 1860, \$16,159,616,068, or \$514 per capita; in 1870, \$30,068,518,507, or \$780 per capita; in 1880, \$43,642,000,000, or \$870 per capita; and in 1890, \$65,037,091,197, or \$1036 per capita.

It is conceded that these figures are far more accurate during the later years than in the earlier; nevertheless, the indication is absolute that wealth increases rapidly, and that the wealth per capita now is at least three times what it was in the fifties. There is, then, a very large margin in the increased aggregate wealth from which the rich can grow richer, and more men may grow wealthy without draining from the poor. It is not proposed here to discuss whether the poor get their relative proportion of the increased aggregate wealth. Emphatically they do not. The purpose is to show whether their condition is degenerating, or whether they are growing poorer in the presence of this great in-

¹ Popular estimates and statements.

crease of aggregate wealth; and for our conclusions we must depend upon such facts as are obtainable, regretting, as in the case stated above, that as yet statistics do not present the full conditions of the people. Statistical science, however, is becoming more exact, and as time goes on all such questions as that involved in the dictum that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer can be solved, and solved to the satisfaction of all who care to study them.¹

Society may be compared to a pyramid, the base representing its lower stratum, and the apex the few in whose hands are to be found the vast fortunes, the cleavage between being horizontal. This has been and probably is to-day a fairly true figure by which to represent society at large, only the form of the pyramid is changing, the apex broadening and the base becoming restricted.

In 1870 there were 12,505,923 persons engaged in supporting themselves and the remainder of the people; that is to say, 32.43 per cent of the total population were so engaged. In 1880 the number of breadwinners was 17,392,099, or 34.67 per cent of the total population. In 1890 this number had risen to 22,735,661, or 36.31 per cent of the total population. By "breadwinners" is meant all who were engaged either as wage-earners, or salary receivers, or proprietors, of whatever grade or description, and all professional persons,—in fact, every one who was in any way employed in any gainful pursuit. The figures quoted show that the proportion of the total population thus employed is constantly increasing. Analyzing the statistics, we find some remarkable results: and in general, that the number

engaged in the lowest walks of business, laborers and the like, is decreasing in proportion, while those employed in the higher walks are increasing in number relatively to the whole population. For purposes of demonstration, the population may be classified in four groups.

Making one group of farmers and planters who are proprietors, bankers, brokers, manufacturers, merchants and dealers, and those engaged in professional pursuits, we find that they constituted 10.17 per cent of the whole population in 1870, 11.22 per cent in 1880, and 11.97 per cent in 1890, showing a steady gain in the proportion of this high class of breadwinners to the whole population.

Making another group, composed of agents, collectors, commercial travelers, bookkeepers, clerks, salesmen, and others in kindred occupations, we find that in 1870 they constituted 0.91 per cent of the whole population; that in 1880 the percentage rose to 1.25, and that in 1890 it reached 2.15, showing that in this class of persons there was also a constant increase in relative proportion.

Making still another group, including the skilled workers of the community, such as clothing-makers, engineers and firemen, food preparers, leather workers, those engaged in the mechanical trades, metal workers, printers, engravers and bookbinders, steam railroad employees, textile workers, tobacco and cigar factory operatives, woodworkers, and those in similar mechanical pursuits, we find that of the whole population they constituted 6.59 per cent in 1870, 7.18 per cent in 1880, and 8.75 per cent in 1890, showing, again, in the skilled trades a constantly increasing relative proportion.

age deposits in the savings banks have constantly increased. The total deposits at the present time in the savings banks of the country are about two billion dollars, one half of which, as has been demonstrated, belongs to wage-earners. See the reports of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor for 1873 and 1874.

¹ The returns of the savings banks of the country sustain this view. In 1840 the amount due each depositor was \$178; in 1850, \$172; in 1860, \$215; in 1870, \$337; in 1880, \$350; in 1890, \$358; in 1893, \$369, and in 1896, \$376. These figures convince us that during the recent depression, notwithstanding the influences of the change of investments, the aver-

Making, now, a fourth group, including agricultural laborers, boatmen, fishermen, sailors, draymen, hostlers, ordinary laborers, miners and quarrymen, messengers, packers, porters, servants, and all other pursuits of like grade, we find the reverse to be true. That is, although in 1870 this class of workers constituted 14.76 per cent of the total population, in 1890 it reached but 13.44 per cent, thus demonstrating what I have stated — that the base of the pyramid, so far as this country is concerned, is being gradually restricted, while the apex is gradually broadening. As a result, society, which has been represented like Figure 1, is gradually approaching the form shown in Figure 2.

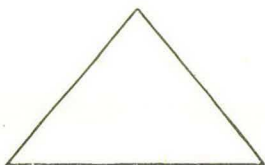


Figure 1.

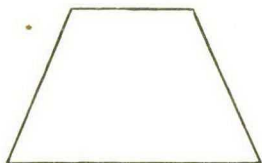


Figure 2.

So, while it is admitted that there are more rich than formerly, it must be conceded that the proportion of the skilled workers of the community and of those engaged in the higher classes of employments is also increasing.

But it may be argued that while this is true, the earnings of the people are not what they were. My own contention has always been that the popular assertions relative to the unemployed are not really representative of industrial conditions. There is always a very large percentage of unemployed, whether in "good" or in "bad" times. The argument may be made that even with an

increased proportion of the people employed as breadwinners, their bread-winning is not of the value of bread-winning in the past. For this purpose it is well to examine the course of rates of wages and also of earnings and prices. Fortunately, there are facts at hand which can be used in this examination, and statements that cannot be controverted.

The report by Senator Aldrich, of the Senate Committee on Finance, submitted in March, 1893, gives the course of wholesale prices and of wages from 1840 to 1891, inclusive, a period of fifty-two years. The report deals with seventeen great branches of industry, and they are the principal ones in the country. By it we find that, taking 1860 as the standard at 100, rates of wages rose from 87.7 in 1840 to 160.7 in 1891; that is, an increase of 60.7 per cent from 1860, and of seventy-three per cent from 1840. Taking an average according to the importance of the industries, that is to say, of each industry relative to all industries, it is found that the gain from 1840 to 1891 was eighty-six per cent. On the other hand, the hours of labor have been reduced 1.4 hours in the same period in the daily average. In some industries the reduction of hours has been much greater, while in others it has been less.

An increase in rates of wages means more or less according to the increase or decrease in prices. If prices decrease or remain stationary, the increase in the rates of wages is a positive gain. According to the same report, taking all articles on a wholesale basis and as compared with the standard of the year 1860, the prices of 223 articles were 7.8 per cent lower in 1891 than in 1860; and taking 1840 as the standard, with eighty-five articles the difference was 3.7 per cent. Examining prices of articles on the basis of consumption, leaving rent out of consideration, the cost of living is shown to have been between four and five per cent less than in 1860; and tak-

ing all prices, rents and everything, into consideration, it must be concluded that living was not much, if any, higher in 1891 than in 1840, while the rates of wages had increased as stated. Very much might be said on this point with specific illustrations, but the statement of the general tendency and trend is sufficient for the present consideration.

It should be clearly understood that the quotations of wages for the computations from which the foregoing results were reached were from actual pay-rolls, while the price-quotations were of wholesale prices rather than of retail prices, as being more truly indicative of the course of prices generally, and were taken from actual quotations for the years named.

It is often contended that the increase in rates of wages does not indicate the true social conditions of the wage-earner, that rates of wages belong to economics, and that earnings themselves are the surest indication of social progress. This is quite true. Nevertheless, it must be conceded that rates of wages are indicative of industrial conditions. Rates cannot be increased if industrial conditions are degenerating, nor can they be increased or sustained in the presence of a very large body of unemployed really seeking employment. If, therefore, rates constantly increase, — and they have increased steadily in the economic history of this country, — the conclusion is inevitable that conditions themselves have improved. The falling back owing to a brief period of industrial depression here and there can have nothing whatever to do with the general tendency, and the general tendency of wages is upward, while that of prices is downward.

¹ These statements for the United States can be supplemented by the figures for the State of Massachusetts. By the report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor on the annual statistics of manufactures (1895), it is found that for 2427 establishments in 1885 and 1895, wages were reported which, divided among their employees, amounted to \$361.62 in the former year and \$418.99 in the latter year.

But, fortunately, we are not obliged to depend upon the increase of rates of wages to show that the ordinary man is better off than at any former period in our history, because our censuses report aggregate earnings and also the number of persons among whom the earnings are divided. Looking to this side of the problem, we find that in 1850 the average annual earnings of each employee engaged in manufacturing and mechanical pursuits, including men, women, and children, in round numbers were \$247; in 1860, \$289; in 1870, \$302; in 1880, \$347; and in 1890, \$445.¹ Here is a steady, positive increase in the average annual earnings of the employees in our great industrial pursuits. The statement is not mathematically accurate, because the divisor used is not always a sure one. The total amount of wages paid at each of the periods named is a fixed quantity, and is one of the most certain elements of the industrial censuses, but the average is obtained by dividing the total wages paid by the average number of employees during the year. Some writers contend that the divisor should be the greatest number of employees instead of the average number, but the greatest number would secure a more erroneous quotient than that derived from the average number, because the total number involves each individual who has been employed during the year in a single establishment; and one man may work three months, another three months, and another six months, thus making three individuals where only one position has been filled. The average number represents more clearly the number of positions filled in the establishments, and

These figures compare very well with the United States figures. It is true that, according to the census of Massachusetts for 1885, the average wages paid in all industries in 1875 were \$392.82 (in gold), and in 1885, \$351.02, showing a decrease of 10.64 per cent, but this was a temporary reaction from the inflated conditions subsequent to the war.

thus is the safer divisor. Accordingly, it seems to me that the averages given above are more clearly indicative of the social and economic condition of the wage-earners in manufacturing and mechanical industries than any other statement that can be made. With rates of wages increasing constantly, barring, of course, depressions, with constantly increasing average earnings, and with prices, on the whole, remaining stationary, or fairly so, the conclusion cannot be avoided that the economic condition of wage-earners has improved vastly during the last fifty or sixty years. The few years when there have been variations or a falling off do not affect the general results.

It would be wearisome to take up individual industries, callings, and conditions, especially when the results, so far as I know them, would lead to the same conclusion which is reached from the general statements that have been made. The results all show that the base of the pyramid is being contracted; that the number of people in the higher and more skilled walks in life is increasing faster relatively than the population; that the hours of labor of wage-receivers are being shortened; that rates of wages and earnings are constantly increasing, and that the prices of commodities either remain quite stationary or fall. The prices of some things, like rent and meats, have increased in our Eastern States, but clothing and the general articles which enter into family consumption are being constantly lowered in price. These things are taught us by statistics. Observation teaches us much more, but since statistics are chiefly useful in verifying observation, they must be looked to for the most convincing evidence.

A generation or more ago men were employed under the so-called iron law of wages. That is, wages were paid on the basis of preserving the efficiency of the working human machine, and they

could not, under that so-called law, exceed the needs for the preservation of efficiency. Food, shelter, and clothing in sufficient quantities to keep the man in good working order were considered a fair gauge of the rate of wage which should be paid him. This was Ricardo's announcement of the iron law. To-day the demand of the working man is not alone for the things which shall preserve his working efficiency under such a law. His demand is for something beyond that, and it has been met to the extent of a margin of from ten to fifteen per cent surplus, which surplus goes to the support of his spiritual nature; that is to say, he requires and he demands a wage sufficient to meet not only the conditions under the iron law, but the conditions under the higher spiritual law; one which shall give him amusement, recreation, music, something of art, and the better elements of life itself. He desires to surround himself with comforts, conveniences, and a fair proportion of even the luxuries of life. This is his contention to-day, and every right-minded person must admit that it is a proper contention. He has now secured, as stated, a margin above the iron law sufficient to enable him to gratify his tastes and ambitions to some extent. His demand will grow, and will become more emphatic in these directions. He contends that he has a right to something more than subsistence; that he has been taught to consider himself as one of the social and political elements of the community, and must therefore have some of the things that belong to such conditions. He is educated in the schools; he seeks legislative experience; he takes part in the politics of the country, and the whole basis of a democratic government requires that he shall be intelligent enough to take an intelligent part. All this means better conditions, and he is gradually securing them. He is not growing poorer, but better off, as time progresses and he overcomes more

and more the exactions of the iron law of wages. The economic man of Ricardo is gradually developing into the social man. The number of those engaged in the upper grades or callings and the skilled trades is constantly recruited from the lowest ranks.

Looking back still farther, we find that this country was settled more to secure employment for England's unemployed than for any other one reason. Never mind the religious enthusiasm which first brought our forefathers here; never mind the persecutions which drove them out of their home country; never mind the misfortunes of men in the motherland who came here of their own accord, — there was, nevertheless, on the part of the government of the mother country an earnest and energetic desire to rid itself of the presence of great bodies of unemployed people. This story is so completely told by the historian that it need only be referred to. Hakluyt, in his *Discourse concerning Western Planting*, and Sir William Petty, in his famous *Political Arithmetic*, have shown such conditions just prior to the settlement of this country that one wonders that there could have been any peace, or any prosperity, or any happiness at that time. It is all summed up in one paragraph by John Winthrop, the first governor of Massachusetts, who in 1629 stated the following among other reasons for leading emigrants out of overburdened England: —

“This land grows weary of her inhabitants, so as man, who is the most precious of all creatures, is here more vile and base than the earth we tread upon, and of less price among us than a horse or a sheep. Many of our people perish for want of sustenance and employment; many others live miserably and not to the honor of so bountiful a housekeeper as the Lord of heaven and earth is, through the scarcity of the fruits of the earth. All of our towns complain of the burden of poor people,

and strive by all means to rid any such as they have, and to keep off such as would come to them. I must tell you that our dear mother finds her family so overcharged as she hath been forced to deny harbor to her own children, — witness the statutes against cottages and inmates. And thus it is come to pass that children, servants, and neighbors, especially if they be poor, are counted the greatest burthens, which, if things were right, would be the chiefest earthly blessings.”

What a contrast compared with the present! The poor of the present day should be thankful that they have escaped the conditions of the past. Poor as they are, the poverty of the present is not the poverty of the past. Pauperism, even, is not as abject. In the language of Ira Steward, by “poverty” is meant something more than pauperism. Pauperism is a condition of entire dependence upon charity or upon the public purse, while poverty is a condition of want, of lack, of being without, though not necessarily a condition of complete dependence. It is in this sense that it is declared that the poverty of to-day is not the poverty of the past. The condition of want, of lack, of being without, is a condition of less want, of less lack than of old. Bad enough always, stigma enough always upon any civilization, it has improved, and the public has but little sympathy with the sentiment, that the poor we have with us always. We do have the poor with us always, but we should not rest upon the idea that they must always be with us. Their conditions must be bettered, and are being bettered. The statistics prove that their number is decreasing, for in 1850 the paupers in almshouses were 2171 to each million of the population, while in 1890 they were 1166 to each million.

The organization of man proves that he is a social animal, designed by nature to live in society. In this state of society there are no rights without duties,

no duties without rights. The right of self-preservation implies the right to property; but the faculties of man are by nature unequal, which gives rise to a natural inequality of conditions. It is these unequal faculties which give us unequal fortunes, and so long as they exist the inequality of conditions resulting must lead to unequal surroundings.

Property is desirable, is a positive good in the world. That some are rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let no man who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself.

When wealth is used productively there can be little difference in the result to the community, whether it be contributed by thousands to the common stock, or manipulated by a small association of men owning the bulk of it. If a man be worth ten million dollars and if he use this as productive capital, the community practically owns it, for capital itself, no matter whether the title of it be in one man or in a thousand, cannot be sacrificed; only the usufruct is ever secured by the community at large. Productive capital, or capital productively employed, can never, then, in any sense, be the cause of any prevailing unrest. It is what may be called the criminal use of wealth, that is, its unproductive employment, that irritates the public mind. And here, in discussing the question as to whether the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer, we should make an important and a clear discrimination. The use of wealth for display is often justified, because it gives employment to a great number of people; but such employment is spasmodic, is not productive, does not give stability of condition, or increase the standard of living of those engaged in it; and it must be contended, from a moral point of view, that even the continuous giving of great balls, for instance,

or any other ostentatious employment of wealth, would in the long run demoralize the recipients of the wages paid in such display, because of the enervating luxury into which all would ultimately fall. But wise, fair, and continuous employment of the greatest number of persons in the production of things which enter into legitimate consumption for the actual use of the people — for cheapening the cost of living, and for the elevation of the standard of living itself, through making possible the attainment of some of the higher things in life, like the productions of art, education, music, everything that beautifies and helps and stimulates — has no demoralizing influence, and does not affect in an unhealthy way the public conscience, nor tend to irritate that of the individual.

A poor man may make a criminal use of wealth as well as the rich. He may use it in the purchase of those things that perish with the use, and result in no good to himself or to his family. He may spend it in some form of riotous living, or in the insane attempt to keep up appearances which are not legitimate.

The poor do not object to the wealth of the rich; they object to its misuse. They do not like the display of enervating luxury. They know well that the world is better off with some rich than it would be with all poor. There can be no contention on this point. Progress would cease, industry stop, civilization itself be retarded, were it not for the rich. There never was a time, moreover, when the rich did so much for society and for the poor as they are doing at the present time. God speed the day when the wealthy will fully comprehend that their wealth is held in trust; that they are but the means of helping the world, and that riches have been given them for this purpose. The world is recognizing this. Millionaires are understanding it more and more, and so those of low estate are securing the benefit.

The competition of our age is intel-

lectual more than physical, but with the unequipped man the attempt is made to bring muscle into competition with brain. As a result brain succeeds, and the man who has attempted to compete with it on a physical basis suffers. The mental competition of to-day means a large class of left-over men and women who cannot keep up to the present requirements. These help to keep the body of the poor unhappily large, although it is being restricted from generation to generation in its breadth, and the pyramid is rising into a different form. Miserable conditions are found everywhere. The effort of the rich is to remove them. The activity of governments in improving slum districts in cities, the moral effects of rapid transit in taking the population out of the congested parts of great cities into suburban homes, where they meet the incoming thousands from the country homes, constitute great factors in alleviating present conditions. This suburban popu-

lation itself is solving many problems, both of city and of farm.

As wealthy men understand these things, as they join hands in disseminating knowledge, in founding institutions, thus securing the very elements of a democratic government to the people at large, there is less and less quarrel about wealth; but there is an increased quarrel about some classes of wealth and some classes of wealthy people. It is this which gives emphasis to the assertion that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. If it be true, religion is a failure, education a snare, industry an enemy of man, and civilization a delusion. The statement, I reiterate, is not true, as a whole, but it is true that the rich are growing richer, and the poor are growing better off; and with increased understanding of the true uses of wealth, the proportion in which the rich are growing richer and the poor better off will assume more just and equitable relations.

Carroll D. Wright.

A NEW ORGANIZATION FOR THE NEW NAVY.

"I had the happiness to command a band of brothers." — NELSON to *Lord Howe*.

THE growth of the navy during the last few years has been a source of gratification to the American people, especially because it has been achieved by the use of materials produced entirely in their own country, and has signified an enormous increase in their power to build ships and fortifications. This period has marked the complete break, perhaps forever, with the old line of battle-ship dependent for its motion upon an unreliable element, and the adoption of the powerful hull driven by a machine whose reliability depends only upon the care and foresight of men. The Massachusetts alone could probably have destroyed the whole American navy at the end of

the rebellion. We all know how this change has come, and we are filled with thankfulness for the added strength given to us in the steam-engine, but it never occurs to us to ask if our men have been properly trained to deal intelligently with this new element. We forget what is really the most essential part of the navy in the noisy declamation over material advancement.

Any one will see that readjustment must inevitably follow the introduction of a new force into society. We are face to face with an industrial struggle going on about us, but we are accustomed to thinking of the army and navy as things organized for exceptional conditions, and consequently under different laws of development and growth

from those of civil life. We find, however, the same ferment and disturbance in our navy, and the same tendencies towards the breaking up of old relations. We frequently see articles on line and staff troubles, and we usually lay them aside with a bored feeling that the quarrels of the officers might better be settled by the Department and kept out of the papers; but the subject is not to be dismissed in that way, if we are to have an effective arm on the sea. The navy discontent is really only part of a great national problem, an indication of a realignment of men to grapple with new forces. Many parallels exist in history, even in the history of navies. The same kind of a struggle and readjustment occurred three or four hundred years ago, and will no doubt occur again in the coming centuries. All problems involved in the change of the relative importance of individuals are delicate, and the navy should have the aid and support of every good citizen in reaching a satisfactory solution of the difficulties connected with the *personnel*. It is our due that we may have efficient ships, and theirs that they may have every cause for pride in the service and for gratitude to their country.

In writing on this subject, it seems necessary to dwell more upon the relation of the engineer to the naval service than upon the position of the officers on deck, not because he is more deserving as a man than they, but because he is the newcomer and must justify his position as a military officer.

Naval organization has two ends in view: to provide materials and ships, and to train and direct men to manage them in times of peace and of war. Other matters may be important, but they are not necessarily peculiar to a naval service. We have every reason to feel proud of the rehabilitation of our navy during the past twelve years. Yet with all the advance in materials and construction, it is a serious question whether we have any cause for pride in our per-

sonnel. Notwithstanding the lessons of the war, and the advice of Gideon Welles, who conducted our naval forces through that war, in the education of our young officers we are clinging to memories and traditions. We are lashed hard and fast to a sentiment. Seamanship and sails are still considered the proper training for men who will command our ships twenty years hence. The superintendent of the Naval Academy has recently asked for sailing-vessels in which to educate the cadets who will see service on ships that have not a rag of sail.

The personnel of a navy divides itself naturally under three heads: administration, officers, and enlisted men; and while all of these departments need improvement or remodeling, the condition of the officers is far worse than anything else in the service. Let reorganization be effected with them, and everything else follows. The truth is, that we are passing through a period of transition when the organization of neither officers nor men quite fits the ships, and it behooves the Department and Congress to proceed to a careful study of the subject in order that our people may be sure that all matters connected with national defense have been adequately considered.

It must not be forgotten that our new ships are designed largely on theory. Their weaknesses have not been developed by war. They are therefore products of the brain, and not of experience. The rebellion gave us some useful lessons in naval warfare under steam and without sails; but the improvements in armor, guns, and machinery since 1865 have been too great for any certain application of those lessons to present conditions. The battle of the Yalu in the Japan-China war, though a great victory in fleet-fighting, teaches us little except to avoid wood and other inflammable materials in the decks and bulkheads of a ship. For two or three centuries during the sailing period, experience had demonstrated just the kind

of casualty the sailor might look for. He had acquired by warfare, shipwreck, and hazard on every sea that seamanship which enabled him to prepare beforehand with almost mathematical exactness for emergencies. But our question is, Is modern seamanship the same as it was in Nelson's or even in Farragut's time? The answer is almost self-evident. It cannot be, for the modern ship is a machine, and its casualties can best be foreseen by men with engineering education. We know by experience that when a ship suffers detention, it is because a shaft, or a boiler, or a valve has given out. What will happen on a battle-ship in action? Will a shell jam one of the turrets so that it cannot be turned? Will the communication between the bridge and the engine-rooms be cut by a shot? Will the splitting of a boiler-tube, a breakage in the steering-engine, the bursting of a steam-pipe, or the filling of a compartment render the ship helpless? We do not know. But we do know that the ship whose parts are in the most perfect order, so that every nerve responds promptly to the call of the commanding officer, will stand the best chance; and we do know, besides, that the crew must be fitted to the machinery if all parts, guns, dynamos, torpedoes, and engines, are to be kept in this complete readiness for service, and if the effects of casualty are to be most quickly minimized.

For thirty years there has been a struggle between the line and the staff of the navy, or those officers who may succeed to the command of ships and those who may not. This struggle has developed the greatest bitterness between the line and the engineer corps, inasmuch as their duties, which essentially affect the fighting efficiency of the ships, have clashed at many points. Neither can be spared, for although other men may be sent out of the ships without decreasing their effectiveness, the men in the compartments containing guns and ammunition, and

the men in the engine and boiler rooms must stay. They belong to the fighting-machine. What is more, they must work in entire harmony towards the same ends, if we are to attain the highest qualities in our ships. For the sake of peace and good fellowship, questions between the line and the engineers are carefully avoided at most well regulated mess tables; but let any one imagine himself penned up in the crater of a volcano for three years with the absolute certainty that it may become active at any moment, and it will be readily understood why so many graduates of the Naval Academy have left the service.

This antagonism, which is entirely official, has existed so long that Congress is tired of hearing about it, and has come to expect it as a part of the navy discontent in time of peace. The disposition is to "let them alone," for "they will sink their differences in the presence of a common danger." The trouble is that past difference may sink them and their ships. It takes three years to build a modern ship, and nearly as long to train the men, and the country cannot afford to overlook differences which are undermining the discipline and efficiency of a service destined to take the first shock of war, and whose effective preparation and readiness form the surest guarantee of peace.

Leaving out the long series of controversies between the line and the engineers, the cause of friction is not far to seek. On every ship there are two sets of officers and men, more or less numerous according to the class of the ship. They are divided, sometimes in almost equal numbers, between the deck, where they man the guns, and the machinery, where they drive engines and boilers. The officers are graduates of the same school; and yet if accident happens to a deck officer, an engineer cannot by law take his place, whatever be the emergency; on the other hand, if an engineer is disabled, a deck officer would be en-

tirely at a loss what to do in his place. This separation by law and custom forces upon them different interests. The line officer, who alone has the right to command men and ships, will sometimes use his power for the benefit of a class; and the engineer overruled, in many cases connected with his men and machinery, has nevertheless to take the responsibility for the result. The auxiliary machinery which is put into the ships by three or four bureaus is managed by as many officers, and yet the chief engineer is by naval regulations held responsible for all repairs and adjustments, without having had any voice in the training of the men, or the care of this machinery, to prevent accident. It would seem that the naval regulations tend to invite controversy and bad feeling, and to instill into officers the conviction that their corps interest must be supreme. In the entire separation of the two corps, the country is found to be the loser, and no ship will be studied as a unit until they are brought together. The remedy was suggested by Secretary Welles, in his reports for 1864 and 1865. The case cannot be stated better than in his own words:—

“Preliminary measures have been taken to carry into effect the law of the last session of Congress authorizing the education at the Naval Academy of cadet engineers.

“Before this plan shall be put into operation, it is respectfully submitted, in view of the radical changes which have been wrought by steam as a motive power for naval vessels, whether steam engineering should not be made to constitute hereafter a necessary part of the education of all midshipmen, so that in our future navy every line officer will be a steam engineer and qualified to have complete command and direction of his ship. Hereafter every vessel of war must be a steam vessel. . . . The Department is not aware that any line officer, whatever attention may have been

given by him to the theoretical study of steam, is yet capable of taking charge of an engine, nor are all steam-engine drivers capable of taking charge of a man-of-war, navigating her, fighting her guns, and preserving her discipline. . . . Half the officers of a steamship cannot keep watch, cannot navigate her, cannot exercise the great guns or small arms, nor, except as volunteers under a line officer, take any part in any expedition against the enemy. On the other hand, the other half of the officers are incapable of managing the steam motive power or of taking charge of the engine-room in an emergency, nor can the commander of a vessel, though carefully taught every duty of a sailor and drill officer, understand of his own knowledge whether the engineers and firemen are competent or not. The remedy for all this is very simple, provided the principle were once recognized and adopted of making our officers engine drivers as well as sailors. . . . Objection may be made that the duties are dissimilar, and that steam-engine driving is a specialty. The duties are not more dissimilar than seamanship and gunnery. . . .

“Fortunately, our naval officers are taught seamanship, gunnery, and the infantry drill, and the service saved from distinct organizations in these respects, which would inevitably have impaired its efficiency. It only remains to commence at this time, and, as preparatory to the future of the navy, to teach the midshipman steam engineering as applied to running the engine. This would be independent of the art of designing and constructing, which is purely a specialty, and nowise necessary in the management and direction of the ship. And to this specialty, as a highly scientific body of officers, would the present corps of engineers be always required as inspectors and constructors of machinery. With the adoption of the suggestions here made, we shall in due time have a homogeneous corps of officers, who will

be masters of the motive power of their ships in the future as they have been of seamanship in the past. By this arrangement there will be in each ship double the number of officers capable of fighting and running the vessels without additional appointments or expense. Innumerable other advantages commend the plan as worthy of trial, and it is presented for favorable consideration."

The report of 1865 adds: "The naval vessel is no longer dependent on the winds, nor is she at the mercy of currents; but the motive power which propels and controls her movements is subject to the mind and will of her commander, provided he is master of his profession in the future as he has been in the past. To retain the prominence which skill and education gave him when seamanship was the most important accomplishment, the line officer must be qualified to guide and direct this new element or power. Unless he has these qualities, he will be dependent on the knowledge and skill of him who manipulates and directs the engine. To confine himself to seamanship without the ability to manage the steam-engine will result in his taking a secondary position as compared with that which the accomplished naval officer formerly occupied."

Mr. Welles was the ablest secretary that the Navy Department has ever had, and it is our misfortune that his advice has not been followed, and that no material change of the old system has been made even though the sails of his day have been stripped from the ships. The only solution of the matter lies, as he intimated, in fusing together the line and the engineers, and in making them all the line except a small number selected for high technical attainment in engineering to do the duties of chief engineers on board and on shore. All officers except the chief engineer, surgeon, and paymaster would then be available for deck or machinery duties. As Mr. Welles says, it is not too much to

ask of the deck officers to learn to drive machinery and, it may be added, to take care of it under the direction of a competent head. The navy could not fail to gain enormously by the greater engineering knowledge of the commanding officer and the increased interest of the chief engineer, in whose hands must be placed everything connected with machinery, whatever be its nature, on board a ship.

Similar changes and combinations have taken place in the past, and we find a very fair historical parallel in the English navy during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Before that the sailor occupied somewhat the place of our engineer, and the soldier the place of our sailor.

A man-of-war in the Greek and Roman period was carried into action by means of oars. The crew was divided into two distinct parts, those on the rowers' benches and those bearing arms on the more elevated parts of the ship. A sea fight consisted in laying alongside and boarding so that soldiers might meet on the decks hand to hand as they would on shore. The soldier element commanded, and the master and his rowers were impressed or employed for transportation purposes. This organization answered very well so long as it had for its main object the transportation of troops to shores not far distant or the interception of landing parties. The captain did not require a knowledge of navigation, and he was a soldier purely and simply.

The introduction of sails, guns, and the bowline created as great a revolution in the fifteenth century as steam has created in the nineteenth. Genuine naval tactics made possible, a new system of warfare grew up in which fleets manoeuvred for position, and attacked each other from a distance. With the growing importance of sails, the seamen became more numerous and their duties more responsible, although still subordinate, and the soldier element, or that part of the crew which commanded and fought,

grew less essential to the ships. The inevitable struggle between soldier and sailor began, lasted for two centuries, and finally ended in the welding of the two into one; but tradition and custom survive long on the sea, and we still have the old soldier element in the small detail of marines carried by our own ships. The command is, however, in the hands of the man who knows seamanship. He inherits the knight's pennant which every commanding officer now flies at the mast. At times the quarrel between the gentleman officer and Jack Tarpaulin grew more bitter than the present misunderstanding between the line and the engineers. The consolidation did not come by the sailor's driving the soldier out of the ship, but by the gradual acquirement of each other's duties. Some of the soldiers learned seamanship, and some of the sailors learned the handling of guns, so that it was seamanship rather than the sailor that captured the command. Holland first felt the effect of this union, but England had adopted it so thoroughly by the end of the sixteenth century that her sailors soon obtained the mastery of the sea, and their descendants still hold it.

Too little prominence is given to this change in the English system, in the histories of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Queen Elizabeth had been shrewd enough to intrust her fleet to genuine sailors, as the names of Drake, Hawkyns, and Frobisher attest, while the Spaniards had clung to the ancient system, with soldiers in control, and seamen subordinate and despised. The poor equipment of the Spanish ships, and the ease with which they were rounded up like a herd of cattle, forms one of the most melancholy pages in history.

A few lines from Admiral Sir William Monson's *Naval Tracts*, written in the early part of the seventeenth century, exhibit this phase of the subject very forcibly:—

"In the year 1588, there was not

above one hundred and twenty sail of men-of-war to encounter that Invincible Armada of Spain, and not above five of them all, except the queen's great ships, were two hundred tons burthen, and did not exceed those rates in all Queen Elizabeth's time; so that our seamen were by their experience and courage rather the cause of victory than the ships; but if we should attribute these misfortunes to ships which are made all of one sort of wood and iron, and after one manner of building, it were great folly; but give Cæsar his due, and allow the ships their due; for a ship is but an engine of force used for offense or defense, and when you speak of the strength of ships, you must speak of the sufficiency of men within her. The Spaniards have more officers in their ships than we: they have a captain in their ship, a captain for their gunners, and as many captains as there are companies of soldiers, and, above all, they have a commander in the nature of a colonel above the rest. This breeds a great confusion, and is many times the cause of mutinies among them; they brawl and fight commonly aboard their ships, as if they were ashore. Notwithstanding the necessity they have of sailors, there is no nation less respectful of them than the Spaniards, which is the principal cause of their want of them; and till Spain alters this course, let them never think to be well served at sea. Our discipline is far different, and indeed quite contrary, as I have showed before."

He refers in the last sentence to part of an essay on seamen and officers which is worth quoting almost entire:—

"The experienced valiant sea soldier and mariner who knows how to manage a ship and maintain a sea fight judicially for defense of himself and offense of his enemy is only fit to be a captain or commander at sea; for without good experience, a man otherwise courageous may soon destroy himself and his company. . . .

"The seaman's desire is to be commanded by those that understand their labor, laws, and customs, thereby expecting reward or punishment according to their deserts.

"The seamen are stubborn or perverse when they receive their command from the ignorant in the discipline of the sea, who cannot speak to them in their own language.

"That commander who is bred a seaman and of approved government, by his skill in choice of his company will save twenty in the hundred, and perform better service than he can possibly do that understands not perfectly how to direct the officers under him.

"The best ships of war in the known world have been commanded by captains bred seamen; and merchants put their whole confidence in the fidelity and ability of seamen to carry their ships and goods through the hazard of pirates, men-of-war, and the danger of rocks and sands, be they of never so much value; which they would never do under the charge of a gentleman or an inexperienced soldier for his valor only.

"The seamen are much discouraged of late times by preferring of young, needy, and inexperienced gentlemen captains over them in their own ships; as also by placing lieutenants above the masters in the king's ships, which have never been used until of late years.

"The seaman is willing to give or receive punishment deservedly according to the laws of the sea, and not otherwise according to the fury or passion of a boisterous, blasphemous swearing commander.

"I must say, and with truth, that all her majesty's ships are far undermanned: for when people come to be divided into three parts, the one third to tackle the ship, the other to ply their small shot, and the third to manage their ordnance, all the three services fail for want of men to execute them. Neither do I see that more men can be contained

in the queen's ships to the southward, for want of storage for victuals and room to lodge in.

"And lastly, for the men that sail in the ships, without whom they are of no use, their usage has been so ill at the end of their voyages that it is no marvel they shew their unwillingness to serve the queen; for if they arrive sick from any voyage, such is the charity of the people ashore that they shall sooner die than find pity, unless they bring money with them."

To a large extent we are following in the footsteps of our ancestors. The engineers and firemen occupy much the same position as the masters and seamen of old. The boisterous, blasphemous, swearing commander is gone as our officers have become better educated and more enlightened; and the logical growth of our service is toward the same kind of a union which occurred during Queen Elizabeth's reign. The machine is here. Even our guns are called machine guns, and the tendency is inevitably towards a homogeneous crew to handle them. "The sailor will not swallow the engineer, nor the engineer the sailor." It will be the triumph of steam over sails, and the victory of engineering over that seamanship upon which we shall always be proud to look back as one of the chief factors in the formation of our country. The line officers fear that the engineers wish to command the ships. Let the commanding officers become engineers, and let engineers rule our ships, then all fears will be dispelled, and the navy will quickly become a unit.

There are now two bills before Congress for the improvement of the personnel, one relating to promotions in the line, and the other to an increase of numbers of engineers, with a better definition of their status and rank. Neither of these bills has any prospect of passing both Houses, on account of the line and staff quarrel. Many officers are

ready to endure martyrdom for what seems to them a principle, forgetting that the true principle to die for is the future welfare of our country, and not the triumph of a corps in the navy. When the cases are examined, it will be found that sentiment plays a large part in the discussion, and that the wisest reforms can best be effected by a fair and considerate examination of the subject in the Navy Department, under the personal direction of the Secretary or Assistant Secretary. No serious effort has been made in the past to deal adequately with the organization of the men as a whole to fight the ships, for most questions have been decided by the line without consultation, or by boards whose members have not possessed one another's confidence. The late Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy recommended that all cadets shall pursue the same course of studies, in order that officers may be educated alike for deck and engine-room duties. At first blush, this plan seems to the older officers of the service a process of converting the aspiring cadet into an anaconda, but a little experience would without doubt prove it to be extremely practical and sensible. All the problems on a modern battle-ship are engineering in their nature, and there is no problem which cannot be solved by the man whose early education has been largely in mechanics and engineering. Questions of organization of men, tactics, and international law must be learned by study and experience after graduation, and in these matters the graduates from a school where engineering is emphasized would be as well off as those from a school of seamanship.

The present system at the Naval Academy does not supply the needs of a modern navy, and it too often instills into the youthful minds of the cadets the vicious notion that the commanding officer is above the knowledge of every detail of his own ship. During the course,

considerable attention is given to mathematics, seamanship, gunnery, and navigation, and a comparatively small amount to engineering, language, and the natural sciences. At the end of three years, the cadets are separated into two divisions, one of line cadets and one of engineer cadets. The latter receive one year in engineering, and the former an additional year in seamanship, navigation, and gunnery. By seamanship is here meant the handling of a ship under sail. Those who pass the examinations graduate at the end of their fourth year, and serve two years at sea before receiving commissions. These two years are supposed to give the graduates a more practical knowledge of their professions. The line cadets usually find themselves on sailless vessels, and proceed to pick up what they can about boats, guns, and the management of men on deck. They are required to spend some time in the engine-rooms when the ship is steaming, but without responsibilities or duties, very much as tourists crossing the Atlantic visit the engine-room. After two years at sea, they are ordered home for examination, and receive commissions in the line of the marine corps, if vacancies can be found for them. The engineer cadets pass through the same stage, except that their two years at sea are spent with the machinery. They receive commissions as assistant engineers. Two or three "star" graduates are yearly transferred to the Corps of Naval Constructors and remain on shore for duties at navy yards and at the Department, in connection with the design and building of the hulls of ships.

The division into line and engineer cadets at the end of the third year is on the basis of aptitude and preference. This does not work out well in practice. Few young men at the age of twenty really exhibit marked aptitude for line or staff duties, and it is impossible for the Academic Board to divide the class

by aptitude. Then, the men who stand highest in the class have the first choice, and preference discloses a lamentable outlook for engineering in the navy. No young man will go into a corps which seems to him discredited from the start. He knows, from what he hears of the service, that his standing as an officer of a military force will not be fixed so definitely that a foolish commanding officer cannot humiliate him in the sight of his own men. When President McKinley visited the Naval Academy in the spring, the engineer cadets were shut up in their rooms, because the commanding officer either could not, or would not, find a place for them in a review before the commander-in-chief. Preference can be exercised where pride does not influence the choice, and where the rewards are equal, and no young man will express a preference for a corps in which he is sure to become the victim of tradition. This is not fancy; for the Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy have had brought plainly before them the difficulty of getting volunteers for the engineer corps. Only those cadets who cannot help themselves enter the corps, and even then too often with a mental reservation to resign as soon as possible. To borrow a phrase from Sir William Monson, "Let them never think to be well served at sea" in their engineering matters so long as this condition lasts. The country may well ask for improvement here, even though officers of the service do not see fit to devise a better method of selection or rewards for the engineer corps, which will make it equally attractive with the line and marine corps.

Another consideration which necessarily weighs with every young man is the hope of reaching high rank in command of other men, and of obtaining the opportunity to distinguish himself before his countrymen. There is no reason why this road should not be open to every graduate of the Naval Academy, at least

until he has learnt that credit is earned by faithfulness and zeal, and that high rank is not necessarily a distinction, or even a worthy ambition, when it may often be achieved simply by entering the navy young and living sixty-two years. After men have been some years in the line, and have reached an age when their aptitudes declare themselves, it is time to set some of them apart in a staff corps which does not command ships, but which does have the higher ranks and pay open to it. While the union of the two corps as above indicated would remove the grievance of the young engineer by removing him to the line, and would promote the harmony of shipboard life, an engineer corps would still be an absolutely essential part of the organization. The number in the present corps could be reduced by half, as all subordinate positions would be filled by the younger officers of the line. Its members would serve as chief engineers* of ships, and as designers and constructors of machinery for the navy. They should be men of first-rate engineering ability, and all responsibility for technical matters connected with materials on board ship and machinery on shore should be placed upon them. The law should be changed so as to give them rank and command over men in divisional and other ship duties, while the succession to the command of the ships should remain in the line as at present.

The engineer question once settled, the most complete and efficient organization of the crew would follow, as the same officers would have had experience both above and below decks; but a very sore spot would still remain in the promotion during peace. The young graduate commissioned ensign in the line finds himself in a sorry position. His pay is small, and he is confronted with a hopeless stagnation in promotion. A man of twenty-eight with a wife and children, and still an ensign on twelve or fourteen hundred dollars a year, is not a cheering

spectacle; and he gets this pay only at sea away from his family. If he has duty on shore, and lives with them, his pay is even less. The long list of lieutenants, lieutenant-commanders and commanders, brought in just at the end of the war, blocks the way for many years to come. They are themselves passing through a slough of despond out of which they will emerge more fit to dandle their grandchildren than to command ships. The writer assisted a few years ago in the celebration of a brother officer's attaining his majority on the lieutenant's list. Twenty-one years of his life had been literally thrown away on the deck of a ship in a subordinate grade, without any prospect of reaching command rank under fifty or fifty-five. Can the country expect much zeal and energy from an old gentleman doing duty as senior watch officer, when he ought to be in command of a fleet?

When men form the essential part of a naval force, it is their promotion which gives life to the deadly monotony of ship routine and drill, and which turns their energies into work rather than discontented wrangling with other corps, or other parts of their own corps. Even in business and social life, we are all stimulated by the hope of promotion in one form or another, and, if we are to obtain the greatest efficiency, the country must recognize this fact in its own service. There is not a more conscientious, willing body of men in the world than the officers of the navy, both line and staff. Notwithstanding their very trying surroundings, their separation from their families for long periods and their inadequate promotion and pay, we know that our flag is still borne with honor by gentlemen who will not discredit their country in the sight of foreigners. It is our shame that their rewards are so few.

The Navy Department and the officers have petitioned Congress times innumerable to regulate by statute the flow

of promotion; but as all the plans suggested involve an increase of the retired list and the establishment of a reserve list for men who have grown too old in the lower grades to make responsible commanding officers, Congress has held off through fear of increased appropriation for the navy. It may be well to note that the increase will not be great, as the officers will go on the retired list in the lower grades where their pay will be less; besides, the resulting improvement in zeal and effectiveness will save more in cost of materials than the additional outlay on personnel. The whole cost must be reckoned, not a part.

Another grave difficulty in our service is the lack of strong military control. The influence of politicians is too often felt in matters which vitally affect discipline and legitimate service. When the cruiser *Charleston* returned from the chase of the *Itata*, she was detailed to visit all the watering-places along the coast of California in order to demonstrate that, although located upon the open coast, they possessed excellent harbors and very desirable booms in real estate.

At present we have no body of officers charged with the preparation of plans for war. We have a War College, which is doing much in a general way to encourage the study of strategy, tactics, history, and international law; a naval intelligence office, to collect information about foreign ships and naval defenses; and a board of bureau chiefs to decide upon contracts and the types of ships for national defense. What we really need is a general staff to coördinate the three. In spite of the anomalies and conflicts in the duties of the bureaus, the present division of the Department into independent bureaus for details of building and manning the navy would be fairly efficient if we had besides a naval staff to whom might be referred all questions of types, strategy, and tactics. The plans heretofore put forward to this end have

failed through the fear that such a staff might in course of time absorb all the functions of the Navy Department, to the great detriment of efficiency in details of personnel and materials. If the officers of this staff were made simply the military advisers of the Secretary, with duties limited by law to the preparation of plans for war and the general movements of ships for defense and attack, and with no authority over the technical details allotted to the bureaus, the danger would be remote. The chief of staff should be a man who has served with distinction in the command grade at sea for a number of years.

To state briefly the present requirements of the naval personnel, there are three or four principles which must be recognized in a reorganization for the new ships. These are, the amalgamation of the line and engineers, the selection of an engineer corps from the line after some years of service with the machinery and on deck, the regulation of the flow of promotion, and the formation of some kind of a general staff. Nearly every bill in Congress has looked at the subject from the point of view of a corps, and it is high time for the Department to suggest legislation for the general good of the navy.

The following project has been suggested as promising much towards this desirable end:—

1. To make the course at the Naval Academy the same for all cadets, with a strong emphasis on engineering.

2. To give all graduates, except those entering the marine and construction corps, commissions as ensigns in the line.

3. To require all line officers to spend their first six years at sea, equally divided between responsible duties on deck and in the machinery department.

4. To permit any line officer to specialize in engineering during his second six years as a commissioned officer, and at the end of this time to transfer him

to the engineer corps after thorough examination in engineering.

5. To require at least one officer of the engineer corps on every ship, and to place under his charge all that pertains to machinery on board, including the men required for engineering matters.

6. To give all watch duties connected with repairing and driving machinery to line officers under the direction of the chief engineers.

7. To promote all officers of the line and engineer corps at the same rate and to the same ranks.

8. To make the total number of line officers and engineers together what it is now by law, with a minimum of about one hundred officers in the engineer corps.

9. To regulate the flow of promotion by permitting a limited number of officers to retire after thirty years' service.

10. To provide a "reserve list" for officers who do not reach command rank young enough to be effective.

11. To promote all ensigns after three years' service in that grade.

12. To transfer to the line all officers of the present engineer corps who have held their commissions less than twelve years.

13. To establish a general staff in whose hands shall be placed all matters connected with the preparation for war.

It is not to be expected that these changes would eradicate all the troubles incident to military service or to infirmities of temper, but they would tend toward the complete unification of the two corps which must bear the burdens of the ships in time of peace and the brunt of action in time of war. The increase of harmony among our officers would likewise lead to clearer views on the organization of enlisted men, and to higher efficiency, and thus to the greater glory of our flag and country.

Ira N. Hollis.

ON BEING HUMAN.

"THE rarest sort of a book," says Mr. Bagehot slyly, is "a book to read;" and "the knack in style is to write like a human being." It is painfully evident, upon experiment, that not many of the books which come teeming from our presses every year are meant to be read. They are meant, it may be, to be pondered; it is hoped, no doubt, they may instruct, or inform, or startle, or arouse, or reform, or provoke, or amuse us; but we read, if we have the true reader's zest and palate, not to grow more knowing, but to be less pent up and bound within a little circle,—as those who take their pleasure, and not as those who laboriously seek instruction,—as a means of seeing and enjoying the world of men and affairs. We wish companionship and renewal of spirit, enrichment of thought and the full adventure of the mind; and we desire fair company, and a large world in which to find them.

No one who loves the masters who may be communed with and read but must see, therefore, and resent the error of making the text of any one of them a source to draw grammar from, forcing the parts of speech to stand out stark and cold from the warm text; or a store of samples whence to draw rhetorical instances, setting up figures of speech singly and without support of any neighbor phrase, to be stared at curiously and with intent to copy or dissect! Here is grammar done without deliberation: the phrases carry their meaning simply and by a sort of limpid reflection; the thought is a living thing, not an image ingeniously contrived and wrought. Pray leave the text whole: it has no meaning piecemeal; at any rate, not that best, wholesome meaning, as of a frank and genial friend who talks, not for himself or for his phrase, but for you. It is questionable morals to dismember a living

frame to seek for its obscure fountains of life!

When you say that a book was meant to be read, you mean, for one thing, of course, that it was not meant to be studied. You do not study a good story, or a haunting poem, or a battle song, or a love ballad, or any moving narrative, whether it be out of history or out of fiction,—nor any argument, even, that moves vital in the field of action. You do not have to study these things; they reveal themselves, you do not stay to see how. They remain with you, and will not be forgotten or laid by. They cling like a personal experience, and become the mind's intimates. You devour a book meant to be read, not because you would fill yourself or have an anxious care to be nourished, but because it contains such stuff as it makes the mind hungry to look upon. Neither do you read it to kill time, but to lengthen time, rather, adding to it its natural usury by living the more abundantly while it lasts, joining another's life and thought to your own.

There are a few children in every generation, as Mr. Bagehot reminds us, who think the natural thing to do with *any* book is to read it. "There is an argument from design in the subject," as he says; "if the book was not meant for that purpose, for what purpose was it meant?" These are the young eyes to which books yield up a great treasure, almost in spite of themselves, as if they had been penetrated by some swift, enlarging power of vision which only the young know. It is these youngsters to whom books give up the long ages of history, "the wonderful series going back to the times of old patriarchs with their flocks and herds,"—I am quoting Mr. Bagehot again,— "the keen-eyed Greek, the stately Roman, the watching Jew, the uncouth Goth, the horrid Hun, the

settled picture of the unchanging East, the restless shifting of the rapid West, the rise of the cold and classical civilization, its fall, the rough impetuous Middle Ages, the vague warm picture of ourselves and home. When did we learn these? Not yesterday nor to-day, but long ago, in the first dawn of reason, in the original flow of fancy." Books will not yield to us so richly when we are older. The argument from design fails. We return to the staid authors we read long ago, and do not find in them the vital, speaking images that used to lie there upon the page. Our own fancy is gone, and the author never had any. We are driven in upon the books *meant* to be read.

These are books written by human beings, indeed, but with no general quality belonging to the kind, — with a special tone and temper, rather, a spirit out of the common, touched with a light that shines clear out of some great source of light which not every man can uncover. We call this spirit human because it moves us, quickens a like life in ourselves, makes us glow with a sort of ardor of self-discovery. It touches the springs of fancy or of action within us, and makes our own life seem more quick and vital. We do not call every book that moves us human. Some seem written with knowledge of the black art, set our base passions aflame, disclose motives at which we shudder, — the more because we feel their reality and power; and we know that this is of the devil, and not the fruitage of any quality that distinguishes us as men. We are distinguished as men by the qualities that mark us different from the beasts. When we call a thing human we have a spiritual ideal in mind. It may not be an ideal of that which is perfect, but it moves at least upon an upland level where the air is sweet; it holds an image of man erect and constant, going abroad with undaunted steps, looking with frank and open gaze upon all the fortunes of his day, feeling ever and again

"the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things."

Say what we may of the errors and the degrading sins of our kind, we do not willingly make what is worst in us the distinguishing trait of what is human. When we declare, with Bagehot, that the author whom we love writes like a human being, we are not sneering at him; we do not say it with a leer. It is in token of admiration, rather. He makes us *like* our humankind. There is a noble passion in what he says; a wholesome humor that echoes genial comradeships; a certain reasonableness and moderation in what is thought and said; an air of the open day, in which things are seen whole and in their right colors, rather than of the close study or the academic classroom. We do not want our poetry from grammarians, nor our tales from philologists, nor our history from theorists. Their human nature is subtly transmuted into something less broad and catholic and of the general world. Neither do we want our political economy from tradesmen nor our statesmanship from mere politicians, but from those who see more and care for more than these men see or care for.

Once, — it is a thought which troubles us, — once it was a simple enough matter to be a human being, but now it is deeply difficult; because life was once simple, but is now complex, confused, multifarious. Haste, anxiety, preoccupation, the need to specialize and make machines of ourselves, have transformed the once simple world, and we are appalled that it will not be without effort that we shall keep the broad human traits which have so far made the earth habitable. We have seen our modern life accumulate, hot and restless, in great cities, — and we cannot say that the change is

not natural: we see in it, on the contrary, the fulfillment of an inevitable law of change, which is no doubt a law of growth, and not of decay. And yet we look upon the portentous thing with a great distaste, and doubt with what altered passions we shall come out of it. The huge, rushing, aggregate life of a great city, — the crushing crowds in the streets, where friends seldom meet and there are few greetings; the thunderous noise of trade and industry that speaks of nothing but gain and competition, and a consuming fever that checks the natural courses of the kindly blood; no leisure anywhere, no quiet, no restful ease, no wise repose, — all this shocks us. It is inhumane. It does not seem human. How much more likely does it appear that we shall find men sane and human about a country fireside, upon the streets of quiet villages, where all are neighbors, where groups of friends gather easily, and a constant sympathy makes the very air seem native! Why should not the city seem infinitely *more* human than the hamlet? Why should not human traits the more abound where human beings teem millions strong?

Because the city curtails man of his wholeness, specializes him, quickens some powers, stunts others, gives him a sharp edge and a temper like that of steel, makes him unfit for nothing so much as to sit still. Men have indeed written like human beings in the midst of great cities, but not often when they have shared the city's characteristic life, its struggle for place and for gain. There are not many places that belong to a city's life to which you can "invite your soul." Its haste, its preoccupations, its anxieties, its rushing noise as of men driven, its ringing cries, distract you. It offers no quiet for reflection; it permits no retirement to any who share its life. It is a place of little tasks, of narrowed functions, of aggregate and not of individual strength. The great machine dominates its little parts, and its Soci-

ety is as much of a machine as its business.

"This tract which the river of Time
Now flows through with us, is the plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Border'd by cities, and hoarse
With a thousand cries is its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds
Are confused as the cries which we hear,
Changing and shot as the sights which we see.

"And we say that repose has fled
Forever the course of the river of Time,
That cities will crowd to its edge
In a blacker, incessanter line;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead,
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

"But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.

"Haply, the river of Time —
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream —
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

"And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast —
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

We cannot easily see the large measure and abiding purpose of the novel age in which we stand young and confused. The view that shall clear our minds and quicken us to act as those who know their task and its distant consummation will come with better knowledge and completer self-possession. It shall not be a night-wind, but an air that shall blow out of the widening east and with the coming of the light, that shall bring us, with the morning, "murmurs and scents of the infinite sea." Who

can doubt that man has grown more and more human with each step of that slow process which has brought him knowledge, self-restraint, the arts of intercourse, and the revelations of real joy? Man has more and more lived with his fellow men, and it is society that has humanized him, — the development of society into an infinitely various school of discipline and ordered skill. He has been made more human by schooling, by growing more self-possessed, — less violent, less tumultuous; holding himself in hand, and moving always with a certain poise of spirit; not forever clapping his hand to the hilt of his sword, but preferring, rather, to play with a subtler skill upon the springs of action. This is our conception of the truly human man: a man in whom there is a just balance of faculties, a catholic sympathy, — no brawler, no fanatic, no Pharisee; not too credulous in hope, not too desperate in purpose; warm, but not hasty; ardent and full of definite power, but not running about to be pleased and deceived by every new thing.

It is a genial image, of men we love, — an image of men warm and true of heart, direct and unhesitating in courage, generous, magnanimous, faithful, steadfast, capable of a deep devotion and self-forgetfulness. But the age changes, and with it must change our ideals of human quality. Not that we would give up what we have loved: we would add what a new life demands. In a new age men must acquire a new capacity, must be men upon a new scale and with added qualities. We shall need a new Renaissance, ushered in by a new "humanistic" movement, in which we shall add to our present minute, introspective study of ourselves, our jails, our slums, our nerve-centres, our shifts to live, almost as morbid as mediæval religion, a rediscovery of the round world and of man's place in it, now that its face has changed. We study the world, but not yet with intent to school our hearts and

tastes, broaden our natures, and know our fellow men as comrades rather than as phenomena; with purpose, rather, to build up bodies of critical doctrine and provide ourselves with theses. That, surely, is not the truly humanizing way in which to take the air of the world. Man is much more than a "rational being," and lives more by sympathies and impressions than by conclusions. It darkens his eyes and dries up the wells of his humanity to be forever in search of doctrine. We need wholesome, experiencing natures, I dare affirm, much more than we need sound reasoning.

Take life in the large view, and we are most reasonable when we seek that which is most wholesome and tonic for our natures as a whole; and we know, when we put aside pedantry, that the great middle object in life, — the object that lies between religion on the one hand, and food and clothing on the other, establishing our average levels of achievement, — the excellent golden mean, is, not to be learned, but to be human beings in all the wide and genial meaning of the term. Does the age hinder? Do its mazy interests distract us when we would plan our discipline, determine our duty, clarify our ideals? It is the more necessary that we should ask ourselves what it is that is demanded of us, if we would fit our qualities to meet the new tests. Let us remind ourselves that to be human is, for one thing, to speak and act with a certain note of genuineness, a quality mixed of spontaneity and intelligence. This is necessary for wholesome life in any age, but particularly amidst confused affairs and shifting standards. Genuineness is not mere simplicity, for that may lack vitality, and genuineness does not. We expect what we call genuine to have pith and strength of fibre. Genuineness is a quality which we sometimes mean to include when we speak of individuality. Individuality is lost the moment you submit to passing modes or fashions, the creations of an

artificial society; and so is genuineness. No man is genuine who is forever trying to pattern his life after the lives of other people, — unless indeed he be a genuine dolt. But individuality is by no means the same as genuineness; for individuality may be associated with the most extreme and even ridiculous eccentricity, while genuineness we conceive to be always wholesome, balanced, and touched with dignity. It is a quality that goes with good sense and self-respect. It is a sort of robust moral sanity, mixed of elements both moral and intellectual. It is found in natures too strong to be mere trimmers and conformers, too well poised and thoughtful to fling off into intemperate protest and revolt. Laughter is genuine which has in it neither the shrill, hysterical note of mere excitement nor the hard metallic twang of the cynic's sneer, — which rings in the honest voice of gracious good humor, which is innocent and unsatirical. Speech is genuine which is without silliness, affectation, or pretense. That character is genuine which seems built by nature rather than by convention, which is stuff of independence and of good courage. Nothing spurious, bastard, begotten out of true wedlock of the mind; nothing adulterated and seeming to be what it is not; nothing unreal, can ever get place among the nobility of things genuine, natural, of pure stock and unmistakable lineage. It is a prerogative of every truly human being to come out from the low estate of those who are merely gregarious and of the herd, and show his innate powers cultivated and yet unspoiled, — sound, unmixed, free from imitation; showing that individualization without extravagance which is genuineness.

But how? By what means is this self-liberation to be effected, — this emancipation from affectation and the bondage of being like other people? Is it open to us to choose to be genuine? I see nothing insuperable in the way, except for those who are hopelessly lacking in

a sense of humor. It depends upon the range and scale of your observation whether you can strike the balance of genuineness or not. If you live in a small and petty world, you will be subject to its standards; but if you live in a large world, you will see that standards are innumerable, — some old, some new, some made by the noble-minded and made to last, some made by the weak-minded and destined to perish, some lasting from age to age, some only from day to day, — and that a choice must be made amongst them. It is then that your sense of humor will assist you. You are, you will perceive, upon a long journey, and it will seem to you ridiculous to change your life and discipline your instincts to conform to the usages of a single inn by the way. You will distinguish the essentials from the accidents, and deem the accidents something meant for your amusement. The strongest natures do not need to wait for these slow lessons of observation, to be got by conning life: their sheer vigor makes it impossible for them to conform to fashion or care for times and seasons. But the rest of us must cultivate knowledge of the world in the large, get our offing, reach a comparative point of view, before we can become with steady confidence our own masters and pilots. The art of being human begins with the practice of being genuine, and following standards of conduct which the world has tested. If your life is not various and you cannot know the best people, who set the standards of sincerity, your reading at least can be various, and you may look at your little circle through the best books, under the guidance of writers who have known life and loved the truth.

And then genuineness will bring serenity, — which I take to be another mark of the right development of the true human being, certainly in an age passionate and confused as this in which we live. Of course serenity does not al-

ways go with genuineness. We must say of Dr. Johnson that he was genuine, and yet we know that the stormy tyrant of the Turk's Head Tavern was not serene. Carlyle was genuine (though that is not quite the *first* adjective we should choose to describe him), but of serenity he allowed cooks and cocks and every modern and every ancient sham to deprive him. Serenity is a product, no doubt, of two very different things, namely, vision and digestion. Not the eye only, but the courses of the blood must be clear, if we would find serenity. Our word "serene" contains a picture. Its image is of the calm evening, when the stars are out and the still night comes on; when the dew is on the grass and the wind does not stir; when the day's work is over, and the evening meal, and thought falls clear in the quiet hour. It is the hour of reflection, — and it is human to reflect. Who shall contrive to be human without this evening hour, which drives turmoil out, and gives the soul its seasons of self-recollection? Serenity is not a thing to beget inaction. It only checks excitement and uncalculating haste. It does not exclude ardor or the heat of battle: it keeps ardor from extravagance, prevents the battle from becoming a mere aimless mêlée. The great captains of the world have been men who were calm in the moment of crisis; who were calm, too, in the long planning which preceded crisis; who went into battle with a serenity infinitely ominous for those whom they attacked. We instinctively associate serenity with the highest types of power among men, seeing in it the poise of knowledge and calm vision, that supreme heat and mastery which is without splutter or noise of any kind. The art of power in this sort is no doubt learned in hours of reflection, by those who are not born with it. What rebuke of aimless excitement there is to be got out of a little reflection, when we have been inveighing against the corruption and de-

cadence of our own days, if only we have provided ourselves with a little knowledge of the past wherewith to balance our thought! As bad times as these, or any we shall see, have been reformed, but not by protests. They have been made glorious instead of shameful by the men who kept their heads and struck with sure self-possession in the fight. No age will take hysterical reform. The world is very human, not a bit given to adopting virtues for the sake of those who merely bemoan its vices, and we are most effective when we are most calmly in possession of our senses.

So far is serenity from being a thing of slackness or inaction that it seems bred, rather, by an equable energy, a satisfying activity. It may be found in the midst of that alert interest in affairs which is, it may be, the distinguishing trait of developed manhood. You distinguish man from the brute by his intelligent curiosity, his play of mind beyond the narrow field of instinct, his perception of cause and effect in matters to him indifferent, his appreciation of motive and calculation of results. He is interested in the world about him, and even in the great universe of which it forms a part, not merely as a thing he would use, satisfy his wants and grow great by, but as a field to stretch his mind in, for love of journeyings and excursions in the large realm of thought. Your full-bred human being loves a run afield with his understanding. With what images does he not surround himself and store his mind! With what fondness does he con travelers' tales and credit poets' fancies! With what patience does he follow science and pore upon old records, and with what eagerness does he ask the news of the day! No great part of what he learns immediately touches his own life or the course of his own affairs: he is not pursuing a business, but satisfying as he can an insatiable mind. No doubt the highest form of this noble curiosity is that which

leads us, without self-interest, to look abroad upon all the field of man's life at home and in society, seeking more excellent forms of government, more righteous ways of labor, more elevating forms of art, and which makes the greater among us statesmen, reformers, philanthropists, artists, critics, men of letters. It is certainly human to mind your neighbor's business as well as your own. Gossips are only sociologists upon a mean and petty scale. The art of being human lifts to a better level than that of gossip; it leaves mere chatter behind, as too reminiscent of a lower stage of existence, and is compassed by those whose outlook is wide enough to serve for guidance and a choosing of ways.

Luckily we are not the first human beings. We have come into a great heritage of interesting things, collected and piled all about us by the curiosity of past generations. And so our interest is selective. Our education consists in learning intelligent choice. Our energies do not clash or compete: each is free to take his own path to knowledge. Each has that choice, which is man's alone, of the life he shall live, and finds out first or last that the art in living is not only to be genuine and one's own master, but also to learn mastery in perception and preference. Your true woodsman needs not to follow the dusty highway through the forest nor search for any path, but goes straight from glade to glade as if upon an open way, having some privy understanding with the taller trees, some compass in his senses. So there is a subtle craft in finding ways for the mind, too. Keep but your eyes alert and your ears quick, as you move among men and among books, and you shall find yourself possessed at last of a new sense, the sense of the pathfinder. Have you never marked the eyes of a man who has seen the world he has lived in: the eyes of the sea-captain, who has watched his life through the changes of the heavens; the eyes of the huntsman, nature's gos-

sip and familiar; the eyes of the man of affairs, accustomed to command in moments of exigency? You are at once aware that they are eyes which can see. There is something in them that you do not find in other eyes, and you have read the life of the man when you have divined what it is. Let the thing serve as a figure. So ought alert interest in the world of men and thought to serve each one of us that we shall have the quick perceiving vision, taking meanings at a glance, reading suggestions as if they were expositions. You shall not otherwise get full value of your humanity. What good shall it do you else that the long generations of men which have gone before you have filled the world with great store of everything that may make you wise and your life various? Will you not take usury of the past, if it may be had for the taking? Here is the world humanity has made: will you take full citizenship in it, or will you live in it as dull, as slow to receive, as unenfranchised, as the idlers for whom civilization has no uses, or the deadened toilers, men or beasts, whose labor shuts the door on choice?

That man seems to me a little less than human who lives as if our life in the world were but just begun, thinking only of the things of sense, recking nothing of the infinite thronging and assemblage of affairs the great stage over, or of the old wisdom that has ruled the world. That is, if he have the choice. Great masses of our fellow men are shut out from choosing, by reason of absorbing toil, and it is part of the enlightenment of our age that our understandings are being opened to the workingman's need of a little leisure wherein to look about him and clear his vision of the dust of the workshop. We know that there is a drudgery which is inhuman, let it but encompass the whole life, with only heavy sleep between task and task. We know that those who are so bound can have no freedom to be

men, that their very spirits are in bondage. It is part of our philanthropy — it should be part of our statesmanship — to ease the burden as we can, and enfranchise those who spend and are spent for the sustenance of the race. But what shall we say of those who are free and yet choose littleness and bondage, or of those who, though they might see the whole face of society, nevertheless choose to spend all a life's space poring upon some single vice or blemish? I would not for the world discredit any sort of philanthropy except the small and churlish sort which seeks to reform by nagging, — the sort which exaggerates petty vices into great ones, and runs atilt against windmills, while everywhere colossal shams and abuses go unexposed, unrebuked. Is it because we are better at being common scolds than at being wise advisers that we prefer little reforms to big ones? Are we to allow the poor personal habits of other people to absorb and quite use up all our fine indignation? It will be a bad day for society when sentimentalists are encouraged to suggest all the measures that shall be taken for the betterment of the race. I, for one, sometimes sigh for a generation of "leading people" and of good people who shall see things steadily and see them whole; who shall show a handsome justness and a large sanity of view, an opportune tolerance for the details that happen to be awry, in order that they may spend their energy, not without self-possession, in some generous mission which shall make right principles shine upon the people's life. They would bring with them an age of large moralities, a spacious time, a day of vision.

Knowledge has come into the world in vain if it is not to emancipate those who may have it from narrowness, censoriousness, fussiness, an intemperate zeal for petty things. It would be a most pleasant, a truly humane world, would we but open our ears with a more

generous welcome to the clear voices that ring in those writings upon life and affairs which mankind has chosen to keep. Not many splenetic books, not many intemperate, not many bigoted, have kept men's confidence; and the mind that is impatient, or intolerant, or hoodwinked, or shut in to a petty view, shall have no part in carrying men forward to a true humanity, shall never stand as examples of the true human-kind. What is truly human has always upon it the broad light of what is genial, fit to support life, cordial, and of a catholic spirit of helpfulness. Your true human being has eyes and keeps his balance in the world; deems nothing uninteresting that comes from life; clarifies his vision and gives health to his eyes by using them upon things near and things far. The brute beast has but a single neighborhood, a single, narrow round of existence; the gain of being human accrues in the choice of change and variety and of experience far and wide, with all the world for stage, — a stage set and appointed by this very art of choice, — all future generations for witnesses and audience. When you talk with a man who has in his nature and acquirements that freedom from constraint which goes with the full franchise of humanity, he turns easily from topic to topic; does not fall silent or dull when you leave some single field of thought such as unwise men make a prison of. The men who will not be broken from a little set of subjects, who talk earnestly, hotly, with a sort of fierceness, of certain special schemes of conduct, and look coldly upon everything else, render you infinitely uneasy, as if there were in them a force abnormal and which rocked toward an upset of the mind; but from the man whose interest swings from thought to thought with the zest and poise and pleasure of the old traveler, eager for what is new, glad to look again upon what is old, you come away with faculties warmed and heartened, — with

the feeling of having been comrade for a little with a genuine human being. It is a large world and a round world, and men grow human by seeing all its play of force and folly.

Let no one suppose that efficiency is lost by such breadth and catholicity of view. We deceive ourselves with instances, look at sharp crises in the world's affairs, and imagine that intense and narrow men have made history for us. Poise, balance, a nice and equable exercise of force, are not, it is true, the things the world ordinarily seeks for or most applauds in its heroes. It is apt to esteem that man most human who has his qualities in a certain exaggeration, whose courage is passionate, whose generosity is without deliberation, whose just action is without premeditation, whose spirit runs towards its favorite objects with an infectious and reckless ardor, whose wisdom is no child of slow prudence. We love Achilles more than Diomedes, and Ulysses not at all. But these are standards left over from a ruder state of society: we should have passed by this time the Homeric stage of mind, — should have heroes suited to our age. Nay, we have erected different standards, and do make a different choice, when we see in any man fulfillment of our real ideals. Let a modern instance serve as test. Could any man hesitate to say that Abraham Lincoln was more human than William Lloyd Garrison? Does not every one know that it was the practical Free-Soilers who made emancipation possible, and not the hot, impracticable Abolitionists; that the country was infinitely more moved by Lincoln's temperate sagacity than by any man's enthusiasm, instinctively trusted the man who saw the whole situation and kept his balance, instinctively held off from those who refused to see more than one thing? We know how serviceable the intense and headlong agitator was in bringing to their feet men fit for action; but we feel uneasy while he lives, and vouchsafe him

our full sympathy only when he is dead. We know that the genial forces of nature which work daily, equably, and without violence are infinitely more serviceable, infinitely more admirable, than the rude violence of the storm, however necessary or excellent the purification it may have wrought. Should we seek to name the most human man among those who led the nation to its struggle with slavery, and yet was no statesman, we should of course name Lowell. We know that his humor went further than any man's passion towards setting tolerant men a-tingle with the new impulses of the day. We naturally hold back from those who are intemperate and can never stop to smile, and are deeply reassured to see a twinkle in a reformer's eye. We are glad to see earnest men laugh. It breaks the strain. If it be wholesome laughter, it dispels all suspicion of spite, and is like the gleam of light upon running water, lifting sullen shadows, suggesting clear depths.

Surely it is this soundness of nature, this broad and genial quality, this full-blooded, full-orbed sanity of spirit, which gives the men we love that wide-eyed sympathy which gives hope and power to humanity, which gives range to every good quality and is so excellent a credential of genuine manhood. Let your life and your thought be narrow, and your sympathy will shrink to a like scale. It is a quality which follows the seeing mind afield, which waits on experience. It is not a mere sentiment. It goes not with pity so much as with a penetrative understanding of other men's lives and hopes and temptations. Ignorance of these things makes it worthless. Its best tutors are observation and experience, and these serve only those who keep clear eyes and a wide field of vision.

It is exercise and discipline upon such a scale, too, which strengthen, which for ordinary men come near to creating, that capacity to reason upon affairs and to plan for action which we always reckon

upon finding in every man who has studied to perfect his native force. This new day in which we live cries a challenge to us. Steam and electricity have reduced nations to neighborhoods; have made travel pastime, and news a thing for everybody. Cheap printing has made knowledge a vulgar commodity. Our eyes look, almost without choice, upon the very world itself, and the word "human" is filled with a new meaning. Our ideals broaden to suit the wide day in which we live. We crave, not cloistered virtue, — it is impossible any longer to keep to the cloister, — but a robust spirit that shall take the air in the great world, know men in all their kinds, choose its way amidst the bustle with all self-possession, with wise genuineness, in calmness, and yet with the quick eye of interest and the quick pulse of power. It is again a day for Shakespeare's spirit, — a day more various, more ardent, more provoking to valor and every large design even than "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," when all the world seemed new; and if we cannot find another bard, come out of a new Warwickshire, to hold once more the mirror up to nature, it will not be because the stage is not set for him. The time is such an one as he might rejoice to look upon; and if we would serve it as it should be served, we should seek to be human after his wide-eyed sort. The serenity of power; the naturalness that is nature's poise and mark of genuineness; the unsleeping interest in all affairs, all fancies, all things believed or done; the catholic understanding, tolerance, enjoyment, of all classes and conditions of men; the conceiving

imagination, the planning purpose, the creating thought, the wholesome, laughing humor, the quiet insight, the universal coinage of the brain, — are not these the marvelous gifts and qualities we mark in Shakespeare when we call him the greatest among men? And shall not these rounded and perfect powers serve us as our ideal of what it is to be a finished human being?

We live for our own age, — an age like Shakespeare's, when an old world is passing away, a new world coming in, — an age of new speculation and every new adventure of the mind; a full stage, an intricate plot, a universal play of passion, an outcome no man can foresee. It is to this world, this sweep of action, that our understandings must be stretched and fitted; it is in this age we must show our human quality. We must measure ourselves by the task, accept the pace set for us, make shift to know what we are about. How free and liberal should be the scale of our sympathy, how catholic our understanding of the world in which we live, how poised and masterful our action in the midst of so great affairs! We should school our ears to know the voices that are genuine, our thought to take the truth when it is spoken, our spirits to feel the zest of the day. It is within our choice to be with mean company or with great, to consort with the wise or with the foolish, now that the great world has spoken to us in the literature of all tongues and voices. The best selected human nature will tell in the making of the future, and the art of being human is the art of freedom and of force.

Woodrow Wilson.

A SOUTHERNER IN THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR.

I.

I HAD intended to call this study *Two Wars*, but I was afraid lest I should be under the domination of the title, and an elaborate comparison of the Peloponnesian war and the war between the States would undoubtedly have led to no little sophistication of the facts. Historical parallel bars are usually set up for exhibiting feats of mental agility. The mental agility is often moral suppleness, and nobody expects a critical examination of the parallelism itself. He was not an historian of the first rank, but a phrase-making rhetorician, who is responsible for the current saying, *History is philosophy teaching by example*. This definition is about as valuable as some of those other definitions that express one art in terms of another: poetry in terms of painting, and painting in terms of poetry. "*Architecture is frozen music*" does not enable us to understand either perpendicular Gothic or a fugue of Bach; and when an historian defines history in terms of philosophy, or a philosopher philosophy in terms of history, you may be on the lookout for sophistication. Your philosophical historian points his moral by adorning his tale. Your historical philosopher allows no zigzags in the march of his evolution.

In like manner, the attempt to express one war in terms of another is apt to lead to a wresting of facts. No two wars are as like as two peas. Yet as any two marriages in society will yield a certain number of resemblances, so will any two wars in history, whether war itself be regarded as abstract or concrete, — a question that seems to have exercised some grammatical minds, and ought therefore to be settled before any further step is taken in this disquisition, which is the disquisition of a gram-

marian. Now most persons would pronounce war an abstract, but one excellent manual with which I am acquainted sets it down as a concrete, and I have often thought that the author must have known something practically about war. At all events, to those who have seen the midday sun darkened by burning homesteads, and wheatfields illuminated by stark forms in blue and gray, war is sufficiently concrete. The very first dead soldier one sees, enemy or friend, takes war forever out of the category of abstracts.

When I was a student abroad, American novices used to be asked in jest, "*Is this your first ruin?*" "*Is this your first nightingale?*" I am not certain that I can place my first ruin or my first nightingale, but I can recall my first dead man on the battlefield. We were making an advance on the enemy's position near Huttonsville. Nothing, by the way, could have been more beautiful than the plan, which I was privileged to see; and as we neared the objective point, it was a pleasure to watch how column after column, marching by this road and that, converged to the rendezvous. It was as if some huge spider were gathering its legs about the victim. The special order issued breathed a spirit of calm resolution worthy of the general commanding and his troops. Nobody that I remember criticised the tautological expression, "*The progress of this army must be forward.*" We were prepared for a hard fight, for we knew that the enemy was strongly posted. Most of us were to be under fire for the first time, and there was some talk about the chances of the morrow as we lay down to sleep. Moralizing of that sort gets less and less common with experience in the business, and this time the moralizing may have seemed to some premature. But wher-

ever the minié ball sang its diabolical mosquito song there was death in the air, and I was soon to see brought into camp, under a flag of truce, the lifeless body of the heir of Mount Vernon, whose graceful riding I had envied a few days before. However, there was no serious fighting. The advance on the enemy's position had developed more strength in front than we had counted on, or some of the spider's legs had failed to close in. A misleading report had been brought to headquarters. A weak point in the enemy's line had been reinforced. Who knows? The best laid plans are often thwarted by the merest trifles, — an insignificant puddle, a jingling canteen. This game of war is a hit or miss game, after all. A certain fatalism is bred thereby, and it is well to set out with a stock of that article. So our resolute advance became a forced reconnaissance, greatly to the chagrin of the younger and more ardent spirits. We found out exactly where the enemy was, and declined to have anything further to do with him for the time being. But in finding him we had to clear the ground and drive in the pickets. One picket had been posted at the end of a loop in a chain of valleys. The road we followed skirted the base of one range of hills. The house which served as the headquarters of the picket was on the other side. A meadow as level as a board stretched between. I remember seeing a boy come out and catch a horse, while we were advancing. Somehow it seemed to be a trivial thing to do just then. I knew better afterwards. Our skirmishers had done their work, had swept the woods on either side clean, and the pickets had fallen back on the main body; but not all of them. One man, if not more, had only had time to fall dead. The one I saw, the first, was a young man, not thirty, I should judge, lying on his back, his head too low for comfort. He had been killed outright, and there was no distortion of feature. No more peaceful faces than

one sees at times on the battlefield, and sudden death, despite the Litany, is not the least enviable exit. In this case there was something like a mild surprise on the countenance. The rather stolid face could never have been very expressive. An unposted letter was found on the dead man's body. It was written in German, and I was asked to interpret it, in case it should contain any important information; just messages to friends and kindred, just the trivialities of camp life.

The man was an invader, and in my eyes deserved an invader's doom. If sides had been changed, he would have been a rebel, and would have deserved a rebel's doom. I was not stirred to the depths by the sight, but it gave me a lesson in grammar, and war has ever been concrete to me from that time on. The horror I did not feel at first grew steadily. "A sweet thing," says Pindar, "is war to those that have not tried it."

II.

Concrete or abstract, there are general resemblances between any two wars, and so war lends itself readily to allegories. Every one has read Bunyan's Holy War. Not every one has read Spangenberg's Grammatical War. It is an ingenious performance, which fell into my hands many years after I had gone forth to see and to feel what war was like. In Spangenberg's Grammatical War the nouns and the verbs are the contending parties. Poeta is king of the nouns, and Amo king of the verbs. There is a regular debate between the two sovereigns. The king of the verbs summons the adverbs to his help, the king of the nouns the pronouns. The camps are pitched, the forces marshaled. The neutral power, participle, is invoked by both parties, but declines to send open assistance to either, hoping that in this contest between noun and verb the third party will acquire the rule over the whole territory of language. After a final summons on the

part of the king of the verbs, and a fierce response from the rival monarch, active hostilities begin. We read of raids and forays. Prisoners are treated with contumely, and their skirts are docked as in the Biblical narrative. Treachery adds excitement to the situation. Skirmishes precede the great engagement, in which the nouns are worsted, though they have come off with some of the spoils of war; and peace is made on terms dictated by Priscian, Servius, and Donatus. Spangenberg's Grammatical War is a not uninteresting, not uninstructional squib, and the salt of it, or saltpetre of it, has not all evaporated after the lapse of some three centuries. There are bits that remind one of the Greco-Turkish war of a few weeks ago.

But there is no military science in Bunyan's Holy War nor in Spangenberg's Grammatical War: why should there be? Practical warfare is rough work. To frighten, to wound, to kill, — these three abide under all forms of military doctrine, and the greatest of these is frightening. Ares, the god of war, has two satellites, Terror and Affright. Fear is the Gorgon's head. The serpents are very real, very effective, in their way, but logically they are unessential tresses. The Gorgon stares you out of countenance, and that suffices. The object is the removal of an obstacle. Killing and wounding are but means to an end. Hand-to-hand fighting is rare, and it would be easy to count the instances in which cavalry meets the shock of cavalry. Crossing sabres is not a common pastime in the red game of war. It makes a fine picture, to be sure, the finer for the rarity of the thing itself.

To frighten, to wound, to kill, being the essential processes, war amounts to the same thing the world over, world of time and world of space. Whether death or disability comes by Belgian ball or Spencer bullet, by the stone of a Balearic slinger, by a bolt from a crossbow, is a matter of detail which need not trouble

the philosophic mind, and the ancients showed their sense in ascribing fear to divine inspiration.

If the processes of war are primitive, the causes of war are no less so. It has been strikingly said of late by a Scandinavian scholar that "language was born in the courting-days of mankind: the first utterance of speech [was] something between the nightly love-lyrics of puss upon the tiles and the melodious love-songs of the nightingale." "War, the father of all things," goes back to the same origin as language. The serenade is matched by the battle-cry. The fight between two cock-pheasants for the love of a hen-pheasant is war in its last analysis, in its primal manifestation. Selfish hatred is at the bottom of it. It is the hell-fire to which we owe the heat that is necessary to some of the noblest as to some of the vilest manifestations of human nature. Righteous indignation, sense of injustice, sympathy with the oppressed, consecration to country, fine words all, fine things, but so many of the men who represent these fine things perish. It wrings the heart at a distance of more than thirty years to think of those who have fallen, and love still maintains passionately that they were the best. At any rate, they were among the best, and both sides are feeling the loss to this day, not only in the men themselves, but in the sons that should have been born to them.

Any two wars, then, will yield a sufficient number of resemblances, in killed, wounded, and missing, in the elemental matter of hatred, or, if you choose to give it a milder name, rivalry. These things are of the essence of war, and the manifestations run parallel even in the finer lines. One cock-pheasant finds the drumming of another cock-pheasant a very irritating sound, Chanticleer objects to the note of Chanticleer, and the more articulate human being is rasped by the voice of his neighbor. The Attic did not like the broad Bæotian speech.

Parson Evans's "seese and putter" were the bitterest ingredients in Falstaff's dose of humiliation. "Yankee twang" and "Southern drawl" incited as well as echoed hostility.

Borderers are seldom friends. "An Attic neighbor" is a Greek proverb. Kentucky and Ohio frown at each other across the river. Cincinnati looks down on Covington, and Covington glares at Cincinnati. Aristophanes, in his mocking way, attributes the Peloponnesian war to a kidnapping affair between Athens and Megara. The underground railroad preceded the aboveground railroad in the history of the great American conflict.

There were jealousies enough between Athens and Sparta in the olden times, which correspond to our colonial days, and in the Persian war, which was in a sense the Greek war of independence. In like manner the chronicles of our Revolutionary period show that there was abundance of bad blood between Northern colonies and Southern colonies. The Virginian planter whom all have agreed to make the one national hero was after all a Virginian, and Virginians have not forgotten the impatient utterances of the "imperial man" on the soil of Massachusetts and in the streets of New York. Nobody takes Knickerbocker's History of New York seriously, as owlish historians are wont to take Aristophanes. Why not? We accept the hostility of Attica and Bœotia, of Attica and Megara; and there are no more graphic chapters than those which set forth the enmity between New York and Maryland, between New Amsterdam and Connecticut.

Business is often more potent than blood. Nullification, the forerunner of disunion, rose from a question of tariff. The echoes had not died out when I woke to conscious life. I knew that I was the son of a nullifier, and the nephew of a Union man. It was whispered that our beloved family physician found it prudent to withdraw from the public gaze for a while, and that my uncle's windows

were broken by the palmettos of a nullification procession; and I can remember from my boyhood days how unreconciled citizens of Charleston shook their fists at the revenue cutter and its "foreign flag." Such an early experience enables one to understand our war better. It enables one to understand the Peloponnesian war better, the struggle between the union of which Athens was the mistress and the confederacy of which Sparta was the head. Non-intercourse between Athens and Megara was the first stage. The famous Megarian decree of Pericles, which closed the market of Athens to Megarians, gave rise to angry controversy, and the refusal to rescind that decree led to open war. But Megara was little more than a pretext. The subtle influence of Corinth was potent. The great merchant city of Greece dreaded the rise of Athens to dominant commercial importance, and in the conflict between the Corinthian brass and the Attic clay, the clay was shattered. Corinth does not show her hand much in the Peloponnesian war. She figures at the beginning, and then disappears. But the old mole is at work the whole time, and what the Peloponnesians called the Attic war, and the Attics the Peloponnesian war, might have been called the Corinthian war. The exchange, the banking-house, were important factors then as now. "Sinews of war" is a classical expression. The popular cry of "Persian gold" was heard in the Peloponnesian war as the popular cry of "British gold" is heard now.

True, there was no slavery question in the Peloponnesian war, for antique civilization without slavery is hardly thinkable; but after all, the slavery question belongs ultimately to the sphere of economics. The humanitarian spirit, set free by the French Revolution, was at work in the Southern States as in the Northern States, but it was hampered by economic considerations. Virginia, as every one knows, was on the verge of becoming a free State. Colonization flour-

ished in my boyhood. A friend of my father's left him trustee for his "servants," as we called them. They were quartered opposite our house in Charleston, and the pickaninnies were objects of profound interest to the children of the neighborhood. One or two letters came from the emigrants after they reached Liberia. Then silence fell on the African farm.

Some of the most effective anti-slavery reformers were Charlestonians by birth and breeding. I cannot say that Grimké was a popular name, but homage was paid to the talent of Frederick, as I remember only too well, for I had to learn a speech of his by heart, as a schoolboy exercise. But the economic conditions of the South were not favorable to the spread of the ideas represented by the Grimkés. The slavery question kept alive the spirit that manifested itself in the tariff question. State rights were not suffered to slumber. The Southerner resented Northern dictation as Pericles resented Lacedæmonian dictation, and our Peloponnesian war began.

III.

The processes of the two wars, then, were the same, — killing, wounding, frightening. The causes of the two wars resolved themselves into the elements of hatred. The details of the two wars meet at many points; only one must be on one's guard against merely fanciful, merely external resemblances.

In 1860 I spent a few days in Holland, and among my various excursions in that fascinating country I took a solitary trip on a *treckschuit* from Amsterdam to Delft. Holland was so true to Dutch pictures that there was a retrospective delight in the houses and in the people. There was a charm in the very signs, in the names of the villas; for my knowledge of Dutch had not passed beyond the stage at which the Netherlandish tongue seems to be an English-German Dictionary, disguised in strong waters. But the thing that struck me

most was the general aspect of the country. Everywhere gates. Nowhere fences. The gates guarded the bridges and the canals were the fences, but the canals and the low bridges were not to be seen at a distance, and the visual effect was that of isolated gates. It was an absurd landscape even after the brain had made the necessary corrections.

In the third year of the war I was not far from Fredericksburg. The country had been stripped, and the forlorn region was a sad contrast to the smug prosperity of Holland. And yet of a sudden the Dutch landscape flashed upon my inward eye, for Spottsylvania, like Holland, was dotted with fenceless gates. The rails of the inclosures had long before gone to feed bivouac fires, but the great gates were too solidly constructed to tempt marauders. It was an absurd landscape, an absurd parallel.

Historical parallels are often no better. When one compares two languages of the same family, the first impression is that of similarity. It is hard for the novice to keep his Italian and his Spanish apart. The later and more abiding impression is that of dissimilarity. A total stranger confounds twins in whom the members of the household find but vague likeness. There is no real resemblance between the two wars we are contemplating outside the inevitable features of all armed conflicts, and we must be on our guard against the sophistication deprecated in the beginning of this study. And yet one coming fresh to a comparison of the Peloponnesian war and the war between the States might see a striking similarity, such as I saw between the Dutch landscape and the landscape in Spottsylvania.

The Peloponnesian war, like our war, was a war between two leagues, a Northern Union and a Southern Confederacy. The Northern Union, represented by Athens, was a naval power. The Southern Confederacy, under the leadership of Sparta, was a land power. The

Athenians represented the progressive element, the Spartans the conservative. The Athenians believed in a strong centralized government. The Lacedæmonians professed greater regard for autonomy. A little ingenuity, a good deal of hardihood, might multiply such utilities indefinitely. In fact, it would be possible to write the story of our Peloponnesian war in phrases of Thucydides, and I should not be surprised if such a task were a regular school exercise at Eton or at Rugby. Why, it was but the other day that Professor Tyrrell, of Dublin, translated a passage from Lowell's *Biglow Papers* into choice Aristophanese.

Unfortunately, such feats, as I have already said, imperil one's intellectual honesty, and one would not like to imitate the Byzantine historians who were given to similar tricks. One of these gentlemen, Choricus by name, had a seaport to describe. How the actual seaport lay mattered little to Choricus, so long as the Epidamnus of Thucydides was at hand; and if the task of narrating our Peloponnesian war were assigned to the ghost of Choricus, I have no doubt that he would open it with a description of Charleston in terms of Epidamnus. Little matters of topography would not trouble such an one. To the sophist an island is an island, a river a river, a height a height, everywhere. Sphacteria would furnish the model for Morris Island; the Achelous would serve indifferently for Potomac or Mississippi, the Epipolæ for Missionary Ridge, Plataea for Vicksburg, the harbor of Syracuse for Hampton Roads; and Thucydides' description of the naval engagement and the watching crowds would be made available for the fight between Merrimac and Monitor.

The debates in Thucydides would be a quarry for the debates in either Congress, as they had been a quarry for centuries of rhetorical historians. And as for the "winged words," why should they have wings if not to flit from character to character? A well-known scholar, at a

loss for authentic details as to the life of Pindar, fell back on a lot of apophthegms attributed to his hero, and in so doing maintained the strange doctrine that apophthegms were more to be trusted than any other form of tradition. There could not have been a more hopeless thesis. The general who said that he would burn his coat if it knew his plans has figured in all the wars with which I have been contemporary, was a conspicuous character in the Mexican war, and passed from camp to camp in the war between the States. The *mot*, familiar to the classical scholar, was doubtless attributed in his day to that dashing sheik Chedorlaomer, and will be ascribed to both leaders in the final battle of Armageddon. The hank of yarns told about Socrates is pieced out with tabs and tags borrowed from different periods. I have heard, say, in the afternoon, a good story at the expense of a famous American revival preacher which I had read that morning in the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, and there is a large stock of anecdotes made to screw on and screw off for the special behoof of college presidents and university professors. Why hold up Choricus to ridicule? He was no worse than others of his guild. It was not Choricus, it was another Byzantine historian who conveyed from Herodotus an unsavory retort, over which the unsuspecting Gibbon chuckles in the dark cellar of his notes, where he keeps so much of his high game. The Greek historian of the Roman empire, the Roman historian of every date, are no better, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who has devoted many pages to the arraignment of Thucydides' style, cribs with the utmost composure from the author he has vilipended. Still, we must not set down every coincidence as borrowing. Thucydides himself insists on the recurrence of the same or similar events in a history of which human nature is a constant factor. "Undo this button" is not necessarily a quotation

from King Lear. "There is no way but this" was original with Macaulay, and not stolen from Shakespeare. "Never mind, general, all this has been my fault," are words attributed to General Lee after the battle of Gettysburg. This is very much the language of Gylippus after the failure of his attack on the Athenian lines before Syracuse. How many heroic as well as unheroic natures have had to say "*Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*"

Situations may recur, sayings may recur, but no characters come back. Nature always breaks her mould. "I could not help muttering to myself," says Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria*, "when the good pastor this morning told me that Klopstock was the German Milton 'a very *German* Milton, indeed!!!'" and Coleridge's italics and three exclamation points may answer for all parallelisms. When historical characters get far enough off it may be possible to imitate Plutarch, but only then. Victor Hugo wrote a passionate protest against the execution of John Brown, in which he compared Virginia hanging John Brown with Washington putting Spartacus to death. What Washington would have done with Spartacus can readily be divined. Those who have stood nearest to Grant and Sherman, to Lee and Jackson, the men, fail to see any strong resemblance to leaders in other wars. Nicias, in the Peloponnesian war, whose name means Winfield, has nothing in common with General Scott, whose plan of putting down the rebellion, the "*Anaconda Plan*," as it was called, bears some resemblance to the scheme of Demosthenes, the Athenian general, for quelling the Peloponnesians. Brasidas was in some respects like Stonewall Jackson, but Brasidas was not a Presbyterian elder, nor Stonewall Jackson a cajoling diplomatist.

IV.

This paper is rapidly becoming what life is, — a series of renunciations, — and

the reader is by this time sufficiently enlightened as to the reasons why I gave up the ambitious title *Two Wars*, and substituted *A Southerner in the Peloponnesian War*. If I were a military man, I might have been tempted to draw some further illustrations from the history of the two struggles, but my short and desultory service in the field does not entitle me to set up as a strategist. I went from my books to the front, and went back from the front to my books, from the Confederate war to the Peloponnesian war, from Lee and Early to Thucydides and Aristophanes. I fancy that I understood my Greek history and my Greek authors better for my experience in the field, but some degree of understanding would have come to me even if I had not stirred from home. For while my home was spared until the month preceding the surrender, every vibration of the great struggle was felt at the foot of the Blue Ridge. We were not too far off to sympathize with the scares at Richmond. There was the Pawnee affair, for instance. Early in the war all Richmond was stirred by the absurd report that the Pawnee was on its way up James River to lay the Confederate capital in ashes, just as all Athens was stirred, in the early part of the Peloponnesian war, by a naval demonstration against the Piræus. The Pawnee war, as it was jocularly called, did not last long. Shot-guns and revolvers, to which the civilian soul naturally resorts in every time of trouble, were soon laid aside, and the only artillery to which the extemporized warriors were exposed was the artillery of jests. Even now survivors of those days recur to the tumultuous excitement of that Pawnee Sunday as among the memorable things of the war, and never without merriment. Perhaps nobody expected serious resistance to be made by the clergymen and the department clerks and the business men who armed themselves for the fray. Home guards were familiar butts on both

sides of the line, but home guards have been known to die in battle, and death in battle is supposed to be rather tragic than otherwise. Nor is the tragedy made less tragic by the age of the combatant. The ancients thought a young warrior dead something fair to behold. To Greek poet and Roman poet alike an aged warrior is a pitiable spectacle. No one is likely to forget Virgil's Priam, Tyrtæus' description of an old soldier on the field of battle came up to me more than once, and there is stamped forever on my mind the image of one dying Confederate, "with white hair and hoary beard, breathing out his brave soul in the dust" on the western bank of the fair Shenandoah. Yet a few weeks before, that same old Confederate, as a member of the awkward squad, would have been a legitimate object of ridicule; and so the heroes of the Pawnee war, the belted knights, or knights who would have been belted could belts have been found for their civic girth, were twitted with their heroism.

But our scares were not confined to scares that came from Richmond. One cavalry raid came up to our very doors, and Custer and his men were repelled by a handful of reserve artillerymen. Our home guard was summoned more than once to defend Rockfish Gap, and I remember one long summer night spent as a mounted picket on the road to Palmyra. Every battle in that "dancing ground of war" brought to the great Charlottesville hospital sad reinforcements of wounded men. Crutch-races between one-legged soldiers were organized, and there were timber-toe quadrilles and one-armed cotillions. Out of the shelter of the Blue Ridge it was easy enough to get into the range of bullets. A semblance of college life was kept up at the University of Virginia. The students were chiefly maimed soldiers and boys under military age; but when things grew hot in front, maimed soldiers would edge nearer to the hell of battle and the

boys would rush off to the game of powder and ball. One little band of these college boys chose an odd time for their baptism of fire, and were put into action during the famous fight of "the bloody angle." From the night when word was brought that the Federals had occupied Alexandria to the time when I hobbled into the provost marshal's office at Charlottesville and took the oath of allegiance, the war was part of my life, and it is not altogether surprising that the memories of the Confederacy come back to me whenever I contemplate the history of the Peloponnesian war, which bulks so largely in all Greek studies. And that is all this paper really means. It belongs to the class of inartistic performances of which Aristotle speaks so slightly. It has no unity except the accidental unity of person. A Southerner in the Peloponnesian War has no more artistic right to be than *A Girl in the Carpathians* or *A Scholar in Politics*, and yet it may serve as a document. But what will not serve as a document to the modern historian? The historian is no longer the poor creature described by Aristotle. He is no annalist, no chronicler. He is not dragged along by the mechanical sequence of events. "The master of them that know" did not know everything. He did not know that history was to become as plastic as poetry, as dramatic as a play.

V.

The war was a good time for the study of the conflict between Athens and Sparta. It was a great time for reading and re-reading classical literature generally, for the South was blockaded against new books as effectively, almost, as Megara was blockaded against garlic and salt. The current literature of those three or four years was a blank to most Confederates. Few books got across the line. A vigorous effort was made to supply our soldiers with Bibles and parts of the Bible, and large consignments ran the blockade. Else little came from abroad, and

few books were reprinted in the Confederacy. Of these I recall especially Bulwer's *Strange Story*; Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, popularly pronounced "Lee's *Miserables*;" and the historical novels of Louise Mühlbach, known to the Confederate soldier as "Lou Mealbag." All were eagerly read, but Cosette and Fantine and Joseph the Second would not last forever, and we fell back on the old stand-bys. Some of us exhumed neglected treasures, and I remember that I was fooled by Bulwer's commendation of Charron into reading that feeblar *Montaigne*. The Southerner, always conservative in his tastes and no great admirer of American literature, which had become largely alien to him, went back to his English classics, his ancient classics. Old gentlemen past the military age furnished up their Latin and Greek. Some of them had never let their Latin and Greek grow rusty. When I was serving on General Gordon's staff, I met at Millwood, in Clarke County, a Virginian of the old school who declaimed with fiery emphasis, in the original, choice passages of Demosthenes' tirade against Æschines. Not Demosthenes himself could have given more effective utterance to "Hearst thou, Æschines?" I thought of my old friend again not so very long ago, when I read the account that the most brilliant of modern German classicists gives of his encounter with a French schoolmaster at Beauvais in 1870, during the Franco-Prussian war, and of the heated discussion that ensued about the comparative merits of Euripides and Racine. The bookman is not always killed in a man by service in the field. True, Lachmann dropped his *Propertius* to take up arms for his country, but Reisig annotated his *Aristophanes* in camp, and everybody knows the story of Courier, the soldier Hellenist. But the tendency of life in the open air is to make the soul imbody and imbrute, and after a while one begins to think scholarship a disease, or, at any rate, a bad habit; and

the Scythian nomad, or, if you choose, the Texan cowboy, seems to be the normal, healthy type. You put your Pickering Homer in your kit. It drops out by reason of some sudden change of base, and you do not mourn as you ought to do. The fact is you have not read a line for a month. But when the Confederate volunteer returned, let us say, from Jack's Shop or some such homely locality, and opened his Thucydides, the old charm came back with the studious surroundings, and the familiar first words renewed the spell.

"Thucydides of Athens wrote up the war of the Peloponnesians and Athenians." "The war of the Peloponnesians and Athenians" is a somewhat lumbering way of saying "the Peloponnesian war." But Thucydides never says "the Peloponnesian war." Why not? Perhaps his course in this matter was determined by a spirit of judicial fairness. However that may be, either he employs some phrase like the one cited, or he says "this war" as we say "the war," as if there were no other war on record. "Revolutionary war," "war of 1812," "Seminole war," "Mexican war," — all these run glibly from our tongues, but we also lumber when we wish to be accurate. The names of wars, like the names of diseases, are generally put off on the party of the other part. We say "French and Indian war" without troubling ourselves to ask what the French and Indians called it, but "Northern war" and "Southern war" were never popular designations. "The war between the States," which a good many Southerners prefer, is both bookish and inexact. "Civil war" is an utter misnomer. It was used and is still used by courteous people, the same people who are careful to say "Federal" and "Confederate." "War of the rebellion," which begs the very question at issue, has become the official designation of the struggle, but has found no acceptance with the vanquished. To this day no Southerner uses

it except by way of quotation, as in *Rebellion Record*, and even in the North it was only by degrees that "reb" replaced "secesh." "Secession" was not a word with which to charm the "old-line Whigs" of the South. They would fight the battles of the secessionists, but they would not bear their name. "The war of secession" is still used a good deal in foreign books, but it has no popular hold. "The war," without any further qualification, served the turn of Thucydides and Aristophanes for the Peloponnesian war. It will serve ours, let it be hoped, for some time to come.

VI.

A Confederate commentary on Thucydides, projected on the scale of the remarks just made on the name of the war, would outrun the lines of this study and the pages of this magazine. Let us pass from Thucydides to the other contemporary chronicler who turns out some sides of the "Doric war" about which Thucydides is silent. The antique Clio gathers up her robe and steps tiptoe over rubbishy details that are the delight of the comic poet and the modern Muse of History. Thucydides, it is true, gives us a minute account of the plague. That was a subject which commended itself to his saturnine spirit, and in his description he deigns to speak of the "stuffy cabooses" into which the country people were crowded when the Lacedæmonians invaded Attica. But when Aristophanes touches the same chapter, he goes into picturesque details about the rookeries and the wine-jars inhabited by the newcomers. Diogenes' jar, commonly misnamed a tub, was no invention, and I have known less comfortable quarters than the hogshhead which I occupied for a day or two in one of my outings during the war.

The plague was too serious a matter for even Aristophanes to make fun of, and the annalist of the war between the States will not find any parallel in the chronicles of the South. There was no

such epidemic as still shows its livid face in the pages of Thucydides and the verses of Lucretius. True, some diseases of which civic life makes light proved to be veritable scourges in camp. Measles was especially fatal to the country-bred, and for abject misery I have never seen anything like those cases of measles in which nostalgia had supervened. Nostalgia, which we are apt to sneer at as a doctor's name for homesickness, and to class with cachexy and borborygmus, was a power for evil in those days, and some of our finest troops were thinned out by it, notoriously the North Carolinians, whose attachment to the soil of their State was as passionate as that of any Greeks, ancient or modern, Attic or Peloponnesian.

But the frightful mortality of the camp does not strike the imagination so forcibly as does the carnage of the battlefield, and no layman cares to analyze hospital reports and compare the medical with the surgical history of the war. Famine, the twin evil of pestilence, is not so easily forgotten, and the dominant note of Aristophanes, hunger, was the dominant note of life in the Confederacy, civil as well as military. The Confederate soldier was often on short rations, but the civilian was not much better off. I do not mean those whose larders were swept by the besom of the invaders. "Not a dust of flour, not an ounce of meat, left in the house," was not an uncommon cry along the line of march; but it was heard elsewhere, and I remember how I raked up examples of European and Asiatic frugality with which to reinforce my editorials and hearten my readers, — the scanty fare of the French peasant, the raw oatmeal of the Scotch stone-cutter, the flinty bread of the Swiss mountaineer, the Spaniard's cloves of garlic, the Greek's handful of olives, and the Hindoo's handful of rice. The situation was often gayly accepted. The not infrequent proclamation of fast-days always served as a text for mutual banter, and starvation-parties were the

rule, social gatherings at which apples were the chief refreshment. Strange streaks of luxury varied this dead level of scant and plain fare. The stock of fine wines, notably madeiras, for which the South was famous, did not all go to the hospitals. Here and there provident souls had laid in boxes of tea and bags of coffee that carried them through the war, and the chief outlay was for sugar, which rose in price as the war went on, until it almost regained the poetical character it bore in Shakespeare's time. Sugar, tea, and coffee once compassed, the daintiness of old times occasionally came back, and I have been assured by those who brought gold with them that Richmond was a paradise of cheap and good living during the war, just as the United States will be for foreigners when our currency becomes as abundant as it was in the last years of the Confederacy. Gresham's law ought to be called Aristophanes' law. In all matters pertaining to the sphere of civic life, merry Aristophanes is of more value than sombre Thucydides, and if the gospel of peace which he preaches is chiefly a variation on the theme of something to eat, small blame to him. Critics have found fault with the appetite of Odysseus as set forth by Homer. No Confederate soldier will subscribe to the censure, and there are no scenes in Aristophanes that appeal more strongly to the memory of the Southerner, civilian or soldier, than those in which the pinch of war makes itself felt.

Farmers and planters made their moan during the Confederacy, and doubtless they had much to suffer. "Impressment" is not a pleasant word at any time, and the tribute that the countryman had to yield to the defense of the South was ruinous, — the indirect tribute as well as the direct. The farmers of Virginia were much to be pitied. Their houses were filled with refugee kinsfolk; wounded Confederates preferred the private house to the hospital. Hungry soldiers, and soldiers who forestalled the hunger

of weeks to come, laid siege to larder, smoke-house, spring-house. Pay, often tendered, was hardly ever accepted. The cavalryman was perhaps a trifle less welcome than the infantryman, because of the capacious horse and the depleted corn-bin, but few were turned away. Yet there was the liberal earth, and the farmer did not starve, as did the wretched civilian whose dependence was a salary, which did not advance with the rising tide of the currency. The woes of the war clerks in Richmond and of others are on record, and important contributions have been made to the economical history of the Confederate States. I will not draw on these stores. I will only tell of what I have lived, as demanded by the title of this paper. The income of the professors of the University of Virginia was nominally the same during the war that it was before, but the purchasing power of the currency steadily diminished. If it had not been for a grant of woodland, we should have frozen as well as starved during the last year of the war, when the quest of food had become a serious matter. In our direst straits we had not learned to dispense with household service, and the household servants were never stinted of their rations, though the masters had to content themselves with the most meagre fare. The farmers, generous enough to the soldiers, were not overconsiderate of the non-combatants. Often the only way of procuring our coarse food was by making contracts to be paid after the war in legal currency, and sometimes payment in gold was exacted. The contracts were not always kept, and the unfortunate civilian had to make new contracts at an enhanced price. Before my first campaign in 1861, I had bought a little gold and silver, for use in case of capture, and if it had not been for that precious hoard I might not be writing this sketch. But despite the experience of the airy gentlemen who alighted in Richmond during the war, even gold and

silver would not always work wonders. Bacon and corned beef in scant measure were the chief of our diet, and not always easy to procure. I have ridden miles and miles, with silver in my palm, seeking daintier food for the women of my household, but in vain. There was nothing to do except to tighten one's belt, and to write editorials showing up the selfishness of the farming class and prophesying the improvement of the currency.

No wonder, then, that with such an experience a bookish Confederate should turn to the Aristophanic account of the Peloponnesian war with sympathetic interest. The Athenians, it is true, were not blockaded as we were, and the Athenian beaux and belles were not reduced to the straits that every Confederate man, assuredly every Confederate woman, can remember. Our blockade-runners could not supply the demands of our population. We went back to first principles. Thorns were for pins, and dogwood sticks for toothbrushes. Rag-bags were ransacked. Impossible garments were made possible. Miracles of turning were performed, not only in coats, but even in envelopes. Whoso had a dress coat gave it to his womankind in order to make the body of a riding-habit. Dainty feet were shod in home-made foot-gear which one durst not call shoes. Fairy fingers which had been stripped of jeweled rings wore bone circlets carved by idle soldiers. There were no more genuine tears than those which flowed from the eyes of the Southern women resident within the Federal lines when they saw the rig of their kinswomen, at the cessation of hostilities. And all this grotesqueness, all this dilapidation, was shot through by specimens of individual finery, by officers who had brought back resplendent uniforms from beyond seas, by heroines who had engineered themselves and their belongings across the Potomac.

Of all this the scholar found nothing in the records of the Peloponnesian war. The women of Megara may have suf-

fered, but hardly the Corinthian women; and the Athenian dames and damsels were as particular about their shoes and their other cordwainer's wares as ever. The story that Socrates and his wife had but one upper garment between them is a stock joke, as I have shown elsewhere. "Who first started the notable jest it is impossible, at this distance of time, to discover, just as it is impossible to tell whose refined wit originated the conception of the man who lies abed while his solitary shirt is in the wash." The story was intended to illustrate, not the scarcity of raiment in the Peloponnesian war, but the abundance of philosophy in the Socratic soul. All through that war the women of Athens seem to have had as much finery as was good for them. The pinch was felt at other points, and there the Confederate sympathy was keen.

In *The Acharnians* of Aristophanes, the hero, Dicaeopolis, makes a separate peace on his individual account with the Peloponnesians and drives a brisk trade with the different cantons, the enthusiasm reaching its height when the Bæotian appears with his ducks and his eels. This ecstasy can best be understood by those who have seen the capture of a sutler's wagon by hungry Confederates; and the fantastic vision of a separate peace became a sober reality at many points on the lines of the contending parties. The Federal outposts twitted ours with their lack of coffee and sugar; ours taunted the Federals with their lack of tobacco. Such gibes often led, despite the officers, to friendly interchange. So, for instance, a toy-boat which bore the significant name of a parasite familiar to both sides made regular trips across the Rappahannock after the dire struggle at Fredericksburg, and promoted international exchange between "Yank" and "Johnny Reb." The day-dream of Aristophanes became a sober certainty.

The war was not an era of sweetness and light. Perhaps sugar was the article most missed. Maple sugar was of

too limited production to meet the popular need. Sorghum was a horror then, is a horror to remember now. It set our teeth on edge and clawed off the coats of our stomachs. In the army sugar was doled out by pinches, and from the tables of most citizens it was banished altogether. There were those who so-laced themselves with rye coffee and sorghum molasses regardless of ergot and acid, but nobler souls would not be untrue to their gastronomic ideal. Necessity is one thing, mock luxury another. If there had been honey enough, we should have been on the antique basis; for honey was the sugar of antiquity, and all our cry for sugar was but an echo of the cry for honey in the Peloponnesian war. Honey was then, as it is now, one of the chief products of Attica. It is not likely that the Peloponnesians took the trouble to burn over the beds of thyme that gave Attic honey its peculiar flavor, but the Peloponnesians would not have been soldiers if they had not robbed every beehive on the march; and, sad to relate, the Athenians must have been forced to import honey. When Dicæopolis makes the separate peace mentioned above, he gets up a feast of good things, and there is a certain unction in the tone with which he orders the basting of sausage-meat with honey, as one should say mutton and currant jelly. In *The Peace*, when War appears and proceeds to make a salad, he says, —

"I'll pour some Attic honey in."

Whereupon Trygæus cries out, —

"Ho, there, I warn you use some other honey."

Be sparing of the Attic. That costs sixpence."

Attic honey has the ring of New Orleans molasses; "those molasses," as the article was often called, with an admiring plural of majesty.

But a Confederate student, like the rest of his tribe, could more readily renounce sweetness than light, and light soon became a serious matter. The American demands a flood of light, and won-

ders at the English don who pursues his investigations by the glimmer of two candles. It was hard to go back to primitive tallow dips. Lard might have served, but it was too precious to be used in lamps. The new devices were dismal, such as the vile stuff called terebene, which smoked and smelt more than it illuminated, such as the wax tapers which were coiled round bottles that had seen better days. Many preferred the old way, and read by flickering pine-knots, which cost many an old reader his eyes.

Now, tallow dips, lard, wax tapers, terebene, pine-knots, were all represented in the Peloponnesian war by oil. Oil, one of the great staples of Attica, became scarcer as the war went on. "A bibulous wick" was a sinner against domestic economy; to trim a lamp and hasten combustion was little short of a crime. Management in the use of oil — otherwise considered the height of niggardliness — was the rule, and could be all the more readily understood by the Confederate student when he reflected that oil was the great lubricant as well; that it was the Attic butter, and to a considerable extent the Attic soap. Under the Confederacy butter mounted to the financial milky way, not to be scaled of ordinary men, and soap was also a problem. Modern chemists have denied the existence of true soap in antiquity. The soap-suds that got into the eyes of the Athenian boy on the occasion of his Saturday-night scrubbing were not real soap-suds, but a kind of lye used for desperate cases. The oil-flask was the Athenian's soap-box. No wonder, then, that oil was exceeding precious in the Peloponnesian war, and no wonder that all these little details of daily hardship come back even now to the old student when he reopens his Aristophanes. No wonder that the ever present Peloponnesian war will not suffer him to forget those four years in which the sea of trouble rose higher and higher.

Basil L. Gildersleeve.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT.

II.

SWIFT began his correspondence with his friend with such briskness that his first thirteen letters were written within a period of little more than ten months. We are now coming to a great gap; for in the next three years he wrote but twice, — once to Mrs. Chetwode after her husband had left for England, and once to Mr. Chetwode himself at an address in London. After this, we have not a single letter between December 17, 1715, and September 2, 1718, when we find Chetwode once more in London. In the interval he had been out of the country. I am informed by the present owner of Woodbrooke that “he was a great Jacobite, and found it well to spend a good deal of his time abroad. In the library here, there are many books bought by him in different foreign towns.” If on his travels he heard from Swift, it is likely enough that on his way home he destroyed the letters, for fear of bringing his friend into trouble. So strict was the search after Jacobite papers that the coffin of Bishop Atterbury, who died in France, was opened when it reached England, in the expectation that in it would be found treasonable correspondence.

XIV.

[TO MRS. CHETWODE.]

Oct. 7. 1715.

MADAM, — I find you are resolved to feed me wherever I am. I am extremely obliged to your Care and Kindness, but know not how to return it other wise than by my Love and Esteem for you. I had one Letter from M^r Chetwode from Chester, but it came late, and he talked of staying there onely a Week. If I knew where to write to him I would. I said a good deal to him before he went. And I believe he will keep out of harms way

in these troublesome Times. God knows what will become of us all. I intend when the Parl^{mt} [Parliament] meets here, to retire some where into the Country: Pray God bless and protect you, and your little fire side: believe me to be Ever with true Esteem

Madam

Your most obed^t humble Serv^t

J. SWIFT.

How troublesome these times were Swift shows in a letter written a little later. The Parliament sitting in Dublin had passed a bill authorizing the government “to imprison whom they please for three months, without any trial or examination. I expect,” continues Swift, “to be among the first of those upon whom this law will be executed. I am gathering up a thousand pounds, and intend to finish my life upon the interest of it in Wales.” Of the Irish Parliament he always spoke with scorn. He described the members as “those wretches here who call themselves a parliament. They imitate the English Parliament after the same manner as a monkey does a human creature.” When they met in 1735, he wrote, “I determine to leave the town as soon as possible, for I am not able to live within the air of such rascals.”

XV.

[To Knightley Chetwode Esqr. at ye Pell-Mell Coffee House in Pell-Mell — London.]

Decr. 17. 1715.

I have had 3 Lett^{rs} [Letters] from you, one from Chester, another round a Printed Paper, and the 3rd of the 6th instant: The first I could not answer for it came late, and you s^d you were to leave Chester in a week, neither did I know how to direct to you till y^r 2nd came, and that was so soon followed by the 3rd that

now I answer both together. I have been miserably ill of a cruell cold, beyond the common pains and so as to threaten me with ill consequences upon my health: else you should have heard from me 3 weeks sooner. I have been 10 days and am still at Mr Grattan's 4 miles from the Town, to recover myself; and am now in a fair way — I like the Verses well. Some of them are very well tho' agst my Friends: but I am positive The Town is out in their Guess of the Author. I wonder how you came to see the Dr—n [Dragon] for I am told none of his nearest Relations have that Liberty, nor any but his Solicitors. Had I been directed to go over some months ago, I might have done it, because I would gladly have been serviceable but now I can not: and agree with you and my other Friends that I am safer here. I am curious to know how he carries himself, whether he is still easy and intrepid: whether he thinks he shall lose his Head, or whether it is generally thought so — I find you have ferreted me out in my little private Acquaintance, but that must be *Entre nous*. The best of it is you cannot trace them all. My Service to them, and say I give a great deal to be among you. I do not understand the Rebus, I would apply it to myself, but then what means *narrow in flight*? I am sorry at heart for poor Ben: He had in his Life been so Splenetick that it was past a Jest: He should ride, and live in the Country and leave of his Trade, for he is rich enough. As much as I hate News, I hear it in spight of me, not being able to govern the Tongues of y^r Favorite and some others; we are here in horrible Fears, and make the Rebels ten times more powerfull and the Discontents greater than I hope they really are, Nay 'tis said the Pretender is landed or landing with L^d [Lord] knows how many thousands. I always knew my Friend Mr Attorney would be as great as he could in all changes. When Cole of the Oaks comes to Town assure

him of my humble Service and that when Storms are over I will pass some time with his Leave among his Plantations. Dame Plyant and I have had some Commerce, but I have not been able to go there, by foolish Impediments of Business here. She has been in pain about not hearing from you. I lately heard your Boys were well. The Baron called to see me here in the Country yesterday, and s^d you had lately writt to him. There is one period in y^r Letter very full of kind Expressions, all to introduce an ugly Suspicion of Somebody that told you I know not what. I had no Acquaintance with you at all till I came last to this Kingdom: and tis odd if I should then give my self the Liberty of speaking to y^r Disadvantage. Since that time you have used me so well, that it would be more than odd if I gave myself that Liberty. But I tell you one thing, that when you are mentioned by my self or any body else, I presently add some Expressions, that he must be a rude Beast indeed who would lessen you before me, so far am I from doing it myself; and I should avoid it more to you than another, because you are a man anxious to be informed, and have more of Punctilio and Suspicion than I could wish. I would say thus much to few men. Because generally I expect to be trusted, and scorn to defend my self; and the Dr—n thought it the best Compliment to him he ever heard, when I said I did not value what I s^d to him, nor what I s^d of him. So much upon this scurvy Subject. You may direct to S. H. at M^{rs} Holt's over agst the Church in Brides Street. The Parl^{mt} here are as mad as you could desire them; all of different Parties are used like Jacobites and Dogs. All conversation with different Principles is dangerous and Troublesome. Honest People get into Corners, and are as merry as they can. We are as loyall as our Enemyes, but they will not allow us to be so — If what they s^d were true, they would be quickly

undone: Pray keep y^rself out of harms way: 'Tis the best part a private man can take unless his Fortune be desperate or unless he has at least a fair Hazzard for mending the Publick. My humble Service to a much prouder man than my self; I mean y^r Uncle. D^r Pr—— shewed me a Letter from you about 3 weeks ago: He is well I suppose for I am a private country Gentleman, and design to be so some days longer. Believe me to be ever with great Truth and Esteem y^{rs} etc.

I direct to the Pell Mell Coffee house, because you mention changing Lodgings.

“The Dragon was Lord Treasurer Oxford, so called by the Dean by contraries; for he was the mildest, wisest and best minister that ever served a prince.” He was at this time a prisoner in the Tower.

“Poor Ben” was perhaps the bookseller, Benjamin Motte, who published *Gulliver's Travels*. He corresponded with Swift.

When the dean writes, “we are here in horrible Fears,” by “we” he means the Protestants. In Ireland, when he speaks of “the nation,” he always means the English settlers. In all his writings it would not be easy to find a passage where he shows any strong feeling for the Roman Catholic Irish; in this he was like other Englishmen. “The English,” he wrote, “know little more of Ireland than they do of Mexico; further than that it is a country subject to the King of England, full of bogs, inhabited by wild Irish papists, who are kept in awe by mercenary troops; and their general opinion is, that it were better for England if the whole island were sunk into the sea.” Even the Protestant Irish were slighted. To a friend who sent him an account of a “mayor squabble” in Dublin he wrote back from London, “We regard it as much here as if you sent us an account of your little son playing at cherry stones.”

XVI.

[To Knightley Chetwode Esqr at Mr Took's shop, at the Middle-Temple Gate in Fleet-street. London.]

DUBLIN. *Sept 2d.* 1718.

I received your first of Aug 13^h when I was just leaving Galstown — from whence I went to a Visitation at Trim. I saw Dame. I staid two days at Laracor, then 5 more at a Friends, and came thence to this Town, and was going to answer y^r Lett. [your Letter] when I received the 2nd of Aug 23rd. I find it is the opinion of y^r Friends that you should let it be known as publicly here as can be done, without overacting, that you are come to London, and intend soon for Ireland, and since you have sett [? let] Woodbrooke I am clearly of opinion that you should linger out some time at Trim, under the notion of staying some time in order to settle; you can be conveniently enough lodged there for a time, and live agreeably and cheap enough, and pick up rent as you are able; but I am utterly opposite to your getting into a Figure all on a Sudden, because every body must needs know that travelling would not but be very expensive to you, together with a scattered Family, and such conduct will be reckoned prudent and discreet, especially in you whose Mind is not altogether suited to y^r Fortune. And therefore tho' I have room enough in an empty Coach-house w^h is at y^r service yet I wish you would spare the Expences, and in return you shall fill the Coach-house with anything else you please. — I fear you will return with great contempt for Irel^d where yet we live tolerably quiet, and our enemies seem to let us alone nearly out of weariness. It was not my fault that I was not in Engl^d last June, — I doubt you will make a very uneasy Change from Dukes to Irish Squires and Parsons, wherein you are less happy than I, who never loved great company, when it was most in my Power, and now I hate every thing with a Title except my Books,

and even in those the shorter the Title the better — And (you must begin on the other side for I began this Letter the wrong Way) whenever you talk to me of Regents or Grandees I will repay you with Passages of Jack Grattan and Dan Jackson: I am the onely man in this Kingdom who is not a Politician, and therefore I onely keep such Company as will suffer me to suspend their Politicks and this brings my Conversation into very narrow Bounds. Jo Beaumont is my Oracle for publick Affairs in the country, and an old Presbyterian Woman in Town. I am quite a Stranger to all Schemes and have almost forgot the difference between Whig and Tory, and thus you will find me when you come over — Adieu. My true love to Ben —

There are passages in this letter which greatly strengthen the suspicion that Chetwode had been plotting among the Jacobites abroad. He had, we read, to make a “change from Dukes to Irish Squires,” and his talk was likely to run on “Regents or Grandees.” He would have visited the Duke of Ormond, who by the help of a lady of great beauty, but easy morals, vainly hoped to win over the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, to the Pretender’s cause. He would have passed on to Spain, where Cardinal Alberoni, the prime minister, was scheming to send an expedition to Scotland under Ormond’s command. He had scarcely set foot in England when the news arrived of the sea-fight off Sicily between an English and a Spanish squadron, described by an English captain in the briefest of dispatches: “Sir, we have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships which were upon the coast; the number as per margin.”

When Swift says that he is not a politician, it is true of this period of his life. During almost six years after his return to Ireland he kept his resolution of not meddling at all with public affairs. In the following lines he expresses the con-

tempt he felt not only for Irish squires, but also for Irish lords: —

“In exile with a steady heart
He spent his life’s declining part;
Where folly, pride and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope and Gay.
His friendships there to few confined
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed;
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a withered flower;
He would have held it a disgrace
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom’s bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain.”

That he “never loved great company” even in London he thus boasts: —

“He never thought an honour done him,
Because a duke was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes.”

VII.

[To Knightley Chetwode Esqr to be left at Mr Took’s shop at the middle Temple Gate in Fleetstreet London.]

DUBLIN. Novr 25. 1718.

I have had your Letters, but have been hindred from writing by the illness of my head, and eyes, which still afflict me. I have not been these five months in the Country, but the People from Trim tell me that yours are all well.

I do not apprehend much consequence from what you mention about Informations etc. I suppose it will fall to nothing by Time — You have been so long in the grand monde that you find it difficult to get out. I fear you mistook it for a Compliment, when you interpret something that I said as if you had a Spirit above your Fortune. I hardly know anybody but what has the same, and it is a more difficult Virtue to have a Spirit below our Fortune, which I am endeavouring as much as I can, and differ so far from you, that instead of conversing with Lords (if any Lord here would descend to converse with me) that I wholly shun them for People of my own Level, or below it, and I find Life

much easier by doing so ; but you are younger and see with other eyes. The Epigram you mention is but of two Lines. I have done with those Things. I desired a young Gentleman to paraphrase it, and I do not much like his Performance, but if he mends it I will send it to Ben, not to you — I think to go soon into the Country for some weeks for my Health, but not towards Trim I believe — Mr Percivall is dead and so is poor Parvisol. This is a bad Country to write news from — Ld Archibald Hamilton is going to be married to one Lady Hamilton the best match in this Kingdom — Remember me to Ben and John when you see them — Neither my Head nor Eyes will Suffer me to write more, nor if they did have I anything material to add but that I am y^r &c.

“Poor Parvisol” had been Swift’s tithe-agent at Laracor. Of him he had written, four years earlier : “Such a rascal deserves nothing more than rigorous justice. He has imposed upon my easiness, and that is what I never will forgive. I beg you will not do the least thing in regard to him but merely for my interest, as if I were a Jew, and let who will censure me.”

XVIII.

[To Knightley Chetwode Esqr at his House at Woodbrooke near Portarlington.]

DUBLIN. *Apr 29th* 1721.

S^r, — Your Servant brought your Lett^r when I was abroad, and promised to come next morning at 8 but never called : so I answer it by Post ; you have been horribly treated, but it is a common Calamity. Do you remember a Passage in a Play of Molière’s *Mais qu Diable avoit il à faire dans cette Galère ?* What had you to do among such company ? I shew’d your Lettr yesterday to the A. Bp. [Archbishop] as you desire : I mean I read the greatest Part to him — He is of opinion you should take the

Oaths ; and then complain to the Govern^t [Government] if you thought fit. But I believe neither — nor any body can expect you would have much Satisfaction — considering how such complaints are usually received. For my own Part I do not see any Law of God or Man forbidding us to give security to the Powers that be : and private men are not [to] trouble themselves about Titles to Crowns, whatever may be their particular Opinions. The Abjuration is understood as the Law stands ; and as the Law stands, none has Title to the Crown but the present Possessor ; By this Argument more at length, I convinced a young Gentleman of great Parts and Virtue ; and I think I could defend myself by all the Duty of a Christian to take Oaths to any Prince in Possession. For the word Lawfull, means according to present Law in force ; and let the Law change ever so often, I am to act according to Law ; provided it neither offends Faith nor Morality. You will find a sickly man when you come to Town ; and you will find all Parties and Persons out of humour ; I envy your Employ^{ts} of improving Bogs ; and yet I envy few other Employments : present my humble service to M^{rs} Chetwode and believe me to be, ever, sincerely yours &c.

Swift was thinking of the passage in *Les Fourberies de Scapin* where the father exclaims, “*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère ?*” “I forsook the world and French at the same time,” the dean writes on December 5 of this year. His French seems to have forsaken him when he wrote “qu” for “que.” “He was,” says John Forster, “accomplished in French.” Sir William Temple more justly said of him that “he has Latin and Greek, some French.”

High Churchman though he was, he cared nothing for the divine right of kings. “I always declared myself,” he wrote, “against a popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have

by the proximity of blood : neither did I ever regard the right line except upon two accounts ; first, as it was established by law, and secondly as it has much weight in the opinions of the people."

When he wrote to Chetwode, "I envy your Employ^{ts} of improving Bogs," this was no passing caprice. Into the mouth of the king of Brobdingnag he put sentiments which he really felt, when he made him say that "whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together."

XIX.

[Indorsed by Chetwode, "upon ye Subject of my quarrell with Coll. — at Maryborough Assizes."]

DUBLIN. *May 9. 1721.*

S^r, — I did not answer your last because I would take time to consider it I told the Ar. B^p what you had done, that you had taken the Oaths &c. and then I mentioned the Fact about Wall who brought a Challenge &c. tho you do not tell from whom : and whether you should apply to have him put out of the Commission ; the A. B^p said he thought you ought to let the matter rest a while, and when you have done so, and get your Materialls ready and that it appears not to be a sudden Heat, he did hope the Chancell^r would do you Justice.

As to the Business of Sandis going about for hands I know not what to say. That was rather a Seoundrell than an illegal Thing, and probably will be thought merit and zeal rather than a Fault ; I take your Part to be onely despising it ; as you ought to do the Bravery of his Brother, and his manner of celebrating it ; For my own Part (and I do not say it as a Divine) there is nothing I have greater contempt for than what is usually stiled Bravery, which really consists in never giving just of-

fence, and yet by a generall Demeanour make it appear that we do not want Courage, though our Hand is not every Hour at our Hilt — I believe your Courage has never been suspected, and before I knew you I had heard you were rather much too warm, and you may take what Sandis said, as a Compl^{mt} that his Brother's Bravery appeared by venturing to quarrell with you.

You are to know that few persons have less Credit with the present Powers than the A. B^p and therefore the Redress you are to expect must be from the justice of those who have it in their way to do you right ; I mean those at the Helm or rather who have their little finger at the helm, which however is enough for your use, if they will but apply it ; But in great Matters of Govern^{mt} the Ld. L^t [Lord Lieutenant] does all, and these Folks can not make a Vicar or an ensign.

I am y^r &c.

J. S.

My humble Service to y^r Lady.

The name of the colonel with whom Knightley Chetwode quarreled I have omitted at the request of the present owner of Woodbrooke.

Thomas Sheridan, writing of Dublin a few years earlier than the date of Swift's letter, says, "At that time party ran very high, but raged no where with such violence as in that city, insomuch that duels were every day fought there on that score."

XX.

[Indorsed, "Swift dated at Dublin. June 10. 1721 the A. Bishop's and his own opinion of the Prosecution agst me."]

DUBLIN. *June 10th 1721.*

S^r, — I received both your Letters, and the Reason why I did not answer the first was because I thought I had said all I had to say upon the occasion, both as to the A. B^p's opinion and my own, but if that reason had not been sufficient there was another and a Better, or rather a Worse ffor I have been this last Fort-

night as miserable as a Man can possibly be with an Ague, and after vomiting sweeting and Jesuits Bark, I got out to Day, but have been since my beginning to recover, so seized with a Daily Head-ake, that I am but a very scurvy recovered Man: I suppose you may write to the Chancellor and tell him the full story, and leave the rest to him.

As to your Building I can onely advise you to ask advice, to go on slowly, and to have your House on Paper before you put it into Lime and Stone. I design in a very few Days to go somewhere into the Country, perhaps to Galls-town, I have been 7 years getting a Horse and have lost 100^{lb} by buying without Success; Sheridan has got his Horses again — and I recovered one that my Serv^t had lost — Everybody can get Horses but I; There is a Paper called Mist come out, just before May 29th terribly Severe: It is not here to be had; the Printer was called before the Commons — it apply [[?] applied] Cromwell and his son to the present Court — White Roses we have heard nothing of to-day.

I am your most ob^{dt} J. S.

My head is too ill to write ~~on~~.

The prosecution mentioned in Chetwode's indorsement was most likely connected with some Jacobite plot in which he had been engaged. As will be seen in the letters that were written two years later he was again in dread of the government.

"Mist" was the name of the printer of a Jacobite journal. In the number for May 27 there is a lamentation over the ugliness of the king's German mistresses. "We are ruined by trulls, nay, what is more vexatious, by old ugly trulls, such as could not find entertainment in the most hospitable hundreds of Old Drury." This paper was published "just before May 29th," because on that day the Restoration of Charles II. was commemorated. Mist was fined and imprisoned. Imprisonment in those days was a dread-

ful punishment, unless for people who had money enough to pay for food and lodging. In one London jail "a day seldom passed without a death; and upon the advancing of the spring, not less than eight or ten usually died every twenty-four hours." Nevertheless Mist still ventured to publish his paper, under the title of *Fog's Journal*. The white roses, of which Swift had heard nothing, were worn by the Jacobites on June 10 (the day on which he was writing), the birthday of the Pretender.

XXI.

[Indorsed, "a humorous pleast letter."]

GALSTOWN. *Sept^r 14th* 1721.

S^r, — I have been here these three months, and I either answered y^r former Letter, or else it required no answer. I left the Town on a sudden, and came here in a Stage Coach meerly for want of Horses. I intend a short Journey to Athlone, and some Parts about it, and then to return to Dublin by the end of this Month, when the weather will please to grow tolerable; but it hath been so bad for these ten weeks past that I have been hindred from severall Rambles I intended.

Yours of the 5 instant was sent here last Post; It was easy for you to conceive I was gone out of Town considering my State of Health, and it is not my Talent to be unkind or forgetfull, although it be my Misfortune as the World runs, to be very little Serviceable; I was in hopes that y^r Affair by this time had come to some Issue, or at least, that you who are a warm Gentleman, like others of your Temper, might have cooled by Degrees. For my own Part, I have learned to bear Every thing, and not to Sayl with the Wind in my Teeth. I think the Folke in Power, if they had any Justice, might at least give you some honorary Satisfaction: But I am a Stranger to their Justice and all their good Qualities, having onely received Marks of their ill ones —

I had promised and intended a Visit to Will Pool, and from thence would have called at Woodbrook. But there was not a Single Intervall of Weather for such an Expedition. I hope you have good Success with your Drains and other Improvements, and I think you will do well to imitate our Landlord here, who talks much of Building, but is as slow as possible in the Execution.

M^r Jervas is gone to Engl^d, but when I go to Town I shall Enquire how to write to him, and do what you desire; I know not a more vexatious Dispute than that about Meres and Bounds, nor more vexatious Disputants than those Righteous: I suppose upon the Strength of the Text, that the Righteous shall inherit the Land.

My humble Service to Your Lady.

I am your most humble &c.

J. S.

The "honorary Satisfaction" that might have been given to Chetwode was perhaps that English peerage in claiming which his grandfather had ruined himself.

"Our Landlord here" was George Rochefort, of whose house Dr. Sheridan wrote:—

"T is so little, the family live in a press in 't,
And poor Lady Betty has scarce room to
dress in 't;

'T is so cold in the winter, you can't bear to
lie in 't,

And so hot in the summer, you are ready to
fry in 't.

'T is so crazy, the weather with ease beats
quite through it,

And you're forced every year in some part
to renew it."

A fortnight later than the date of the letter, Swift wrote: "I row after health like a waterman, and ride after it like a postboy, and find some relief; but 'subeunt morbi tristicque senectus.' . . . I am deep among the workmen at Rochefort's canals and lakes."

XXII.

DUBLIN. *Novr 11th 1721.*

S^r,—I received yours yesterday. I writ to M^r Jervas from the Country, but have yet received no answer, nor do find that any one of his Friends hath yet heard from him, so that some of them are in a good deal of pain to know where he is, and whether he be alive. I intend however to write a second time, but I thought it was needless to trouble you till I could say something to the Purpose. But indeed I have had a much better or rather a much worse Excuse, having been almost three weeks pursued with a Noise in my Ears and Deafness that makes me an unsociable Creature, hating to see others, or be seen by my best Friends, and wholly confined to my Chamber—I have been often troubled with it but never so long as now, which wholly disconcerts and confounds me to a degree that I can neither think nor speak nor Act as I used to do, nor mind the least Business even of my own, which is an Apology I should be glad to be without. I am ever

Yr &c.

J. S.

The deafness of which he complains in this letter grew worse and worse, till at last it cut him off from all society. Five years before his death he wrote to his cousin: "I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in mind and body. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be." A little later his mind failed rapidly, and Swift became

"A driveller and a show."

XXIII.

DUBLIN. *Decembr 5th 1721.*

S^r,—When I received your French Letter I was going to write you an Eng-

lish one. I forsook the World and French at the same time, and have nothing to do with the Latter further than sometimes reading or gabbling with the French clergy who come to me about business of their Church *car je parle à peindre, mais pour l'ecrire je n'en songe guere depuis que j'ay quitté le politique.* I am but just recovered of my Deafness which put me out of all Temper with my self and the rest of Mankind. My Health is not worth a Rush nor consequently the Remaining Part of my Life.

I just now hear that Dr Prat Dean of Down, my old Acquaintance is dead, and I must here break off to go to his Relations.

— 9. The poor Dean dyed on Tuesday, and was buried yesterday, he was one of the oldest Acquaintance I had, and the last that I expected to dy. He has left a young Widow, in very good Circumstances. He had Scheems of long life, hiring a Town-house, and building a Countrey, preparing great Equipages and Furniture. What a ridiculous Thing is Man — I am this moment inevitably stoppt this moment [*sic*] by company, and cannot send my Letter till next Post.

— 12. I have writ twice to Mr Jerwas, and got no Answer, nor do I hear that any one has; I will write again when I can be informed where to reach him; you hear the Bank was kicked out with Ignominy last Saturday — This Subject filled the Town with Pamphlets and none writt so well as by Mr Rowley though he was not thought to have many Talents for an Author. As to my own Part, I mind little what is doing out of my proper Dominions, the Liberties of the Deanery; yet I thought a Bank ought to be established, and would be so because it was the onely ruinous Thing, wanting to the Kingdom, and therefore I had not the least Doubt but the Parlm^t would pass it.

I hope you are grown regular in your Plantations, and have got some skill to

know where and what Trees to place, and how to make them grow. For want of better I have been planting Elms in the Deanery Garden, and what is worse, in the Cathedrall Churchyard where I disturbed the Dead, and angered the Living, by removing Tomb stones, that People will be at a Loss how to rest with the Bones of their Ancestors.

I envy all you that lived retired out of a world where we expect nothing but Plague, Poverty, and Famine which are bad words to end a Letter with, therefore with wishing Prosperity to you and your Family, I bid you Adieu.

“The French clergy” belonged to the Huguenot congregation, which used to meet for worship in the Lady chapel of St. Patrick’s Cathedral.

The “Bank” which “was kicked out with Ignominy” was the bill to establish a National Bank in Ireland, — “a thing they call a bank,” Swift described it. “Bankrupts,” he said, “are always for setting up banks; how then can you think a bank will fail of a majority in both houses?” “I have often wished,” he wrote, “that a law were enacted to hang up half a dozen bankers every year, and thereby interpose at least some short delay to the farther ruin of Ireland.” A year earlier than the date of this letter, he wrote some lines entitled *The Run upon the Bankers*, in which he thus depicted the condition of a banker at the Day of Judgment: —

“How will the caitiff wretch be scared,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepared,
And all his grand account to make!

“When other hands the scales shall hold,
And he, in men’s and angels’ sight
Produced with all his bills and gold,
Weighed in the balance and found light.”

These lines would have quite a modern ring about them were they carved on the walls of the church lately built “To the glory of God and in memory of Jay Gould.”

XXIV.

[Indorsed, "a very droll and pleast letter."]

DUBLIN. *Jan'y 30th 1721-2.*

S^r, — I have been these five weeks and still continue so disordered with a Noise in my Ears and Deafness that I am utterly unqualified for all Conversation or thinking. I used to be free of these Fits in a fortnight but now I fear the Disease is deeper rooted, and I never Stir out, or Suffer any to See me but Trebbles and countertennors, and those as Seldom as possible.

I have often thought that a Gentleman in the Country is not a bit less happy for not having Power in it, and that an Influence at Sizes and Sessions, and the like, is altogether below a wise man's Regard, especially in such a dirty obscure nook of the World as this Kingdom. If they break open your Roads, they cannot hinder you from going through them. You are a King over your own District though the neighbouring Princes be your Enemyes. You can pound the Cattle that trespass on your Grounds, tho' the next Justice replevins them: you are thought to be quarrelsome enough and therefore peacefull people will be less fond of provoking you. I do not value Bussy's maxim of Life, without the Circumstances of Health and Money: — Your Horse is neither Whig nor Tory, but will carry you safe unless he Stumbles or be foundered — By the way, I am as much at a loss for one as ever, and so I fear shall continue till my riding days are over.

I should not much mislike a Presentment against your going on with your House, because I am a mortal Enemy to Lime — and Stone, but I hope yours moves slowly upwards.

We are now preparing for the Plague, which every body expects before May; I have bespoke two pair of Shoes extraordinary. Every body else hoards up their Money, and those who have none now, will have none. Our great Tradesmen

break, and go off by Dozens, among the rest Archdeacon Bargons Son.

M^r Jervas writes me Word, that Morris Dun is a Person he has turned off his Lands, as one that has been his constant Enemy &c, and in short gives him such a Character as none can be fond of. So that I believe you were not apprized on what foot that Man stands with M^r Jervas. — I am quite weary of my own Ears, so with Prayers for you and your Fire Side, I remain y^r &c.

The "Trebbles and countertennors" were, I suppose, the vicars-choral of his cathedral, from whose prosecutions he had suffered at an earlier date.

Sir Roger de Coverley did not share contempt of "an influence at sizes and sessions." The Spectator tells us how, at an assize, "the court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with such good weather in his circuit."

How much Ireland was regarded as an "obscure nook of the World" is shown by Pope when he writes to Swift, "I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world, whom (popishly speaking) I believe constantly well-disposed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can in that state of separation."

"Bussy Rabutin," writes Swift, "the politest person of his age, when he was recalled to Court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there."

The plague had devastated Marseilles. Pope celebrated the devotion of the bishop who, undismayed, had ministered to the dying: —

"Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer
breath,
When nature sickened, and each gale was
death?"

By the English Parliament an act was passed for the building of pest-houses, to which not only the infected, but even the healthy members of an infected family were to be removed. Round any town or city visited by the plague lines were to be drawn which no one was to pass. Happily, the British Isles escaped the visitation. Twelve years later Swift wrote to a London merchant: "Oppressed beggars are always knaves; and I believe there hardly are any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by knavery than five pounds by honest dealing. They lost £30,000 a year for ever in the time of the plague at Marseilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland; but the merchants and the weavers sent over such abominable linen, that it was all returned back, or sold for a fourth part of the value."

XXV.

[Indorsed, "a very merry pleast letter."]

DUBLIN. *Mar 13th 1721-2.*

SIR, — I had a letter from you some time ago, when I was in no Condition for any Correspondence or Conversation; But I thank God for some time past I am pretty well recovered, and am able to hear my Friends without danger of putting them into Consumptions. My Remedy was given me by my Tayler, who had been four years deaf, and cured himself as I have done, by a Clove of Garlick Steeped in Honey, and put into his Ear, for w^{ch} I gave him half a Crown after it had cost me 5 or 6 Pounds in Drugs and Doctors to no Purpose — Surely you in the Country have got the London Fancy, that I am Author of all the Scurvy Things that come out here, the Slovenly Pages called the Benefit of — was writt by one Dobbs a Surgeon. M^r Sheridan sometimes entertains the World and I pay for all. So that they have a Miscellany of my works in England, whereof you and I are equally Authors. But I lay all those Things at the Back of my Book, which swells so

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much, that I am hardly able to write any thing on the Forepart.

I think we are got off the Plague, tho I hear an Act of Parl^{mt} was read in Churches (not in mine) concerning it, and the Wise say, we are in more danger than ever, because infected Goods are more likely to be brought us. For my Part, I have the Courage of a Coward, never to think of Dangers till they arrive, and then I shall begin to squeak. The Whigs are grown such disaffected People that I dare not converse with them; and who your Britton Esq^r is, I cannot tell. I hear there is an Irish Paper called the Reformer. I saw part of one Paper, but it did not encourage me to enquire after more: I keep the fewest Company of any man in this Town, and read nothing that hath been written on this Side 1500 Years; So you may judge what an Intelligencer I am like to be to a Gentleman in the Country, who wants to know how the World goes.

Thus much for your first Letter, your last which came just now is a Condolence on my Deafness. M^r Le brunt was right in my Intentions, if it had continued, but the Effect is removed with the Cause. My Friends shall see me while I am neither troublesome to them nor my self. I was less melancholy than I thought I should have been, and less curious to know what people said, when they talked before me; but I saw very few, and suffered hardly any to stay: — People whisper here too, just as they have whispered these 30 years, and to as little Purpose.

I have the best Servant in the World dying in the House, which quite disconcerts me. He was the first good one I ever had, and I am sure will be the last. I know few greater Losses in Life.

I know not how little you may make of Stone walls. I am onely going to dash one in the Garden, and think I shall be undone.

I hope y^r Lady and Fire side are well
I am ever &c.

Swift, it is said, only once directly owned any piece of writing as his. "Since I left England," he wrote, "such a parcel of trash has been there fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me the greatest dunce alive."

The book "which swells so much" was probably *Gulliver's Travels*, of which much was already written, though it was

not published till four years later. His servant died within a few days. He buried him in the cathedral, and read the service over him with tears in his eyes. In the epitaph which he wrote for him he had spoken of himself as "his grateful friend and master." "A gentleman of his acquaintance, much more distinguished for vanity than wisdom, prevailed upon him to leave out the word 'friend.'"

George Birkbeck Hill.

THE AMERICAN NOTION OF EQUALITY.

THE essence of the aristocratic system is that it separates people into castes. First, it divides all men into the two castes of gentlemen by birth and breeding and non-gentlemen; and then there are the minor castes created by rank, station, and occupation. It is hard for an American to understand the respect paid in England to every member of the gentleman class, independently of his particular qualities. In describing the conduct of a tradesman whom the vicar of the parish was endeavoring to influence in a certain direction, Anthony Trollope says, "There was, however, a humility about the man, a confession on his part that in talking to an undoubted gentleman he was talking to a superior being." And yet this same superior being was so far inferior to a marquis that the Marquis of Trowbridge (with whom, as the reader may remember, the vicar had quarreled) is represented as thinking of him in these terms: "And now, this infidel clergyman had dared to allude to his lordship's daughters. Such a man had no right even to think of women so exalted. The existence of the Ladies Stoute must no doubt be known to such men, and among themselves probably some allusion in the way of faint guesses might be made as to their mode of living, as men guess at kings and

queens, and even at gods and goddesses." Allowance must be made for the humorous exaggeration in this passage, but still it indicates a real feeling. These rigid distinctions of class necessarily produce a great deal of what in this country we call servility; and servility, no doubt, it is in many cases, but in other cases "respect" would be a better word than "servility" to describe the attitude held by members of one class toward members of a higher class.

A far worse evil which aristocracy produces is insensibility to the sufferings of other people, when those people belong to a lower order. One of the new impressions which an American receives upon his first visit to England is of the equanimity, of the perfect detachment, one might say perhaps of the faint curiosity, with which well-dressed people, rolling by in carriages, regard those spectres in human form which wander occasionally from the East End of London to Hyde Park or its vicinity. In former years, the country gentlemen of England suffered laborers upon their estates to live, and to fall sick and die, in cottages not fit for pigs to inhabit. This was possible because of the great gulf fixed by law and custom between Hodge and his landlord. Their common humanity was almost lost sight of,

and the points in which they resembled each other — though the most important — were completely overshadowed by the points in which they differed. There is a good illustration of this feeling in Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, *Marcella*. *Marcella*, it will be remembered, had been ministering to the wife and children of a farm hand, who was in jail on a charge of murder; and her conduct is thus discussed by Lady Winterbourne and Miss Raeburn, the elderly sister of Lord Raeburn: —

“‘Do you mean to say, Agneta, that one can't sympathize, in such an awful thing, with people of another class, as one would with one's own flesh and blood?’ Miss Raeburn winced. She felt for a moment the pressure of a democratic world — a hated, formidable world — through her friend's question. Then she stood to her guns. ‘I dare say you'll think it sounds bad,’ she said stoutly, ‘but in my young days it would have been thought a piece of posing, of sentimentalism, something indecorous and unfitting, if a girl had put herself in such a position.’”

This is one aspect of an aristocratic society. It might be said, without much exaggeration, that aristocracy produces servility in every class but the highest, and inhumanity in every class but the lowest. However, I shall not enlarge upon this aspect of the subject; we are all familiar with what can be said against the aristocratic system, but seldom, indeed, in this country, do we consider what can be said for it. We ought to remember that although the aristocratic or caste system assigns most men to low positions in society, it guarantees some position to every man; and within his own position or caste each man has free play for spontaneousness and self-respect. Lord Buchan declined to accept the post of secretary to the English embassy at Lisbon, because the ambassador was inferior to him in rank; and Dr. Johnson commended his refusal. Had the earl

done otherwise, said the doctor, he would have been a traitor to his rank and family. The same obligation rests upon the servant not to discharge any office which, according to the custom of English society, belongs to servants of an inferior class. Swift's coachman, when he refused to fetch a pail of water from the well, was certainly in the right; and his master, in ordering him to drive to the well with coach and four, took a humorous but hardly a just revenge. The security of the caste system, the sacredness of the laws and customs which hedge it about, make it possible for members even of a low caste to have a certain dignity of speech and conduct. “Englishwomen of the lower classes,” wrote Mr. Hawthorne, “have a grace of their own, not seen in each individual, but nevertheless belonging to their order, which is not to be found in American women of the corresponding class. The other day, in the police court, a girl was put into the witness-box, whose native graces of this sort impressed me a good deal. She was coarse, and her dress was none of the cleanest and nowise smart. She appeared to have been up all night, too, drinking at the Tranmere wake, and had since ridden in a cart, covered up with a rug. She described herself as a servant-girl out of place; and her charm lay in all her manifestations, — her tones, her gestures, her look, her way of speaking, and what she said being so appropriate and natural in a girl of that class; nothing affected; no proper grace thrown away by attempting to appear ladylike, which an American girl *would* have attempted, and she would also have succeeded in a certain degree. If each class would but keep within itself, and show its respect for itself by aiming at nothing beyond, they would all be more respectable. But this kind of fitness is evidently not to be expected in the future, and something else must be substituted for it.”

Such being its practical operation, what is the rationale, the intellectual basis, of

the aristocratic or caste system? It is the recognition by law of certain differences between one man and another. These differences exist independently of law, and perhaps they are more insisted upon in democratic than in aristocratic countries. People who belong to what is called the "best society" in large towns or cities are usually quite unconscious of the fact that society is graded just as minutely beneath them as it is in the plane with which they are familiar. But, in fact, every individual in a complex society, down to the beggar in the street or the tramp on the highway, has his "social position." The city missionaries of Boston report, with some astonishment, that a great social gap exists between the peanut-vender on the sidewalk and the peripatetic organ-grinder, and that the children of the former are forbidden by their parents to play with the children of the latter. It is indeed asserted, and with considerable truth, that mere wealth is a passport to the best society; but this is less true in America than it is in England, and less true in Australia than it is in America. The reason is that in England the best society is a state institution, and therefore is more sure of its position and can afford to be less exclusive, — to be more hospitable not only to wealth, but also to intellect and originality, than is possible for the corresponding class in a democratic country. Moreover, even from the most aristocratic point of view, a good reason can be given for accepting wealth as a substitute for birth. The fact that a man has made much money implies, as a rule, that both his mind and his physical strength are far above the average. From what better stock, then, could the best society be recruited? This, of course, is not the motive of the rich man's reception in good society: it might better be described as nature's reason for permitting the anomaly. The same traits of courage and of executive ability which render a great contractor rich may reveal

themselves, a generation or two later, on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war; and probably it could be shown that no small part of the aptitude for state business displayed by the English nobility was inherited from ancestors who had exhibited a similar talent in trade.

The aristocratic principle at work in almost all societies is therefore more rational, more logical, than it appears to be at first sight. And if we ask what motive, what instinct, is at the bottom of this segregation, — why does the peeress, why does the huckster's wife, value so highly and guard so fiercely her "social position," — perhaps the true answer would be that the instinct of self-preservation is concerned. Man knows himself to be an extremely imitative, a very easily debased creature, and consequently he has an instinctive desire to defend his society — the society in which his children are to be brought up, and in which they will have an inherited place — from contamination by inferior persons.

The aristocratic or caste system is, then, nothing more than a legal recognition by the state, of certain differences between people which, whether the state recognizes them or not, are always enforced. Why, then, should the state meddle with them? Why not allow these matters to regulate themselves, instead of drawing hard-and-fast lines of division which result in that great evil, servility? There is an answer to this objection. Boswell relates a conversation between Dr. Johnson and several other persons about equality and inequality, which one of those present endeavored to sum up as follows: "The result is that order is better than confusion." "Why, no," said the sage; "the result is that order cannot be had but by subordination."

Now, it might be said, just as there can be no order without subordination, so also there can be no personal dignity without subordination. Man is constituted in such a manner that unless re-

spect for others is demanded from him, he will not demand or invite respect for himself. Human nature has to be helped out in this regard. Left to themselves, as in a democratic society, men disintegrate; they cease to respect themselves or one another. Plato declared that in a democratic state the very dogs and horses in the street wear a look of impudence. On the other hand, in an aristocratic society, all are bound up together. Each man has his niche: something is due from him, and something is due to him. Every citizen occupies, or at least every class of citizens occupy, a particular round on the ladder, and they are under obligations to concede just so much to their superiors, and to exact just so much from their inferiors. Hence, to belong to an aristocratic society is to undergo a continual education in the feeling both of personal dignity and of respect for others. "There is a reciprocal pleasure in governing and being governed."

Such, roughly sketched, is the philosophic basis of the aristocratic or caste system. It proceeds upon the assumption that man's natural tendency is to social anarchy; that subordination is the condition not only of order, but of personal dignity; and that this subordination must be found in the very structure of the state.

Let us glance now at a democratic society, or at the nearest approach to it which this country affords. The democratic spirit, even in the United States, is a recent development, for we were not emancipated from the aristocratic tradition until the close of the civil war. It is a fact, often cited, that in the last century, both at Harvard and at Yale, the names of the students were arranged in the catalogue, not alphabetically, but in the supposed order of family importance. Seats in church were assigned upon the same principle; and I have been told by a man now living how in his young days a stranger, who had moved into town, having been put at the back of the meet-

ing-house in the same pew with a negro, was so incensed that he forswore church-going altogether.

In the little town of Amherst, New Hampshire, there lived (and died in 1853) a lawyer named Atherton, whose appearance is thus described in a history of the New Hampshire Bar: "Erect, dignified, and handsomely clad, with ruffled shirt, hanging watch-chain and seals, and all the other adornments of his station, at a time when the dress was a distinctive badge of the different classes of society, he was recognized at a glance as belonging to what might be called the patrician order."

The aristocratic tradition was, however, gradually giving way, under pressure of a democratic political system, and the civil war greatly hastened this process. Since then it would be true to say, I think, that in the United States good birth and good breeding, apart from wealth or talent, do not confer upon their possessor any real distinction in the view of people in general. With the close of the civil war there came a new influence and a new spirit, — the influence and the spirit of plutocracy. That was the era of the Mansard roof and of the Saratoga trunk. The tone of American society was at that time perceptibly lowered. Immense wealth had fallen into hands unfit to receive, or at least to dispense it. There has been an improvement in taste since then; but the spirit of plutocracy, with all its selfishness and aloofness, remains, and gathers strength day by day.

Nevertheless, here and there equality has been realized in the United States as perhaps it never was realized before in the history of the world. What is equality? In what sense can men be called equal, when we consider what vast differences there are between them in respect to character, intellect, education, and refinement? Two men are equal when they meet freely and pleasantly, without condescension on one side or sus-

picion on the other, and when the consideration which each shows for the other is not dependent upon or qualified by the station or outward circumstances of either. This condition prevails in some New England towns, especially in those remote from the railway, and I presume that it prevails also in most parts of the West. In such communities, every man who is not a criminal or an outcast does feel himself to be in a very real sense the "equal" of every other man. Wealth, though it is respected as a source of power, is never thought of as conferring "social position;" in fact, that hideous phrase is not found in the rural vocabulary; and as to the word "snob," it would be difficult to make its meaning understood among the people whom I have in mind. Among them an employer of labor would of course expect those whom he employed to obey his orders; but it would strike him as ludicrous beyond expression that his hired man should wear a particular kind of dress, touch his hat when he was spoken to, and in general comport himself as if he belonged to an inferior order. Under such conditions want of respect is undoubtedly carried too far, but equality is attained; and that self-respect which the *feeling* of equality produces makes the best members of the community equal to any society; it gives them simplicity and sincerity. Take them to New York or Boston, and no magnificence or display, no society of rich or eminent persons, will put them out.

It is only in small country towns that such absolute equality prevails, but even in our large cities, even taking us at our worst, there is at least an absence of servility which distinguishes the American from the English social structure. In a memoir of Cardinal Newman it is related that once, while he was a tutor at Oxford, a carter whom he met riding on the shaft fell, shortly after Mr. Newman had passed him, was run over, and killed. After that, the biographer states, Mr. Newman made it a rule, whenever he

met a man riding in that dangerous position, to compel him to get off and walk. Now, if an American gentleman should issue a command of this sort to an American laborer, it would probably evoke some such reply as was once made to a certain dignified and portly judge. The court was in process of removal from one building to another, and a porter engaged in the work inquired of a subordinate official, "Who is that fat man sitting on the bench in the court-room?"

"Oh," was the answer, "that is Judge —. He is busy with some papers, before court opens. But why do you want to know?"

"Well," said the porter, "I was carrying a big armful of books into the room, with my hat on, just now, and that man told me never to come into his presence without taking my hat off."

"And what did you say?"

"Oh," said the fellow, with perfect nonchalance, and as if he had done the only thing proper under the circumstances, "I told him to go to hell."

This retort, considering that it was made in ignorance of the judge's official capacity, seems to me to indicate a better state of society than does the subservency of the English carter.

"America," as Mr. Leslie Stephen exclaims in an unwonted burst of enthusiasm, "is still the land of hope . . . where, in spite of some superficially grotesque results, every man can speak to every other man without the oppressive sense of condescension; where a civil word from a poor man is not always a covert request for a gratuity and a tacit confession of dependence." In other words, America is, to some extent, the land of equality.

It is most interesting to note the impression made upon the English mind by the late J. A. MacGahan, the famous war correspondent, who was the son of an Ohio farmer. His English friend and fellow worker, Mr. Archibald Forbes, writes of him as follows: —

"I never saw such a fellow for making himself at home among high officials. In his manner there was no flavor of impudence or presumption. I question whether of that word, indeed, he understood the meaning. *It was as if he, in the character of a man and a Republican man, had reasoned the matter down to bare principle.* 'I am a man,' seemed to me to be his attitude, 'and I am a man who honestly and legitimately, for a specific purpose of which you are aware, or of which I shall be glad to make you aware, want something. That something — be it information, be it a passport, be it what it may — you can give me best: therefore I ask you for it. It is immaterial to the logic of the position I virtually take whether you are an office messenger or the chancellor of an empire, a lieutenant or the commander-in-chief.'"

No wonder, then, that, as another friend of his put it, "MacGahan could do anything he liked with Ignatieff, calmly made love to Madame Ignatieff, rather patronized Prince Gortschakoff, and nodded affably to the Grand Duke Nicholas."

It is to be observed that in writing the description which I have quoted, Mr. Forbes had no design of making a general statement, much less of analyzing the American notion of equality. He was simply indicating in his acute, straightforward manner what he conceived to be MacGahan's attitude toward all the world. "It was as if he, in the character of a man and a Republican man, had reasoned the matter down to bare principle. 'I am a man!'" That describes exactly the American notion, the notion of equality which I am attempting to examine. "It is immaterial to the logic of the position I virtually take whether you are an office messenger or the chancellor of an empire." Such was MacGahan's logic, and such is the logic of the American idea of equality. That a man could so feel and act seems to have come upon Mr. Forbes, even in these democratic days, as a kind of revelation. It does

not strike us so, and this proves that, in some measure, we have realized the notion of equality.

But let us come to closer quarters with our subject. When and under what conditions does this mysterious thing, equality, exist? Many philosophers, many clever essayists, many statesmen, have declared that equality is a mere delusion. I suppose that the weight of educated opinion is, and always has been, against it. And yet the passion for equality is deeply planted in the human heart; it was one cause — some historians tell us the main cause — of the French Revolution, and it has been for ages a source of hope and inspiration. It is not so much a theory as an instinct. It is, I believe, an instinctive perception of the fact that in the one thing of importance, namely, in moral freedom, men are equal. I say advisedly the *one* thing of importance. Nobody can read Matthew Arnold's characterization of "conduct" as amounting to "three fourths" of life without being conscious, though dimly, perhaps, of some latent absurdity in the remark. The absurdity lies in comparing conduct on equal terms with anything else. It would hardly be more absurd to say that of the pleasure in living three fourths consisted in doing one's duty, and the remaining fourth in drinking good old rum. Equality is the practical recognition of this fundamental truth that in the one thing of real importance, in the thing which chiefly distinguishes man from the brutes, in the thing which alone, despite of weakness and sin, gives a sublime aspect to human nature, namely, in moral freedom, all classes of men are alike. The ultimate equality, therefore, the equality instinctively sought after by the human race, is an equality in self-respect, because self-respect is founded solely upon moral freedom, and upon the right exercise of moral freedom. Self-respect has nothing to do with what a man possesses, nor even with his proficiency in any kind of human achieve-

ment, mental or physical. No man has self-respect because of what he knows, or of what he has, or of what he can do. These things may inspire him with pride or with vanity, but if he attempts to build self-respect upon them or to exact respect from others on account of them, his folly is obvious. Thus if a man plumes himself upon his wealth, we call him purse-proud; if he prides himself upon his learning or cultivation, we call him pedant or prig, as the case may be; if he is vain of his clothes, he is set down as a fop, if of his manners, as a coxcomb. Pride and vanity may rest upon these foundations, but self-respect depends ultimately on the fact that man is a free moral agent, and therefore it is, or might be, a universal possession. We cannot imagine a man so poor, so weak, so friendless, so ignorant, as, of necessity, to be lacking in self-respect. On the contrary, we often find self-respect in men who are conspicuously destitute.

I do not mean, of course, that one individual is equal to another individual, but that moral freedom is the possession of man as man, and is not the possession of any class or kind of men in particular. Equality lies in the recognition of this fact, and of all that it implies. The only explanation which we in the United States can give of ourselves politically and socially, the only ground upon which we can stand, is that here we undertook, as a people, to substitute for the principle of aristocracy the principle of democracy, and democracy in its social aspect is equality.

But we have not been faithful to this ideal. "Our great crime," as Mr. Howells once declared, "is that we have been false to the notion of equality." What, then, are the hindrances to equality in the United States? The most obvious hindrance, and perhaps the most important, is the great and ever-increasing inequality in the distribution of wealth. One per cent of the families in the Unit-

ed States possess more property than is possessed by all the remaining ninety-nine per cent.¹ The growth of a plutocracy among us would not be so bad if the plutocratic class exercised a good influence, but they exercise a bad influence. Their lives are spent, for the most part, in the pursuit of material pleasures, and they foster low ambitions in the public at large. What standards, what ideals, must be instilled in the mind of a young girl, the daughter of a mechanic, for instance, who reads the "society" news in the Sunday papers, and contemplates the "best" people in the city as she sees them in the street, and perhaps at the theatre or in church now and then! She must learn to think that the highest ambition of a young woman is not to be gentle, to be modest, to give pleasure to those around, and especially to those beneath her, but to be a conspicuous object at the horse show, to wear costly garments, to take part in costly entertainments, and finally to marry a foreign nobleman, and forsake her own country forever.

In short, if we may trust experience, great wealth in the hands of private persons is incompatible with equality. It is so for two reasons: first, because it makes a gap between those who have it and those who have it not; and, secondly, because its effect is, among people at large, to lower and confuse their ideals, to make a man respectable and respected, not for what he is, but for what he has. In a town or city like Newport, for example, young men stigmatized as "natives" may be observed, dressed usually in clothes of the "shabby-genteel" order, who bear upon their faces a look of conscious inferiority, painful enough for an American to see. They have this look because in the community in which they live false and tawdry notions, which they are not strong enough to resist, prevail; because in that community to

¹ See *The Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States*, by Spahr.

have money and to be in "society" are regarded — consciously or unconsciously — as the foundations of self-respect — and of respect for others. In a matter so delicate as the adjustment of human relations the differences between one man and another are far less important than the estimate which each man puts, and is aware that the other puts, upon those differences. Great inequality in wealth tends to establish the plutocratic spirit, and the essence of that spirit is to ignore the real, the underlying, the substantial equality between one man and another, and to magnify those inequalities which wealth directly and indirectly produces.

But there is another spirit which ignores the real inequalities between one man and another, and places equality upon a wrong basis. One cannot produce equality by asserting that it exists; and if a man tries to make himself equal to his superior by asserting himself equal, the effect is exactly the opposite of what he intends. In the minds of a great many Americans equality means this: never, at least by outward word or act, to acknowledge their inferiority to anybody else. True, another man may have inherited culture, may have enjoyed better society, may have had and may have utilized far more opportunities for cultivation; and yet they think that they are bound not to admit any kind of inferiority to him. They assert — perhaps only to themselves — that they are this man's equals; and if they really believed the assertion, such a belief would go far to create the equality which it assumes. But they are conscious, or partly conscious, that the assertion is false, and hence an element of insincerity is introduced, than which nothing is more vulgarizing. These evils come from ignoring the real, the essential equality, — the equality in moral freedom between one man and another, — and from attempting to achieve equality by denying obvious inequalities. It is an abandonment of the true ground of self-respect.

If a man lacks equality, if he is vulgar, the whole nation is in a conspiracy to keep him ignorant of the fact. Let us take as an example the case of commercial travelers or drummers. The comic papers have many jokes about them, about their "cheek," their impudence, their self-assertion; and these jokes have a solid basis of fact. Nevertheless, no newspaper, no minister, no lecturer, no moralist, ever presumes to tell the drummers that their occupation is in most cases a degrading one. That it should be so is largely the fault of us who are not drummers. If we had good nature and good manners, it would not be necessary for drummers to have bad manners. And so of book, life insurance, and other peripatetic agents. An agent, or a mere peddler, it may be, comes to me to sell his wares, and I, being busy and ill-tempered, revile him. Two courses are then open to him: he can pocket the affront, as a means toward the selling of his wares, or he can revile me back; and in neither case does he survive the encounter without a certain degradation. I do not say that an exceptional man might not go through the drummer's or the book agent's experience scathless, but for the ordinary man to do so is almost impossible. Nobody, however, tells the drummer this, and the community as a whole do not even perceive it. The result is that the typical drummer prides himself upon his worst faults. He considers that to be "cheeky," to call bar-tenders by their first names, to drink strong liquors and to smoke big cigars, to sit with his feet up, and to talk loudly in the office of a second-rate hotel, — to do these things, he considers, is to be an admirable man of the world. All that the drummer needs is a different ideal, a different standard; what he needs is to respect himself as a man instead of as a drummer, to guard against the particular faults to which he is liable instead of cherishing them as virtues. But, as I say, we are all in a conspiracy

to keep the drummer ignorant upon these vital points.

What is true of drummers as a class is true also, in varying degrees, of a great many other perfectly honest and reputable persons. It is commonly admitted that a man cannot be a dealer in second-hand clothes without having the finer susceptibilities of his nature somewhat blunted; and the same evil attaches to almost all forms of buying and selling. Trade, whether at wholesale or at retail, is, in modern times, almost inevitably degrading. A small success in trade can perhaps be made by one whose ambition is to buy at a fair price and to sell again at a fair price, taking only that profit which his services as a middleman are worth. But great success in trade depends upon buying cheaper and selling dearer than is for the advantage of the persons with whom one deals; it depends, in short, upon getting the better of other people, and surely that process cannot be an elevating or humanizing one. There are also incidental evils connected with trade as it is now pursued which tend to vulgarize. Such an evil is the excessive advertising and puffery which we see on every hand.

Several years ago, when it was announced that a son of the Duke of Argyll was going into trade, the intelligence was received in this country and in England too with a chorus of approbation. This defection was looked upon as a step toward breaking down an ancient and unwholesome prejudice. But it was a prejudice having some foundation in reason and experience; and I am sure that a man can be a good American and a thorough believer in equality without shutting his eyes to the dangers — dangers to character and manners — which must be incurred by tradesmen and merchants. In regard to certain forms of trade, we all perceive these dangers. We perceive them, for instance, as I have suggested already, in respect to traffic in old clothes. Horse-dealers, again, are looked upon

somewhat askance; and there is a feeling abroad that plumbers, in order to remain honest men, must put a great constraint upon themselves. Most people, also, have a certain repulsion to undertakers. The undertaker's employment is such that he must necessarily lose, in part at least, his sense of the awfulness of death and of the sacredness of the human body. The repulsion toward him is, therefore, a natural one; it is at bottom the same instinct which, in an exaggerated and fanatical form, caused the Egyptian *paraschistes* to be despised and avoided. But to say this in public, to declare that anything which any American can lawfully do for a living is in any sense degrading, would be accounted a sort of treason, — a treason to the American idea of equality. This, however, would be a mistake. It is the men, not their employments, that are or might be equal. The case of the undertaker is an extreme one; but even the undertaker, if he were on his guard, if he endeavored to fortify his nature in those points where it is most endangered, might attain that equality which is our ideal.

The great thing is that we should be honest not only with ourselves, but with one another; that we should admit that all men do not have the same advantages of birth or training, and that all occupations are not equally civilizing and desirable. In short, instead of trying to ignore the various inequalities between one man and another, we should frankly acknowledge them; and having done so, we can give due and practical weight to the essential equality between one man and another, — to their equality in moral freedom.

What will be the ultimate result — whether Plutocracy will crush out equality in the United States, or whether the democratic ideal will triumph, and equality will be established upon a large scale for the first time in the history of the world — can hardly be conjectured. Some philosophers hold, De Tocqueville

and Mr. Bryce among them, that if equality should prevail, the result would be to raise the average of human intellect and character, but to prevent the production of really notable persons. There would be no more Sir Philip Sidneys; there would be no more of that spirit expressed by the maxim *Noblesse oblige*. This view is a plausible one, and yet it does not sufficiently take into account the extreme elasticity of human nature. In a nation of MacGahans, we may be sure that some ideal of character and manners would be developed, — differ-

ent perhaps from the feudal ideal, but not the less fine or admirable. There is a profound remark made by Coleridge which has a bearing upon the subject of equality: "We ought to suspect reasoning founded wholly on the differences of man from man, not on their commonnesses, which are infinitely greater." The theory of equality is founded upon the "commonnesses" of human nature. It would seem, therefore, to be founded upon justice; and if that be true, there need be no anxiety as to its ultimate effects.

Henry Childs Merwin.

OUR SOLDIER.

THERE was a door directly opposite my seat in the dining-room, and to it as we, the other guests of the house, sat at lunch or at dinner, a maid regularly went with a tray, waiting a moment until a key turned on the other side and she was admitted.

I asked the Signora if any one were ill.

On the contrary, she answered, the occupant of the room enjoyed most excellent health. He was an Englishman. He had been an inmate of her house a dozen years or more. He made no acquaintances, and had no associates unless one counted herself and the gondoliers and the Armenian brothers on the island of San Lazzaro, who had taught him Italian. Every morning he went out to paint, taking with him three campstools of different heights, that he might place himself most favorably to his work. He never showed what he had painted. A great many people made pictures in Venice which they did not care to show, at least not in Venice itself. She did not know his story. She never asked questions. There were plenty of reasons why one might wish to leave a past and its memories. She believed he had once

lived in Australia, but she could give no exact information.

And did he never write or receive letters, or plan for the future?

Oh yes, he wrote letters twice a year, when his money was sent from England. She did not think that he wrote them at any other time. Now and then, too, he went on little journeys for his pleasure, and he read many books, and he was most amiable and gentle, and they all loved him, she, and the maids, and the gondoliers, and the priests of San Lazzaro, and he was evidently intending to live as at present until the day when, according to a desire which he had communicated to her, he should be borne on his last little journey to the Campo Santo at San Michele; and she wondered more people of means did not spend the evening of their life in a similar manner. Surely nothing could be so agreeable or so calm. Had I never heard a remark which some one had made speaking of St. Peter's in Rome and their own St. Mark's — "In St. Peter's the heart goes up to God, in St. Mark's God comes down to the heart"?

Soon after this conversation I went

into the garden. A man of elderly appearance was sitting on the bench under the jasmine bush. As I stopped to pick some of the white blossoms, I said to him, what every one that day, quite as a matter of course, was saying to every one else, "It is very hot, is n't it?"

"Yes," he assented in a tone that was not unfriendly, yet not meant to encourage further intercourse.

Then I noticed by his side three campstools of different heights, and I understood who it was.

A week later we met again at the same place. He held in his hand a Venetian daily paper. On the first page, which he had evidently just finished reading, was a portrait and an account of a fireman, who, at the recent burning of a Franciscan monastery, had perished attempting to save a valuable manuscript. Thereupon, when my interest in the subject caused me to forget the possible danger of losing my listener, for the Signora had told me that if a stranger addressed her Englishman he would sometimes rise abruptly and go away, I began to relate how a friend and I, drifting that morning through a side canal, had seen coming out of a church a procession of priests and choir-boys, followed by the firemen of Venice, bearing the body of their comrade; how at the water-steps a barge was waiting, hung with black cloth and garlands of flowers; how the firemen placed their burden upon this, grouping themselves about it; how a gondola containing two priests in flowered satin robes and a third one in purple went on before, a few other gondolas, our own among them, forming in a line behind, and thus we glided across to San Michele, where Franciscan friars came to the landing to meet us; how we heard the good-by prayers in the chapel on the island, and stood by the grave, while a priest with a deep rich voice read a eulogy through which the words *bravo, coraggiosissimo* ran like a refrain; how when the last mourner had

turned away we came back from the other side of the Campo, to which we had wandered, and making a wreath of white clover left it on the fireman's grave; and how we had done this, partly because we recalled that it was Decoration Day in our own land, partly too because as little children we had been accustomed at this time to bring field flowers as our especial tribute, and that we used to have a great many decoration days in a summer, because we were so fond of observing them.

"And did you have many graves to decorate?" inquired the Signora's Englishman.

I answered that most of the people in our village were women, children, and old men, and that there had been only one man of suitable age to send at the call of our civil war, and that he also was *bravo, coraggiosissimo*. He had fallen in a great battle, the Battle of the Wilderness. It was in honor of his memory that we as children kept our frequent decoration days.

"I suppose your graveyard is very different from the Campo Santo at San Michele?" said my companion.

"Very different. On either side are old houses, not so old of course as these in Venice, but still very old. They are white, and have green blinds, and porches with little windows looking up and down the road. The doors are painted green like the blinds, and have shining brass knockers, and each house has its little front garden with a hedge of cinnamon roses, and a bed of lilies-of-the-valley, and lilac bushes, and a grass-grown path leading to the gate. Behind the graveyard flows a winding river with wooded shores, and there are willow-trees all about, and in front of the graveyard is a view toward a hollow where there is a second river, one that ebbs and flows with the sea, and here are salt marshes, and an old bridge and a mill, and on account of its situation the village is called Two Rivers."

The man had turned towards me, and was listening intently.

Afterwards I remembered having noticed a curious change in his appearance, as if he had suddenly become much younger.

"And beyond the bridge," he said, speaking at first with a certain hesitation and always with an absent sound in his voice, — "beyond the bridge, the road winds upward away from the village, past a rambling inn shaded by elm-trees, past more old houses until it comes to a corner where a mile-stone stands, and an old parsonage with a row of poplar-trees at the side, and behind the house is wet, swampy ground, always blue in June with fleurs-de-lys, and not far away is a church, also white with green blinds, and it too has a porch."

"The old inn was burned," I said, "many years ago, and the poplar-trees have been cut down. I am sorry, for I loved the poplar-trees."

"I am sorry, too," said the man, "it was wrong to destroy them."

After this he related anecdotes connected with Two Rivers, some of which were familiar to me, some of which I had never heard. He told of going for pond-lilies on the river with wooded shores, and of fishing for smelt on the river that ebbed and flowed with the sea; and he told of another and larger river in a neighboring township where he had once, at the risk of life, swam his horse after a freshet.

The absent sound in his voice became more and more apparent. One felt that he was wholly unconscious of what he was saying. All at once he reached out gropingly as one lost in the dark, took my hand, raised it to his forehead, held it there for a moment in a strange silence, and presently put it gently down.

With the movement he seemed to recover his quiet distant self, folded his paper, wished me a grave good-morning, and with his three camp-stools under his arm he went into the house.

I told the Signora.

"It is very simple," she said; "if a man has once been in Australia, why not in America, which is so much nearer?"

"But this is such a hidden village, no one ever goes there."

"How was it possible to know that? One would think you had sat from morning till evening on the highway watching. See what occurred unceasingly in Venice. Was not one always arriving and giving one's self much inconvenience in order to visit forgotten places, entirely in the country where the Venetians themselves never dreamed of going? If one were a painter, no spot could be too remote or difficult of access. Was there nothing in your village to attract a painter?"

"Oh yes," I said, "the willows, the river-banks, the old houses, the mill, the bridges, and the salt marshes, and people often went there to paint."

"Then it is explained," returned the Signora. "See how easy of comprehension! As for the sudden discontinuance of conversation and the little mental confusion, they do not astonish me. The astonishing thing is that there should have been a conversation, and that one does not more often become confused when speaking of events a long time past."

When I related at Two Rivers what had been said that May morning in Venice, much discussion ensued. It was asserted that the only man likely to have expressed himself in the way described was at rest in the soldier's grave under the willows, although some one remarked, his body had never been sent home. Yet since sufficient proof of his death existed for the erection of a stone, he was spoken of as resting there.

Next, an interesting bit of information was discovered in the form of a vague report which declared that our soldier, seen by the eyes of reliable witnesses to fall in battle, had been seen by

the eyes of other witnesses, equally reliable, a prisoner at Andersonville, and reduced to so pitiable a condition through suffering and exposure as to be utterly unable to recall his own identity.

All light on the subject stopped here. There could be found no hint suggesting in what strange manner this life, the Venetian part of which had so curiously come to me, might have attained its present ease and forgetfulness of earlier experience. A few persons tried to fill the void with pages of their own invention, but the village as a whole preferred not to trouble itself about the matter. When one's soldier had been actually seen to fall in battle, when his pension had been properly paid, his loss lamented, his memory honored, where was the use of discrediting a record of such apparent authenticity in order to put one's trust in a supposition? Moreover, what was to be done about it, and who had the right to do anything, there being no near of kin to disturb a peace evidently enjoyed and desired?

And thus it is that on Decoration Days at Two Rivers, and on make-believe decoration days as well, our village children continue to carry their flowers, and to spell out the inscription, "Fell in the Battle of the Wilderness." Meanwhile, in Venice a quiet elderly man goes on taking his meals in solitude behind a closed door, paints his pictures which no one sees, chats with the Armenian brothers under their cypress-trees and cedars, is cared for in his daily life and welcomed back from his little journeys by the Signora, and the maids, and the friendly gondoliers, goes on living in his pleasant unconscious exile, and will doubtless thus continue to live, until the day when he shall take his last journey, this time through the narrow canals across to the clover-scented meadow, the Holy Field of the Venetians, when he shall fall asleep and awake, it may be, to find that which he gave for his country has been given back, and that he was once a soldier of the Union, bravo, coraggiosissimo.

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

BENEDICITE.

THE waves in prostrate worship lie, and cease
 To count the pebbles on their rosary;
 Over the scourged rocks a smile of peace
 Deepens the hushed expectancy.
 Each small, lost flower lifts her fragrant brow;
 Forgotten flocks turn toward the rosy west;
 Day drops her anchor off the world, and now
 Awaits her shriving, all her ways confessed.
 The patriarchal mountains stand apart;
 Far hills are kneeling; birds arrest their flight.
 Then the real Presence crowds all Nature's heart,
 And benediction falls with night!

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

BUTTERFIELD & CO.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

BUTTERFIELD'S was formally reopened on a Monday, in spite of the fact that there was nothing — or almost nothing — in it. The proprietor settled into the adjoining shed with his personal possessions, for which he had no difficulty to find room.

"When I shut my eyes I can just believe I'm back in the same old sto', Mother Nicodemus, and ain't never been burnt out nor lost nothing at all," he said to his friend, who, in spite of her years and her lameness, insisted on scrubbing the shelves and counter. "And when I open 'em I says to myself, 'Well, anyway, it's *Butterfield's*.'"

The pair almost had a quarrel that first day over the arrangement of "the goods," as they called an absurd collection of things that for a long while constituted the stock in trade. It consisted chiefly of a barrel of lime, a basket of apples, two glass jars of peppermint candy, a few bundles of "kindling," a string of onions festooned about the door, another string across the window fastened with clothes-pins, a mustard tin (empty), two loaves of bread, and some elegant additions in the way of watercresses or radishes, not to be depended upon at all seasons.

Such as it was, though, nothing could have exceeded the delight of Uncle Jo in disposing and arranging it to the best advantage, except the satisfaction Mrs. Nicodemus got from altering all of his arrangements as soon as they were made, to suit her own ideas of what was convenient and attractive. Perhaps Uncle Jo did not enjoy getting up that first night (when Mrs. Nicodemus had been obliged perforce to quit the field), and lighting his candles, and putting everything back into the exact places and positions origi-

nally chosen by himself! This done, he surveyed the whole effect, decided that he "must have a box of blacking," thought of a dozen other things that must be "added," as he sat on the reversed lime-bucket, and almost hugged himself when he reflected that he was now "in business again." Poor soul! he had not the remotest idea of "business," as that term had come to be understood in the years since the destruction of his shop. In every month, week, day, and moment, though, of the next ten years it became clearer and clearer even to him, as it did to the class he represented; for they were all affected by the great changes made by new men, new methods. A complete alteration had taken place in the spirit and purpose and policy of the commercial element in Slumborough. Cash, hard cash (and very hard cash it was to get sometimes) was demanded of everybody. It was not now "Live, and let live," but "Every man for himself," and a certain person might take the hindmost. And "Put money in thy purse, honestly if thou canst, — but get rich" was the new gospel.

Simple-minded Uncle Jo had very naturally supposed that the public would be as much interested in the revival of his business as he himself was. He rose at daylight every morning, shaved scrupulously, dressed himself as neatly as he could, and stood in his door rubbing his hands and bowing low to those of the passers-by whom he knew, according to his ancient custom. He shifted his lime-barrel, and apples, and blacking, and clothes-pins here, there, and everywhere, and waited with an eager heart, and a smile that froze stiffer and stiffer on his poor old lips, for the customers who he had thought would come crowd-

ing back. He rubbed off his counter so often that the wood, though coarse in grain, took on a high polish; he dusted his empty shelves and arranged his empty boxes, and busied himself elaborately about anything and nothing, that he might not have "the look of being idle;" splitting and resplitting his "kindling" and doing it up into ever smaller and smaller fagots; wiping off his apples, and eating one occasionally to give himself an air of bogus festivity and prosperity; denying himself everything that he might "keep up supplies and keep down expenses;" affecting to keep "books," with a rusty pen, a copy-book, and an empty inkstand, at the back of the store; making his own paper bags at night, and putting withered cabbages or a few pounds of bran in them that they might lie around ornamentally and effectively on the counter, and look as if purchased and on the point of being sent home in hot haste.

Butterfield's was his ideal, and he clung desperately to it. After hours he would lock his door and hunt about, without seeming to do so, for other work and ways of earning money; and if he got a dollar, he would be sure to spend it in the one way, and bring home something "inviting." If caught helping to move a piano, or varnishing furniture, or whitewashing, he was always deeply annoyed, and either said in a confidential whisper that he was "adding to his income," or affected to refuse payment, at first; accepting it later, however, under protest, "seeing business was slack."

He could not make out what had become of his customers, either. But "some were dead, and some had fled," and some had transferred their allegiance and custom; and some came a few times, and languidly looked at the lime-barrel and bought a quarter's worth of something, or nothing, and went away again. A few of his old patrons, in direst distress, sent to him when they could get nothing elsewhere, and were welcomed delightedly, and served as bountifully as if they had

been the most valuable of paying customers; were shown very plainly that they were at liberty to take all he had, little though it was. As long as Mr. Butterfield was tying up packages he was happy, whether they were paid for or not. He had never been a man to worry about payments in his palmiest days, and old habits stuck by him after his eclipse. Miss Bradley elaborately bought back most of the things that she sent him, too, but that could not go on forever.

Mother Nicodemus got her groceries of him, and so did a few of her friends, but that amounted to very little. There was never a day in which children were not to be found in the store, but they only represented a terrible conflict forever going on in Mr. Butterfield's soul between his pride in keeping his glass jars filled and his love of children. "I can't, I ain't never, I won't do sich a low-down thing as to let no child pay me for peppermint candy, — no, nor buns! When that time comes I reckon I'd better give up Butterfield's and shoot myself," he would say. The judge's daughter would come in sometimes, and look about, trying to find something to buy, and put a few dollars in his purse, and warm his poor old heart by her kind speeches. But Butterfield's was a ghost, and Uncle Jo was a ghost; Butterfield's was dearer to him than ever, only he loved it as a father does the son who breaks his heart.

For five years Mother Nicodemus lived with him. Her son never came home, nor did she ever hear what had become of him. Her health failed, and when she could no longer work she had a visit from Uncle Jo one day, in which he said, "Now, Mother Nicodemus, you've got to quit this and come keep house for me and help me manage the business. It's just booming now like the Mississippi, business is! Why, I sold a quart of vinegar, yesterday, and three pounds of candles, and two pumpkins, to one customer! And I've got that recipe of

Mary's for them buns of hers, and if you can make them, they 'll go off as fast as you can turn them out of the oven."

That afternoon he moved down her chest of drawers, rocking-chair, bed, table, and other small possessions, and installing them and her in his shed, fell back himself with great cheerfulness on the counter, on which he professed that he slept "'most too sound." He got much comfort from her presence, though she was anything but thankful or grateful, took up an idea that "Jo, who was always a bad, troublesome boy," had turned her out of the stone cottage, and would have been thought a trying companion enough by most people. His only grief was, not that he had to eat a crust (or go without) that she might dine or sup; not that he had to rise early, and late take rest, that she might have leisure to roundly abuse him, safely sheltered under his roof; but that he could not always have fresh fish and good butter for her, or get some other coveted luxury such as "a silk quilt, and lace mittens, and a Paisley shawl, like my mother's," for which the poor old soul longed.

Never a bun did Mother Nicodemus bake, from first to last. She was but an added care, as he had known she would be, but she did him good all the same. To have lost faith in his ideal Butterfield's would have been to lose all heart and hope, and she was a valuable counter-irritant when things went persistently wrong. He knew that she was fond of him, too; he never forgot what she had done for him, and she gave meaning and motive to a self-denial that might otherwise have narrowed into mere miserliness.

One day when he was sadly thinking that it was his fault that the business did not succeed better, when his soul was additionally discouraged by Mother Nicodemus wailing out fretfully all the morning, "I want my mother. Call my mother. Don't you hear me say I want my

mother?" and the conviction that she was in her second childhood had forced itself upon him, he suddenly heard the fire alarm and a sound of hurrying feet outside. With the soldier's instinct of prompt action, he ran out into the street and joined the tide of people setting in a certain direction. The town jail was on fire, and great was the excitement. When he reached the place he found that half the population had turned out; scores of men, women, and children were standing around the building gaping and exclaiming and trampling over the hose, under the impression that they were helping the firemen to put out the flames.

Mr. Butterfield's usual modesty and nervousness and deprecation of responsibility quite vanished when he heard that there was a woman in the second story; and presently he saw her, as the smoke blew aside, holding up a child, and heard her shriek out, "Save my child! Save my child!" in the tones that we hear and never forget. Bravely responding to this agonized appeal, he rushed into the building, and soon reappeared, white and resolute, bearing a little boy in his arms. Other men tried to rescue the mother, and two negroes, the only prisoners, but they failed as far as she was concerned. It was long one of the sickening horrors of the kindly little community that the poor creature perished before their very eyes.

When the sun had sunk, and the commotion was over, and the fire engines had rattled home, and the crowd was dispersing, Uncle Jo looked down at the child he had saved, who was holding his hand, and said, "Well, sonny, what's to become of you?"

"I'm going home with *you*," replied the boy promptly.

The only thing to be done, just then, seemed to be to accept this solution of the problem, and home together they started accordingly. Uncle Jo's thoughts were not the most cheerful in the world as he looked at him. The child repre-

sented another burden for Butterfield's and might "swamp the business," which he knew — nobody better — to be in its death-throes. He almost regretted having gone to the fire; he did not dream that the very element which had laid Butterfield's low was now, by a curious caprice of Fate, to build it up again. He took a good look at his *trouvaille*. The child's walk was manly almost to the point of swagger. His little head was covered with short black curls, and his large dark eyes were as irresistible in their appeal as his mother's voice had been, when he looked up at his protector and smiled brightly, not realizing at all what had happened, apparently quite content to be going off with a stranger to regions unknown.

"What's your name, anyway?" asked his new friend.

"Jake, — Jake Lazarus. And I live at 127 Green Street," replied the child, parrot-fashion, and smiled again.

"Lazarus! That's a Jew name. He favors my boy. He's about the size of my little Jo; just about what he was when I left to go to the war," thought Uncle Jo, and aloud he said, "It is, is it? Well, Jake, how long had you been there?" nodding backward in the direction of the jail.

"I don't know," said Jake. "I'm hungry. Ain't we most there?"

"I'll see the jailer to-morrow and give him up to the town," thought Uncle Jo, and turning to Jake he said, "Yes, honey, we are. I reckon you are beat out. I'll just carry you."

By the time he got home the boy was sound asleep in his arms, and he had concluded not to give him up to the authorities until "the day after to-morrow. That'll be a plenty of time," he argued, as he took the child through the dark, unlit shop and into the shed, where he laid him down gently on Mother Nicodemus's bed (she being asleep too), and proceeded to get supper for the party.

This daily duty took on a new aspect

at once and became a sort of festival, in consequence of the unexpected addition to the family being not only unexpected, but a child. The soft feel of the little body had cast a spell over Uncle Jo's softer heart; Jake's regular breathing from the bed was so full of interest that he several times went over on tiptoe to hear how he was doing it. Then there was a chair to be found, and then an empty soap box proved just the thing to make it the right height. And when the table was laid, and the tea drawn, and the bread cut, and a herring apiece set sumptuously out, it was with keen pleasure that Uncle Joseph took his own cup and filled it with hot milk and bread for "the boy." Already the claims of the town to the child seemed impertinent and odious.

Presently the sleepers awoke; at least Mother Nicodemus did; the child had to be aroused by Uncle Jo, who half expected that he would cry and make a scene, and fully expected that Mother Nicodemus would be displeased to find him there, and would make another scene.

But little Jacob was not the least bit sad or fretful; he was in a state of radiant good humor, on the contrary. He allowed Uncle Jo to "h'ist" him up on the soap box without making the slightest objection except to yawn as if rather bored by a regular preliminary. He took no notice when Mr. Butterfield's best handkerchief (a superb yellow affair — part of his stock in trade — stamped patriotically with the American flag and pictures of Lincoln and Grant) was whisked under his chin and pinned behind, bib-fashion, as deftly as any woman could have done it. As for Mother Nicodemus, when she saw that laughing pair of most mischievous black eyes, all tangled up about the lashes, and those cheeks rosier than any apple ever sold over Butterfield's counter; when she caught the gleam of a small and incomplete row of teeth, and heard the spoilt youngster

banging on the table with his spoon, and frankly, boldly, demanding the sugar in the bowl, the herrings, the bread, — everything that was and much that was not there, — it was a sight to see all the dead woman in her rise out of its grave at a bound. Her dim eye burned, fairly, in its socket, and dilated as she looked; her withered old face flushed with delight; and her hands trembled as she pointed to him, saying, “Why don’t you give Al a fish if he wants it? Help the child first, of course, Joseph. Yes, honey, you shall have it right this minute.” She had given him the name of one of her little brothers who had died when she was a child.

Uncle Joseph cleared out a place under the counter, and whistling, with a heart lighter than the feathers he shook up, he made a snug little resting-place for the child, very like the beds one sees in Scotch cottages, brought him in tenderly, and deposited him in it. He made up a bed for himself close by on the floor, with an old rug under him and some bagging over him. His last look that night at the child was a long one; his thought was, “I hope they won’t find out I’ve got him for the longest!” His glance rested on, or rather, roamed about the store before he fell asleep, and the bareness and desolation of the spot, the transparent delusion of his life, the mockery of “the business,” the hopelessness of his task, pressed more sorely than ever upon him for a few minutes as he lay there. He had turned down the lamp and put it behind the lime-barrel, from which place it threw gruesome shadows on the empty shelves, the one stick of candy in the biggest jar, the half fitch of country bacon on its nail near the window, the box from which he had abstracted the herrings for tea, the showcase with its bunch of shoe-strings and matches and yeast-cakes.

“If I was let to keep him, I don’t see how Butterfield’s can carry him,” he thought dismally. And then, “If he

ain’t claimed, though, I’ll try to keep him. I’ve been living too high, anyway, here lately, and it won’t take much to feed him, — that little fellow! Maybe I can get some extry work, and I don’t need no milk in my coffee. Some say it ain’t a good thing to take at all, and gives the dyspepsy. And that handkerchief would ’most make him a coat; ’t won’t take nothing at all to clothe that mite of a child, — nothing at all.” And thus deprived of most of his few comforts, and busily planning to get rid of the remainder, Uncle Joseph too fell asleep, nor dreamed that it was the child who was to “carry” Butterfield’s on and up to a glorious consummation, such as his wildest dreams had never contemplated; that the firm had taken in a sleeping partner in curly-locks under the counter, whose genius was in due time to be recognized far beyond the limits of Slumborough; that in obeying a humane instinct he had saved and gained the desire of his heart.

From the very first the child brought him good fortune, as often in after life he used to relate. The neighbors crowded in curiously to see him, and pitied him, and asked him a great many questions about himself, to which he cheerfully made answer in his childish fashion. The women all fell in love with him, and so did most of the men; and having come to gaze and talk, they ended by buying. That curly head brought in five dollars the first week. It was agreed, too, that Mr. Butterfield had behaved well at the fire; and if there were those who were as angry with him for keeping little Jake as if it had been his set purpose to do so at their expense, there were others who thought it natural and commendable.

The town authorities never once troubled themselves about the child, although for months Mr. Butterfield lived in a chronic fear and fever of anxiety lest they should. Jake’s mother had been sentenced for shoplifting; she was a

stranger in the place; there was no one to claim the boy or care for him. Sad to say, the poor mother was not even missed by the one creature that might, should, would have grieved for her if he had not been too young to know what sorrow meant. For a few days he asked for her often, and prattled about her in a merry, careless way that touched Uncle Joseph's heart, and led him to silence Jake or divert his attention.

"It's the first Jew ever I heard of on the wrong side of a jail door, and I reckon she warn't much of a woman to boast of, but she was a mother for all that; she loved the little chap, and I'll be dog-goned if I can stand hearing him talk like that. I would n't have chose him a Jew; no, indeed! I've always been set against the whole tribe, ma'am. But a prettier, or a brighter, or a smarter, or a sweeter child I never see nor hope to see belonging to nobody," he said to Miss Bradley. "You've only to look at him yourself to see it. Maybe it won't come out on him," he added rather anxiously, as if it were a question of measles rather than of race. "He's mighty young, and he won't see nor hear nothing of 'em, and he'll be brought up as good a deep-water Baptist as there is. You must see him. I'll call him. Here, Jake! Come here!"

Out strutted the child from the shed with his hands in his pockets. His comical, swaggering air of independence did not please Miss Bradley, who believed in a style of child as dead as Julius Cæsar; and if that had been all, she would have rebuked him promptly in a stately way; but his laughing eyes and that irresistible curly head so mitigated his "boldness" that she took him up instead and put him on the counter before her. The back view of Jake's trousers and small person generally would have amused the great "unamusable" Napoleon — after Waterloo, say — and softened the Iron Duke. The pair eyed each other amiably. Jacob's attention being attracted

by Miss Bradley's brooch, he made a dash at it, saying, "What did you pay for it? Where did you get it? What's it worth? Brass, ain't it? It's pretty. Why don't you sell it to Uncle Jo? Hainh? I'll give you my apple for it. I like breastpins. My mother, — she's burnt up, — she had two. Both of 'em was n't gold, though. She got one from a Christian, and he cheated her. She did n't know the difference. I know the difference. You smell 'em before you buy 'em, always."

"Dear me! how you do talk, child! You must not be so forward. It is highly improper to be giving your opinions in the presence of your elders and betters. I do hope Mr. Butterfield is not committing the folly of being over-indulgent, and that he remembers your station in life. No, it is not brass. No Virginian gentlewoman ever wears anything that is not absolutely genuine, Jacob."

"Are you a Christian?" asked Jacob.

"A Christian? I am a *Virginian*, Jacob," replied Miss Bradley, with dignity, inclusively, as covering the whole ground.

"I ain't. I am a Jew. But I'm going to be a Baptist, 'cause Uncle Jo, he's one. And I'm going to tie up the parcels and run arrants and sell goods all the time."

"Yes, yes, of course; but you must have the rudiments of an education as well, Jacob." ("I'll speak to Cynthia about it," she thought. She had once owned Cynthia, but the tables were turned now, and Cynthia emphatically owned her.)

"I don't want to. I'm going to keep store. I'm going to buy a whole lot of oranges and *boil* 'em. Two for fifteen cents," replied Jake. "I get it every time. They swell so." He inflated his cheeks to show how much.

"Mr. Butterfield, do you hear that? Who — who has poisoned this youthful mind and instilled such perversions of principle into this guileless bosom? I am unspeakably shocked, Jacob, to hear

you talk in this way." ("No matter what Cynthia says, it is now my duty to instruct him," she thought.) "You can get down now."

"All right," assented Jacob, and got down and trotted back again into the shed.

"An attractive child, I grant you, Mr. Butterfield, but one requiring to be judiciously reared. I trust Mrs. Nicodemus has been the better for the seasonable weather? Cynthia will bring her down a tray this afternoon, and I shall be disappointed if she does not find something on it that she can relish. We all like a change in pasture, you know. Good-morning," said the dear little lady, taking her leave, and Mr. Butterfield executed his grand bow as she stood on the door-sill, and another when she got outside. Less than these he never failed to bestow on a customer.

"Why don't you eat your bun, honey?" asked Mr. Butterfield of Jacob that evening.

"I don't want to," was the reply. "I'm going to swap it for a cocoanut with Bill Jenkins, and sell the cocoanut. But you'll see, Uncle Jo!"

And if you will believe me, that mite of a manikin put that bun into a cocoanut, and that cocoanut into candy, which he sold to all the boys in the neighborhood, clearing seventy-five cents by the transaction, and managing to get his share of the sweets beside. This was a straw, but it showed what the little Jacob was.

Mr. Butterfield lost no time in taking him to the chapel he attended and beginning the process that was to end in his becoming a deep-water Baptist. He taught him a verse from the New Testament every morning. As the years went on he gradually inoculated the child with all his own unjust prejudice against the race from which he sprang. But all the same, the trading instinct, the shrewdness, the intelligence, the self-reliance of a thousand generations of Israelites dwelt under the cap that covered that

curly head, and became more and more apparent every day. If you had taken Jacob and shut him up in the Bastille for life, he would have traded successfully with the keepers. If you had sent him to Siberia, he would have made money out of handcuffs and knouts. If you had put him in a lighthouse, he would have made a neat thing of it with the government. With him, to breathe was to gain, and get, and keep, and invest, and re-invest, and so on over and over again. Naturally, he attracted other children, and it was wonderful to see how instinctively he spread his chaff to suit his birds, and, what is more, caught them. It was a constant surprise, a continual amazement, to Uncle Joseph to see him do it; the ease, the skill, with which he made money often struck him dumb.

"I never see the like; he beats 'em all. I ain't got no anxiety now about Jake, little as he is. He'll get along. You should just see him, hear him talk to me 'bout what he's going to do. Why, after the first three years he's made his own keep, pretty much. Think of it! I can't see how he does it," said Mr. Butterfield admiringly to a friend. "He's got a wonderful head, that boy, —jest wonderful." And it was wonderful, just as it is wonderful to see an oriole build its nest, deftly weaving in twigs, wool, cloth, hair, whatever materials come to hand. The play of instinct was the same with the boy as with the bird.

Mr. Butterfield went in, one evening in March, when the boy was about eight years old, and found him seated before a big table, very earnest and flushed, and busily at work. "What in the land are you doing *now*, Jake, my son?" Mr. Butterfield asked, and, with his roguish eyes dancing in his head, Jake replied, "I'm making fifty-cent kites for ten, Uncle Jo, and can't do 'em fast enough. Miss Bradley brought me one from Washington, and there ain't none here like it, and I've took it for a pattern. I spoiled

two at first, but now I can do 'em, I tell you! Look here, — ain't it pretty? Ain't this one of Bill's a beauty? I've made two dollars by 'em already, and I'm not near done. I make 'em pay extra for the red-tailed ones; they're made to look like birds, you see. Lend me your knife, won't you?"

When ice was "holding" on Melton's Pond, the following winter, what did Jake do, but get up a particular kind of strap for buckling on skates, and make a tidy little sum out of that too. On the 4th of July he was up at daylight, and, having provided himself plentifully with firecrackers on the 3d, did a flourishing little business before Uncle Jo was up; and when Mr. Butterfield did come into the shed-room Jake and his friends were letting off a couple of bunches on the kitchen stove. "I've had all the fun I wanted. And I've made a dollar besides," said Jake, running to embrace him, and whispering this last item. He let off the last bunch on the back of Mother Nicodemus's cap that afternoon, and when the sun went down had put three dollars in the till and brought the key to Mr. Butterfield with another embrace and a radiant face. The child was as affectionate as he was enterprising and industrious, and he had caught the Butterfield fever.

In Jake's ninth year Mother Nicodemus died, and one day soon after her funeral Jake, seeing that Uncle Joseph looked very downcast and sad, slipped into his lap and said, "Look here, Uncle Jo. Don't you worrit; me and you'll build up Butterfield's together. See if I don't! You can have my dog, too, if you want it. I *was* going to trade. But it don't matter." By the time Jake was ten he had a decided influence upon the business. Parents had begun to follow the lead of the children. And there never was anything like Jake's talent for meeting their demands, his shifts, devices, ways, means, general readiness for

emergencies. With Cynthia's qualified assent, Miss Bradley had kept her word, and for several years taught Jake so carefully and well that in manner and speech he became much superior to most boys of his class. But the kernel of the whole matter lay in this: he had a genius for shopkeeping. At twelve he was noted as one of the "smartest," neatest, most civil youngsters in all Slumborough. People said of him that "he might easily be taken for a gentleman's son," and that "that boy of Butterfield's was a credit to him and would get on, certain." His bright face, his politeness, and his invincible amiability made him a general favorite.

As for Uncle Joseph, he doted on the boy. What he would have done after Mother Nicodemus's death but for this busy, cheery-wise little companion, Heaven only knows. At first he would say, "What's that?" or "Go 'long, Jake; you must be crazy," when "the small chap" made suggestions about the business and its management; but before long it was, "Well, I reckon that *would* be a good plan," or "I'll try that, my boy. How did you ever come to think of it?" It was Jake who rubbed up the red apples until they shone, and sorted them, and asked enough for the biggest to pay for all, and got it, too. It was Jake who wrapped the oranges in tissue-paper to make them "look fine" and would not let them touch one another "for fear that they would rot," and sold only one bunch of bananas, but those of the finest, and so got up the name of the store for good fruit.

He had a talent for asking questions, among his other talents. He knew what everything in his line sold for in other stores, and what those stores had. The tricks of the trade he did not altogether disdain, as when, hearing that eggs were scarce, he bought twelve dozen from a farmer's wagon one morning, scared Uncle Joseph dreadfully, and sold the lot to the hotel before noon. Uncle Joseph

taught the lad how to shoot and fish. Presently fresh fish were to be seen for sale at Butterfield's all during Lent. And Jake having chanced to come upon a stranger who was out shooting black-birds for the wings, which he sent off to a New York house, took the address, and sold his slaughtered hundreds in all; the money he put into paint and fixtures, fancy bags, and gas-pipes for Butterfield's. He shot partridges, too, and trapped rabbits, which he dressed and sold at an advance on the undressed ones of his neighbors. He made Uncle Joseph buy pink onions because they "looked pretty." He cut open a watermelon every day and let it stand in the doorway, its own invitation to the thirsty passer-by. "It ain't waste, Uncle Jo. It's advertising. You let me be. You'll see! I watch 'em. They go by the other stores; but when they see that melon they walk right in."

From his fifteenth to his twentieth year, Jake did nothing but add to the attractions of Butterfield's. He got a parrot by trading, and kept it in the store because people stopped to listen, and it put them in a good humor. Uncle Joseph had struggled for years to keep his two jars half supplied with peppermint candy. "The public school is being built on the square above. I'll get in some dates, and figs, and marbles, and candies," said Jake breezily. "I'll order down a big supply from Washington."

It was a small order as some shops count, but to Mr. Butterfield it seemed fraught with peril and destruction. "Jake! Jake! Where will you stop! Three barrels of sugar, and now all these sweets!" he cried in real distress. "You'll never be able to pay for them in the world."

"Only *one* barrel of sugar; the others are *blinds*, nailed up to keep people from finding it out, Uncle Jo. And I bet you in two weeks there won't be a box of goodies left in the store. The

children have got to pass this way, and I give a carnelian marble or a thimble with every box. I know what I'm about, Uncle Jo. Don't you get scared."

"You'd better stick to groceries, Jake. Stick to groceries, I say."

"Stick to *groceries*! I say, sell whatever people want to buy. I'm not going to have anything stick to me except customers. You've got to take risks in business, Uncle Jo, if you want to make money. Just you wait! You'll see," replied Jacob. He always ended their discussions with this confident speech.

By degrees he revolutionized everything about the business except Mr. Butterfield himself. Mr. Butterfield could not be born again, and nothing less radical would have made him what Jake considered a business man. On another, ante-bellum planet and under another, extinct system he had once done business successfully; and he had age on his side, — presumably, experience. Yet here was Jake knocking the store and all that appertained to it about his ears, as if business were a game of ninepins. It often tried the old man dreadfully, dearly as he loved the lad. What he did not suspect was that he was equally trying to Jacob, dearly as the lad loved the old man.

"If he would just turn it all over to me, and let me manage, and not interfere at all," Jake said once to his great friend, Bill Jenkins. "I can't bear to hurt his feelings, or for him to think himself useless. But he comes into the store and tells the truth about everything, when there is no need. And he gives away the fresh eggs and nicest butter to the dead-beats, and leaves our best customers without any, and he won't send a bill to any of the old families; he says they've always dealt honorable with him, and always will, and it ain't proper to pester 'em like a fly with bills every month. If anybody wants a receipt, he asks them what they take him for, and says he's been a poor man for a good

many years, but ain't never been dishonest enough to send a bill again that's been settled. He's just the dearest old uncle that ever lived, but you can't do a thing with him, and he would swamp the Treasury at Washington. If I don't get hold of the books, Butterfield's will never hold up its head again, and I am just bent and determined on seeing it the biggest and best store in the State."

Jake was about fifteen at this time. Things were not going very well at the store, and in a fit of impatience Jake went off and "peddled stuff" on the train for three months, after some sharp words with the head of the firm. He came back with a nice little sum, embraced Mr. Butterfield and kissed him as he had always done, sat on his lap, and talked so largely, hopefully, affectionately, that Mr. Butterfield could not hold out. "You can take the books, my boy. It will all be yours, anyway, some day," he said, "and I reckon you might as well come into the firm now as later." This practically was Mr. Butterfield's abdication, and Charles V. of Spain did not feel the event to be a whit more solemn when he retired from *his* business because it was not a paying one.

"Well, I reckon I'd better, pappy," said Jake. "But you'll be here to keep me straight, and it'll all go right. You'll see! I've got an idea! Lots of 'em! Just you wait!"

"Yes, I'll keep the supervision and see that it is all managed right," said Mr. Butterfield in perfect good faith, and if Jake smiled it was very sweetly.

Next day Jake had a place railed off at the back of the store, put a desk and a high chair there, got a huge book, an inkstand, post-cards, pens, stamps, and blotting-paper.

"You don't need all them! What a waste of money, my son!" remonstrated Mr. Butterfield.

"No, it ain't, Uncle Jo; got 'em on purpose, — and got 'em big on purpose. I ain't going to stand at the door bowing,

I can tell you. I like it in *you*, pappy. But I'm going to be always sitting in that pen yonder, so busy I can't hear 'em call for five minutes, and keep 'em waiting."

"It ain't polite. It don't become you, Jake, in your position. You are here to serve 'em well and quick."

"Yes, yes, I know that, Uncle Jo. But politeness don't pay its dividends *always*. I know what I'm about. There's a time to hear, and a time to be as deaf as a post."

Jake was behind the railing one day, shortly after this, when Miss Bradley came in. She looked about her at the shelves, freshly painted, and well filled, and smiled, well pleased. "Why, Jacob, this is very nice to see, — Butterfield's arising like another Phœnix from its ashes. This is really delightful!" she said.

"What's a Phœnix, ma'am?" asked Jacob, and was told the history of that classic fowl in words of six syllables. Miss Bradley then made known her errand. "If you could, without inconvenience, Jacob, oblige me by sending around a dozen cakes of fresh yeast, during the day, I shall be obliged, and Cynthia grateful. Nowhere else can one get as good. It has always been a secret of Butterfield's. I have heard my grandmother remark that she was very desirous at one time to get the recipe, and make it."

"Yes'm. Thank you, ma'am. That will be all right. The yeast will be at the house in ten minutes sharp. Good-morning," said Jacob, and the dear old lady gathered up her skirts and parcels, and was bowed out respectfully by Mr. Butterfield.

"That's the very thing!" cried Jake, when she had gone. "We'll call it the 'Phœnix Yeast,' and advertise it. Hurrah! I know how to do it!"

"Butterfield's yeast don't *need* no advertising. It's never been known not to rise, and everybody in Slumborough,

pretty much, knows it, and what more do you want? Don't talk to me of advertising, Jacob. We ain't never spent a cent that way. We've always been a respectable firm," replied Mr. Butterfield.

Jacob was silent, but his lower jaw looked as if it had made up its mind to advertise, and so it had. In a week, flaming red bills were in the window and on the street, with a Phoenix rising from a sort of dust-heap, labeled "Butterfield's," and everybody was adjured by every selfish consideration to buy the great, original, peerless, perfect, celebrated "Butterfield's Bijou Phoenix Yeast."

In a month all the country roads leading to the town were ablaze with bills, and Jacob's soul was satisfied. "We've got a specialty," he said. "You can't do anything without a specialty." Fresh ways of making the yeast known to the general public fermented continually in his mind. The Phoenix legend was soon emblazoned on everything, and became his Excelsior, inscribed on all his banners, hung on his outer walls, and planted on the tower of the citadel.

Mr. Butterfield, returning from a day's fishing not long after this, was struck by the appearance of a very extraordinary dog that came running down the street to meet him, as if they were old acquaintances. It was a poodle of the shaggiest description, and had been snow-white. It had been dyed red. A broad band had been shaved around its body, and on its back appeared in large letters, "Buy Butterfield's Bijou Phoenix Yeast." It was Jacob's legend, Jacob's dog. For once mild Uncle Joseph lost his temper completely. His grandmother's — Butterfield's — respectable Virginia yeast, used by the leading families for half a century and more, openly, shamelessly heralded forth on the main street of Slumborough on the back of a red poodle! It drove him wild to think of it! He caught up the animal (which was never again seen in that guise in public) and went home and had a scene with Ja-

cob, who was perfectly amazed to have stirred up such a tempest by a device upon which he had prided himself not a little.

"What is a Byjoo, anyway, I'd like to know?" demanded Uncle Joseph furiously. "I ain't no Jew! It's Butterfield's Family Yeast, and always has been, and always will be; and this is your doings, Jacob. If you ever turn that dog out again to insult me, and the family, and the firm in the town where we've always lived and been respected by high and low, I'll shoot him dead and give up Butterfield's and go away somewhere and die among strangers."

In vain had Uncle Joseph bred his bird up a barnyard fowl — a Baptist — a Butterfield! Blood had been too strong for him. And a blessed thing it was too, a blessed day, when this offshoot from one of the oldest yet still one of the most vigorous races among the children of men was driven into his tent for shelter, and under his wing for love and protection. In a few months the demand for Phoenix Yeast was so great that it was as much as they could do (simple as the recipe really was) to supply it. Every night Uncle Joseph and Jake sat around the big table in the little shed-room, and made it, having first locked the door and pulled down the blind so that the great secret might not get out. Uncle Joseph was so nervously afraid of this that in summer he always looked up the wide-mouthed chimney before settling to his work, to make sure that there was not "a chiel among them takin' notes." Jake would laugh mischievously at this, and Uncle Joseph would say, "It's better to be on the safe side, Jacob. It's a good deal easier to keep a bird in its cage than to catch it again once it gets out." Just for fun, what should Jake do one night but get up that chimney on purpose that he might be caught. Uncle Joseph, stooping down, with his hands on his knees, and peering up, received a galvanic shock, and

thought he had "got him at last." He hunted up his old ramrod, and was about to give some vigorous lunges in that quarter when Jake slipped down almost into his arms, to his intense astonishment and Jake's intense delight.

When the poodle episode was over, Uncle Joseph felt that he had been hasty with the lad, and then for the first time solemnly admitted him to the firm as a "full partner" by way of making amends. Jake was extremely pleased. He squared himself at the table that evening, and gave his whole mind to a new sign, which he designed entirely himself, with ink and cardboard and fancy papers, deciding at last on a gilt Phœnix with "Butterfield & Co." in red letters below, on a green scroll.

"I'm Co., pappy," he said when it was mounted, "and you are Butterfield. Ain't it grand? Ain't it elegant? I mean to have that bird on every cake of soap that leaves the store, before I'm done, and on every barrel of flour, and on every pot of butter, and on every single blessed thing we sell, as sure as my name is Co! See if I don't. That bird's going to make Lecky and all of 'em screech yet! He looked like a buzzard until it struck me to have him gilt. I'm going to put him on the buttons of my coat! Now we'll just swoop over them all, won't we?" he said, addressing the fowl in question.

"Remember, Jake, you are a *full* partner," repeated Mr. Butterfield, when he bade him good-night, and with solemnity he laid his hand on Jacob's head, still curly, though Jake had tried and tried to make his locks straight. "There is n't many men as'd give such a big responsibility to a boy, nor many boys fit to have it laid on them. My father was fifty before he became that in Butterfield's. But I reckon I've done well, and you'll be under my eye all the time, where you can get advice and be showed what to do. And do you always remember what it is to be in such a firm and

such a business, and never do you disgrace Butterfield's, the longest day you live, sir."

"I will — I won't Uncle Joseph, I promise," declared Jake, quite affected by his new dignity. And then he began laughing. With all Jake's schemes and talents, his laugh was a better advertisement than anything he could have invented for the new firm.

The two partners were not always agreed after this, happily as their quarrel had ended. There was one very black day when Jake sold a customer (from a leading family whose name had always been on the Butterfield books in palmy days) a tea-caddy, asked three prices for it with his most delightful smile, and so sweetly declined to charge it that it was quite a pleasure to hear him, — it sounded almost like a compliment.

Mr. Butterfield was horrified and indignant. This was worse than advertising; revolutionary, atrocious, dishonest.

"But she said she would n't have anything that was cheap. I did n't want to sell to her at all, for she can't afford to buy much. She can't afford it. So I set a fancy price, hoping to scare her off. And I don't mean to charge anything to anybody. I sell only for cash."

"You ain't fit to be a partner in Butterfield's nor no other house," cried Mr. Butterfield. "I am ashamed of you, insulting a Mordaunt, that has had hundreds from us charged before now. And trying to cheat her beside. And calling it 'business.' It's rascality! It's that there Jew blood in you, Jacob. Leave the sto'." He was in a white heat.

As for Jake, he went off and cried his eyes out, for he had a most affectionate heart, and was not only much hurt, but very rebellious.

So keen was Mr. Butterfield's chagrin at this incident that he paid a trembling visit to Miss Augusta Mordaunt to explain away the insult. "That boy of mine is a good boy," he said, "and he's got some good ideas about business. But,

Miss Augusta," — he approached her as he spoke, — "he warn't *born* a Butterfield. He warn't born in Slumborough at all. I don't know that he was born in Virginia even."

"Ah," said Miss Mordaunt, with a sigh, as if she had been given the clue to a great mystery, "that accounts for everything." After further apologies the offense was forgiven, and Mr. Butterfield went away, feeling that his honor was vindicated, even if he could not yet acquit Jacob of an unspeakable crime.

"Jacob," he said when he reached home, "you ain't got *no* call nor claim to be impudent to the lowest in this town, for you don't rightly belong here, only through me. And you are a foreigner, though it ain't throwed up to you through being my son by adoption; you ain't even asked where you came from. All that is overlooked; but if you go to making war on your betters, you'll come out the small end of the horn. You can't have no business without them. Oh yes, I reckon you can make *money*, but money ain't *Butterfield's*!"

"You know I love you better than anything in this world, Uncle Jo," sobbed Jacob. "I'd do anything in the world for you. But I *can't* do business your way. I can't, daddy. It's no use talking; I don't know how, and when you get mad with me (boo-hoo!) and talk to me like you've done (boo-hoo!) it 'most breaks my heart! I *ain't* a Jew at all, either. I'm a Butterfield, and your boy."

"I know, I know my son," Uncle Joseph replied, affected by his embraces and tears and passionate protestations. "We won't say no mo'. But do you remember that you warn't born here, but have come in, a foreigner, and have got to live it down, and not go stirring up all Slumborough against you."

The town, which knew Jacob only as a most resolute, self-reliant youth, bubbling over with cheerfulness, and small jokes, and enterprise, and audacity, would have

been surprised to see him with his head down on Uncle Joseph's shoulder, sobbing like a child. But if Jacob had the Jewish vice of making money *coûte que coûte*, he had every Jewish virtue, too: the strong affections and generous qualities, the industry and cleverness and ability of many kinds that make the race conspicuous in far other and higher fields than even Butterfield's.

By no means all the talks between the old man and the young one were of this distressing nature. No indeed! There was one day, when the business, under Jake's Midas touch, first gave a vigorous bound in the right direction, that neither of them ever quite forgot. Mr. Butterfield had been off in the next county visiting one of his respected and respectable Baptist brothers, though it was the busiest season of the year, in accordance with his ancient and admirable theory as to the proper way of conducting any and every business. Jake had taken advantage of his absence to carry out a certain plan, and had got in boxes and boxes and boxes from Baltimore and Philadelphia and New York. For three days he had been whistling their contents into place, and in the joy of his heart even his hair seemed to share, for it curled in the most luxuriant and splendid fashion all about his shapely head, and he was much too busy to "take the Jew" out of it, as he thanklessly called its natural and beautiful wave. He was casting his eye down the bill of lading, with a thoughtful frown, and debating with quick eye and wit what would "take," and on what he would "make," and how he should conceal little "dodges" from his "daddy," when the door opened and Mr. Butterfield walked in. Jake ran forward and embraced him, only taking time to stick his pencil behind his ear; but in spite of the supporting arm, Mr. Butterfield sank on the nearest seat.

"Jacob!" he exclaimed. "Pickles again, — a whole row of them. And

olives! And Sultana raisins! And preserves in glass! The whole side of the sto' — Get me a glass of water. Quick, Jacob, and — put something in it."

A happy evening that was, and Jacob, who loved the sound of his own tongue, and naturally was full of honest admiration for the admirable results of his talents, chirped and chattered away for hours, and showed every white tooth in his head as he threw it back to laugh, and made himself vastly entertaining as he opened his budget to show how it had all come about.

"I had n't thought to see pickles from Belfast again on my shelves, my boy, while I lived, much less fruit in glass. And them raisins! It's just wonderful, Jake. I don't see how you do it, for the life of me, and taking things so easy, too! You are a good boy, Jake, and deserve well of Butterfield's. You *ought* to have been born here, I declare," was Uncle Joseph's comment, — with which praise Jake was quite content. He would not have been so well pleased if he had seen the old man later, when, unable to sleep, he got up, took his lamp and luxuriated in another look at the shelves, then rubbed his chin, and said to the bunch of Sultana raisins in his hand, "I would n't have *chosed* him a Jew. But it's lucky for Butterfield's, I do reckon."

Jacob had a struggle of it, sometimes, to keep the business going according to his ideas. But a merry heart is a good member of any firm, and goes not only all the day, but for many a year. When Fouché complained of the discontent of Paris, Napoleon curtly advised him to "give them more fireworks." Jacob likewise took to fireworks when business flagged, and recognized the fact that Slumborough was dull, and needed an occasional sensation; also that it could, and did, and always would enjoy and appreciate shocks from the world's great electric battery. The town abounded in spinsters and widows and girls, and the reportorial capacity of a woman's

tongue cannot be overrated. Jacob, ever polite, plucky, and pleasant, saw that excitement was "a long felt want" of all country towns, and undertook to supply it, as he would have supplied anything for which there was any demand from a match to a mummy. He divined, too, by instinct, the most universal of passions in the human breast — a passion for getting something for nothing. With these two levers, it became an easy task, as soon as they were properly adjusted, to lift Butterfield's up to any level desired. He added a soda-fountain; he added an oyster saloon that soon blossomed into a restaurant; he added a bakery and a confectionery department. The store was always bulging out in fresh directions. In five years he sent his Phoenix crackers to South America, Mexico, and Cuba. He sold Phoenix Bijou Yeast in a dozen States. He provided nearly all the hotels of the five neighboring cities with Phoenix butter. In a little while no lady in Slumborough felt that the day had begun until she had seen what was going on at Butterfield's; and once at the windows she was irresistibly drawn within doors by a gift, a bargain, a novelty. Money flowed in to the till in a way that quite frightened and scandalized Mr. Butterfield.

"Are you running a sto' or are you running a circus, Jacob? That's what I want to know," he would ask. And Jake would laugh, and say it was "a theatre." Miss Bradley's loan was repaid with interest. Lecky was perfectly crushed by such a rival. Moses, Solomons & Co. willingly let Jacob have all the money he wanted, and asked him to their respective homes. Slumborough became for the summer visitor and in the commercial world just a synonym for Butterfield's.

A great deal of comment was naturally roused in the community, first and last, by the success of Jacob. Mr. Mordaunt remarked to Mr. Bradley one day on the street: "I have always said that

slavery as practiced in Virginia was a source of justifiable emolument to the upper class, and a good thing for the negroes. They fared as well as any laboring class in the world. But as a source of revenue, take all Africa, Bradley, and give me a dozen Israelites. If one turned them out every morning on 'Change, and emptied their pockets every night, one would soon have enough to live like a gentleman again, and need never give money another thought. It is that Jewish strain in the lad coming out, you may depend upon it! I am credibly informed that he comes of that race."

At last a great day dawned for Mr. Butterfield, a great day for Jacob. For the business had burst all its bounds, so to speak. There was money laid by in the bank, where Jake was always called "Mr. Butterfield," most respectfully, now, and it was decided to rebuild. In a year there was a new Butterfield's, indeed! It had a front like the bank, and ran up six stories, and back indefinitely. It was all built of pressed brick, and tiles, and plate-glass! It had a life-size Phoenix over the door, as big as a condor. It had electric lights, and elevators, and bells, and punches, and tubes, and pipes. It had a gorgeous office that might have been that of the governor of the State. It was as full of clerks as it could hold, and a good deal fuller, often, of customers, to be Hibernian; for on field-days there was always a large crowd before the door unable to get in. It was no longer necessary, when business was hopelessly dull, for Jake to light a few matches and papers in the front of the store overnight, and do just the right amount of scorching and blackening, and have a "sacrifice sale" next day, and clear seventy-five dollars, with a laugh in his sleeve that was worth as much more.

The counters at Butterfield's were all of natural woods now, and the show-cases of plate-glass mounted in nickel, which Mr. Bortswick, the Baptist minister in Slumborough, said was "a wicked

waste of the precious metals of heaven." Jake was perfectly radiant and triumphant when he gazed about him and thought of what he had accomplished, and of all the way from the shanty with the lime-barrel, the apple-basket, and the fagots of kindling to *this*. He reflected that he was not yet thirty-two; he looked down at his fashionable trousers; he looked across with a warmer and better feeling at his beloved "daddy," "pappy," "Uncle Jo," as he variously called Mr. Butterfield, "dressed as good as any gentleman in Slumborough" and carrying a gold-headed cane, his own gift at Christmas; he thought of their rooms which he had lately furnished in a high-chromo style that would have killed an aesthete outright, but in which were represented all the comforts and luxuries that either of them had ever coveted in the old days of poverty; and his cup was full. He had no regrets. He determined to marry soon. Not Rachel Schmidt, though she was very pretty, which was nice, and would have money, which was certainly no objection, though Mr. Schmidt had taken a good deal of notice of him lately, and had always been kind and had lent him money in several of his straits, without security too. No, Jacob could not get his own consent to marry a Jewess; he never owned to himself that he was a Jew, not even in the dark, in the middle of the night. He disliked the race particularly, though most unreasonably. He would marry Nanny Nicodemus, and give away twenty-five "bridal tea-sets," sweet affairs of six pieces in white-and-gold with rosebuds on a clear ground, and get back all the expenses of his wedding and a nice little sum "to boot." No wonder Jacob's face was bright as he walked down the grand entrance with his arm around Mr. Butterfield's neck, and only clouded for a moment when a lazy clerk got in the way. He pushed him aside, saying, "Don't you see my father coming?" He was on the easiest terms, as

a rule, with his employes, though he was always master. But he demanded that the most exaggerated respect should be shown his adopted father.

Mr. Butterfield, too, often looked about him at the miracles wrought by Jacob. It was all wonderful to him, very wonderful. Jacob still appeared to him a mere boy. How had he done it? "It's as easy as turning his hand over for him," he mused. He enjoyed the increased respect that his changed position had brought him. He was grateful to Jake for all his love and thought and care. He admired his industry, and marveled at his enterprise: But this grand store, this hive, this place of perpetual sensations and fireworks and brag and blind, of traps, excitements, continual changes, continual displacements, of noise and hurry and general hurrah! What was it, after all? He remembered a long room with a low ceiling, as quiet as a church, where nobody was ever in haste, and a voice was rarely raised. He remembered a green stone jug that had been in the window for fifty years, and that he would no more have sold than he would have sold his own father. He remembered leisurely patrons, quietly and respectfully served. Patrons do I say? Friends rather of a lifetime, whom it would be shameful to deceive, who always asked after his health and were interested in the well-being of the family, and with whom his father had discussed the politics of the country and the news of the neighborhood. Not a greedy mob, eager to buy and be gone, and to save a nickel, without so much as a "good-morning," with an appetite for novelties that never was satisfied, and with death or a bailiff always at their heels apparently. The old man remembered the world before the flood, in short, as he sat near the new gilt register, wiping his face with the red bandanna which he would not give up, not even to please Jacob. "Jacob says it's *business*," he thought sadly, his mind and eye and heart

wearied by the blaze and glare and glitter that surrounded him, and all his soul protesting against the group of clerks off duty at the back of the premises, engaged in horse-play, and smoking cigarettes with their heels up well above their heads.

It was Miss Mordaunt who formulated his disjointed though ardent impressions. They met one day in front of the store, where she had been stopped by Jacob, whom she had never altogether liked. He had run after her to give her a receipt for a bill paid. She shook her head and pushed his hand away, but he said, "You must take it; it's a rule of the house," and finally stuck it in the flap of her reticule laughingly and went indoors again. Miss Mordaunt pettishly took it out, tore it up, and threw down the pieces. "I never took a receipt from you in all my life, Mr. Butterfield," she said, "and I never will — there!"

"No, of course not," replied Mr. Butterfield. "That's right, Miss Augusta. I'd have known better than to offer it. It's that Jacob of mine. He will have his own way. I hope you will be so kind as to excuse his faults. He's made a fine place of it, has n't he, now?"

They both looked up at the gilt Phoenix above them; at the huge shop windows with Phoenixes in every material that was ever known, from gold to gingerbread; at the blue-label hams of the Phoenix brand hanging on pegs; at the rows of bottled ale with red Phoenix labels; at the boxes of soap of the green Phoenix brand.

"You have got a mighty fine establishment here," she said, "mighty fine! But it is n't Butterfield's. Oh dear, no, it is n't *Butterfield's*!"

It was not, it never would be again, and Mr. Butterfield knew it. Jacob had done wonders, but he could not call back again the day that was past. Their eyes met and filled with tears, that past was so clear to them both. Mr. Butterfield stood watching her for some moments

as she picked her way home along the muddy sidewalk with her delicate, cat-like grace of movement. He looked back at the store, and a picture in the window caught his eye, a caricature of the President, wretchedly vulgar, familiarly labeled, set there to please "the garlic-breathed many."

"She's right. It *ain't* Butterfield's," he thought, and never in the deepest depths of poverty and misfortune had he felt a keener pang than now pierced his heart on the height of "Fortune's crowning slope:" "Butterfield's is dead, and I might as well be too." From that day and hour the old man visibly relaxed his hold on life. In vain did Jake send him here, and send him there; in vain did he try to interest him in what was going on at the store, or in

his plans for the future of the business. That idol was dethroned forever, and lying prone in the dust.

So was the poor high priest of the Butterfield religion, a year from that date. The old man called Jake to his bedside as he lay dying in the smart chromo room. "Go down — that picture — take it out of the window. The chief magistrate of the nation — take it out, or I can't die in peace," he panted.

Jacob hastened to obey, and coming back knelt down by him, saying, "That's all right. I took it out. I'll do anything for you, daddy, anything." Joseph received his kiss, took his hand, turned over on his side, and with a long-drawn patient sigh went out of the great business of life, quietly honoring the very last draft upon Butterfield's.

Frances Courtenay Baylor.

A CAROLINA MOUNTAIN POND.

STEWART'S POND, on the Hamburg road a mile or so from the village of Highlands, North Carolina, served me, a visiting bird-gazer, more than one good turn: selfishly considered, it was something to be thankful for; but I never passed it, for all that, without feeling that it was a defacement of the landscape. The Cullasajah River is here only four or five miles from its source, near the summit of Whiteside Mountain, and already a land-owner, taking advantage of a level space and what passes among men as a legal title, has dammed it (the reader may spell the word as he chooses — "dammed" or "damned," it is all one to a mountain stream) for uses of his own. The water backs up between a wooded hill on one side and a rounded grassy knoll on the other, narrows where the road crosses it by a rude bridge, and immediately broadens again, as best it can, against the base of a steeper, for-

est-covered hill just beyond. The shapelessness of the pond and its romantic surroundings will in the course of years give it beauty, but for the present everything is unpleasantly new. The tall old trees and the ancient rhododendron bushes, which have been drowned by the brook they meant only to drink from, are too recently dead. Nature must have time to trim the ragged edges of man's work and fit it into her own plan. And she will do it, though it may take her longer than to absorb the man himself.

When I came in sight of the pond for the first time, in the midst of my second day's explorations, my first thought, it must be confessed, was not of its beauty or want of beauty, but of sandpipers, and in a minute more I was leaning over the fence to sweep the water-line with my opera-glass. Yes, there they were, five or six in number, one

here, another there; solitary sandpipers, so called with only a moderate degree of appropriateness, breaking their long northward journey beside this mountain lake, which might have been made for their express convenience. I was glad to see them. Without being rare, they make themselves uncommon enough to be always interesting; and they have, besides, one really famous trait, — the extraordinary secrecy of their breeding operations. Well known as they are, and wide as is their distribution, their eggs, so far as I am aware, are still unrepresented in scientific collections except by a single specimen found almost twenty years ago in Vermont; a "record," as we say in these days, of which *Totanus solitarius* may rightfully be proud.

About another part of the pond, on this same afternoon (May 8), were two sandpipers of a more ordinary sort: spotted sandpipers, familiar objects, we may fairly say, the whole country over. Few American schoolboys but have laughed at their absurd teetering motions. In this respect the solitary sandpiper is better behaved. It does not teeter — it *bobs*; standing still, as if in deep thought, and then dipping forward quickly (a fanciful observer might take the movement for an affirmative gesticulation, an involuntary "Yes, yes, now I have it!") and instantly recovering itself, exactly in the manner of a plover. This is partly what Mr. Chapman means, I suppose, when he speaks of the solitary sandpiper's superior quietness and dignity; two fine attributes, which may have much to do with their possessor's almost unparalleled success in eluding the researches of oölogical collectors. Nervousness and loquacity are poor hands at preserving a secret.

Although my first brief visit to Stewart's Pond made three additions to my local bird-list (the third being a pair of brown creepers), I did not go that way again for almost a fortnight. Then

(May 21) my feet were barely on the bridge before a barn swallow skimmed past me. Swallows of any kind in the mountains of North Carolina are like hen-hawks in Massachusetts, — rare enough to be worth following out of sight. As for barn swallows, I had not expected to see them here at all. I kept my eye upon this fellow, therefore, with the more jealousy, and happily for me he seemed to have found the spot very much to his mind. If he was a straggler, as I judged likely in spite of the lateness of the season, he was perhaps all the readier to stay for an hour or two on so favorable a hunting-ground. With him were half a dozen rough-wings, — probably not stragglers, — hawking over the water; feeding, bathing, and now and then, by way of variety, engaging in some pretty spirited lovers' quarrels. In one such encounter, I remember, one of the contestants received so heavy a blow that she quite lost her balance (the sex was matter of guesswork) and dropped plump into the water; and more than once the fun was interrupted by an irate phœbe, who dashed out upon the makers of it with an ugly snap of his beak, as much as to say, "Come, now, this is my bridge." Mr. Stewart himself could hardly have held stricter notions about the rights of property. The rough-wings frequently perched in the dead trees, and once, at least, the barn swallow did likewise; something which I never saw a bird of his kind do before, to the best of my recollection. For to-day he was in Rome, and had fallen in with the Roman customs.

As I have said already, his presence was unexpected. His name is not included in Mr. Brewster's North Carolina list, and I saw no other bird like him till I was approaching Asheville, a week later, in a railway train. Then I was struck almost at the same moment by two things — a brick chimney and a barn swallow. My start at the

sight of red bricks made me freshly aware with what quickness the mind puts away the past and accustoms itself to new and strange surroundings. Man is the slave of habit, we say; but how many of us, even in middle age, have altered our modes of living, our controlling opinions, or our daily occupations, and in the shortest while have forgotten the old order of things, till it has become all like a dream,—a story heard long ago and now dimly remembered. Was it indeed we who lived there, and believed thus, and spent our days so? This capacity for change augurs well for the future of the race, and not less for the future of the individual, whether in this world or in another.

In a previous article I mentioned as provocative of astonishment the ignorance of a North Carolina man, my driver from Walhalla, who had no idea of what I meant by "swallows." His case turned out to be less singular than I thought, however, for when I spoke of it to an exceptionally bright, well-informed farmer in the vicinity of Highlands, he answered that he saw nothing surprising about it; *he* did not know what swallows were, neither. Martins he knew, — purple martins, — though there were none hereabout, so far as I could discover, but "swallow," as a bird's name, was a novelty he had never heard of. Here on Stewart's bridge I might have tested the condition of another resident's mind upon the same point, but unfortunately the experiment did not occur to me. He came along on horseback, and I called his attention to the swallows shooting to and fro over the water, a pretty spectacle anywhere, but doubly so in this swallow-poor country. He manifested no very lively interest in the subject; but he made me a civil answer, — which is perhaps more than a hobby-horsical catechist, who travels up and down the world cross-examining his busy fellow mortals, has any good reason for counting upon in such a

case. With so many things to be seen and done in this short life, it is obvious that all men's tastes cannot run to ornithology. "Yes," the stranger said, glancing at the swallows, "I expect they have their nests under the bridge." A civil answer I called it, but it was better than that; indicating, as it did, some acquaintance with the rough-wing's habits, or a shrewd knack at guessing. But the man knew nothing about a bird that nested in barns.

A short distance beyond the bridge, in a clearing over which lay scattered the remains of a house that had formerly stood in it (for even this new country is not destitute of ruins), a pair of snow-birds were chipping nervously, and near the same spot my ear caught the lisping call of my first North Carolina brown creeper. No doubt it was breeding somewhere close by, and my imagination at once fastened upon a loose clump of water-killed trees, from the trunks of which the dry bark was peeling in big sun-warped flakes, as the site of its probable habitation. This was on my first jaunt over the road, and during the busy days that followed I planned more than once to spend an hour here in spying upon the birds. A brown creeper's nest would be something new for me. Now, therefore, on this bright morning, when I was done with the swallows, I walked on to the right point and waited. A long time passed, or what seemed a long time. With so many invitations pressing upon one from all sides in a vacation country, it is hard sometimes to be leisurely enough for the best naturalistic results. Then, suddenly, I heard the expected *tseep*, and soon the bird made its appearance. Sure enough, it flew against one of the very trees that my imagination had settled upon, ducked under a strip of dead bark, between it and the bole, remained within for half a minute, and came out again. By this time the second bird had appeared, and was waiting its turn for admission.

They were feeding their young; and so long as I remained they continued their work, going and coming at longer or shorter intervals. I made no attempt to inspect their operations more nearly; the tree stood in rather deep water, and the nest was situated at an altitude of perhaps twenty feet; but I was glad to see for myself, even at arm's length, as it were, this curious and highly characteristic abode of a bird which in general I meet with only in its idle season. I was surprised to notice that the pair had chosen a strip of bark which was fastened to the trunk at the upper end and hung loose below. The nest was the better protected from the weather, of course, but it must have been wedged pretty tightly into place, it seemed to me, unless it had some means of support not to be guessed at from the ground. The owners entered invariably at the same point, — in the upper corner. The brown creeper has been flattening itself against the bark of trees for so many thousand years that a very narrow slit suffices it for a doorway.

While I was occupied with this interesting bit of household economy, I heard a clatter of wheels mingled with youthful shouts. Two boys were coming round a bend in the road and bearing down upon me, seated upon an axle-tree between a pair of wheels drawn by a single steer, which was headed for the town at a lively trot, urged on by the cries of the boys, one of whom held the single driving-rope and the other a whip. "How fast can he go?" I asked, as they drew near. I hoped to detain them for a few minutes of talk, but they had no notion of stopping. They had never timed him, the older one — not the driver — answered, with the merriest of grins. I expressed wonder that they could manage him with a single rein. "Oh, I can drive him without any line at all." "But how do you steer him?" said I. "I yank him and I pull him," was the laconic reply, which by this time

had to be shouted over the boy's shoulder; and away the crazy trap went, the wobbling wheels describing all manner of eccentric and nameless curves with every revolution; and the next minute I heard it rattling over the bridge. Undoubtedly the young fellows thought me a green one, not to know that a yank and a steady pull are equivalent to a gee and a haw. "Live and learn," said I to myself. It was a jolly mode of traveling, at all events, as good as a circus, both for the boys and for me.

On my way through the village, at noon, I passed the steer turned out to grass by the roadside, and had a better look at the harness, a simple, home-made affair, including a pair of hames. The driving-rope, which in its original estate might have been part of a clothes-line or a bed-cord, was attached to a chain which went round or over the creature's head at the base of the horns. The lads themselves were farther down the street, and the younger one nudged the other's elbow with a nod in my direction as I passed on the opposite sidewalk. They seemed to have sobered down at a wonderful rate since their arrival in the "city." I should hardly have known them for the same boys; but no doubt they would wake the echoes again on the road homeward. I hoped so, surely, for I liked them best as I saw them first.

As far as the pleasure of life goes, boys brought up in this primitive mountain country have little to complain of. They may lack certain advantages; in this imperfect world, where two bodies cannot occupy the same space at once, the presence of some things necessitates the absence of others; but most certainly they have their full quota of what in youthful phrase are known as "good times." The very prettiest sight that I saw in North Carolina, not excepting any landscape or flower, — and I saw floral displays of a splendor to bankrupt all description, — was a boy whom I met one

Sunday morning in a steep, disused road outside of the town. I was descending the hill, picking my steps, and he was coming up. Eleven or twelve years old he might have been, cleanly dressed, fit for any company, but bare-legged to the knee. I wished him good-morning, and he responded with the easiest grace imaginable. "You are going to church?" said I. "Yes, sir," and on he went up the hill, "progressing by his own brave steps;" a boy, as Thoreau says, who was "never drawn in a willow wagon;" straight as an arrow, and with motions so elastic, so full of the very spirit of youth and health, that I stood still and gazed after him for pure delight. His face, his speech, his manner, his carriage, all were in keeping. If he does not make a good and happy man, it will be an awful tragedy.

This boy was not a "cracker's" child, I think. Probably he belonged to one of the Northern families, that make up the village for the most part, and have settled the country sparsely for a few miles round about. The lot of the native mountaineers is hard and pinched, and although flocks of children were playing happily enough about the cabin doors, it was impossible not to look upon them as born to a narrow and cheerless existence. Possibly the fault was partly in myself, since I have no very easy gift with strangers, but I found them, young and old alike, rather uncommunicative.

I recall a family group that I overtook toward the end of an afternoon; a father and mother, both surprisingly young-looking, hardly out of their teens, it seemed to me, with a boy of perhaps six years. They were resting by the roadside as I came up, the father poring over some written document. "You must have been to the city," said I; but all the man could answer was "Howdy." The woman smiled and murmured something, it was impossible to tell what. They started on again at that moment, the grown people each with a heavy bag,

which looked as if it might contain meal or flour, and the little fellow with a big bundle. They had four miles still to go, they said; and the road, as I could see for myself, was of the very worst, steep and rugged to the last degree. Partly to see if I could conquer the man, and partly to please myself, I beckoned the youngster to my side and put a coin into his hand. The shot took effect at once. Father and mother found their voices, and said in the same breath, "Say thank you!" How natural that sounded! It is part of the universal language. Every parent will have his child polite. But the boy, poor thing, was utterly tongue-tied, and could only smile; which, after all, was about the best thing he could have done. The father, too, was still inclined to silence, finding nothing in particular to say, though I did my best to encourage him; but he took pains to keep along with me, halting whenever I did so, and making it manifest that he meant to be with me at the turn in the road, about which I had inquired (needlessly, there is no harm in my now confessing), so that I should by no possibility go astray. Nothing could have been more friendly, and at the corner both he and his wife bade me good-by with simple heartiness. "Good-by, little boy," said I. "Tell him good-by," called both father and mother; but the boy could n't, and there was an end of it. "He's just as I was at his age; bashful, that's all." This little speech set matters right. The parents smiled, the boy did likewise, and we went our different ways, I still pitying the woman, with that heavy bag under her arm, having to make a packhorse of herself on that tiresome mountain road.

However, it is the mountain woman's way to do her full share of the hard work, as I was soon to see farther exemplified; for within half a mile I heard in front of me the grating of a saw, and presently came upon another family group, in the woods on the mountain side, — a

woman, three children, and a dog. The woman, no longer young, as we say in the language of compliment, was at one end of a cross-cut saw, and the largest boy, ten or eleven years old, was at the other. They were getting to pieces a huge fallen trunk. "Wood ought to be cheap in this country," said I; and the woman, as she and the boy changed hands to rest themselves, answered that it was. In my heart I thought she was paying dearly for it; but her voice was cheerful, and the whole company was almost a merry one, the younger children laughing at their play, and the dog capering about them in high spirits. The mountain family may be poor, but not with the degrading, squalid poverty of dwellers in a city slum; and at the very worst the children have a royal playground.

Mountain boys, certainly, I could never much pity; for the girls it was impossible not to wish easier and more generous conditions. Here at Stewart's Pond I detained two of them for a minute's talk: sisters, I judged, the taller one ten years old, or thereabout. I asked them if there were many fish in the pond. The older one thought there were. "I know my daddy ketched five hundred and put in there for Mr. Stewart," she said. Just then the younger girl pulled her sister's sleeve and pointed toward two snakes which lay sunning themselves on the edge of the water, where a much larger one had shortly before slipped off a log into the pond at my approach. "They do no harm?" said I. "No, sir, I don't guess they do," was the answer; a strange-sounding form of speech, though it is exactly like the "I don't think so" of which we all continue to make hourly use, no matter how often some crotchety amateur grammarian — for whom logic is logic, and who hates idiom as a mad dog hates water — may write to the newspapers warning us of its impropriety. Then the girls, barefooted, both of them,

turned into a bushy trail so narrow that it had escaped my notice, and disappeared in the woods. I thought of the villainous-looking rattlesnake that I had seen the day before, freshly killed and tossed upon the side of the road, within a hundred rods of this point, and of the surprise expressed by a resident of the town at my wandering about the country without leggins.

As to the question of snakes and the danger from them, the people here, as is true everywhere in a rattlesnake country, held widely different opinions. Everybody recognized the presence of the pest, and most persons, whatever their own practice might be, advised a measure of caution on the part of strangers. One thing was agreed to on all hands: whoever saw a "rattler" was in duty bound to make an end of it; and one man told me a little story by way of illustrating the spirit of the community upon this point. A woman (not a mountain woman) was riding into town, when her horse suddenly stopped and shied. In the road, directly before her, a snake was coiled, rattling defiance. The woman dismounted, hitched the frightened horse to a sapling, cut a switch, killed the snake, threw it out of the road, remounted, and went on about her business. It is one advantage of life in wild surroundings that it encourages self-reliance.

In all places, nevertheless, and under all conditions, human nature remains a paradoxical compound. A mountain woman, while ploughing, came into close quarters with a rattlesnake. To save herself she sprang backward, fell against a stone, and in the fall broke her wrist. No doctor being within call, she set the bone herself, made and adjusted a rude splint, and now, as the lady who told me the story expressed it, "has a pretty good arm." That was plucky. But the same woman suffered from an aching tooth some time afterward, and was advised to have it extracted. She would do no

such thing. She could n't. She had had a tooth pulled once, and it hurt her so that she would never do it again.

Anthropology and ornithology were very agreeably mingled for me on the Hamburg road, — though it seems impossible for me to stay there, the reader may say, — where passers-by were frequent enough to keep me from feeling lonesome, and yet not so numerous as to disturb the quiet of the place or interfere unduly with my natural historical researches. The human interview to which I look back with most pleasure was with a pair of elderly people who appeared one morning in an open buggy. They were driving from the town, seated side by side in the shadow of a big umbrella, and as they overtook me, on the bridge, the man said "Good-morning," of course, and then, to my surprise, pulled up his horse and inquired particularly after my health. He hoped I was recovering from my indisposition, though I am not sure that he used that rather superfine word. I gave him a favorable account of myself, — wondering all the while how he knew I had been ill, — whereupon he expressed the greatest satisfaction, and his good wife smiled in sympathy. Then, after a word or two about the beauty of the morning, and while I was still trying to guess who the couple could be, the man gathered up the reins with the remark, "I'm going after some *Ilex monticola* for Charley." "Yes, I know where it is," he added, in response to a question. Then I knew him. I had been at his house a few evenings before to see his son, who had come home from Biltmore to collect certain rare local plants — the mountain holly being one of them — for the Vanderbilt herbarium. The mystery was cleared, but it may be imagined how taken aback I was when this venerable rustic stranger threw a Latin name at me.

In truth, however, botany and Latin names might almost be said to be in the air at Highlands. A villager met me

in the street, one day, and almost before I knew it, we were discussing the specific identity of the small yellow lady's-slippers, — whether there were two species, or, as my new acquaintance believed, only one, in the woods round about. At another time, having called at a very pretty unpainted cottage, — all the prettier for the natural color of the weathered shingles, — I remarked to the lady of the house upon the beauty of *Rhododendron Vaseyi*, which I had noticed in several dooryards, and which was said to have been transplanted from the woods. I did not understand why it was, I told her, but I could n't find it described in my Chapman's Flora. "Oh, it is there, I am sure it is," she answered; and going into the next room she brought out a copy of the manual, turned to the page, and showed me the name. It was in the supplement, where in my haste I had overlooked it. I wondered how often, in a New England country village, a stranger could happen into a house, painted or unpainted, and by any chance find the mistress of it prepared to set him right on a question of local botany.

On a later occasion — for thus encouraged I called more than once afterward at the same house — the lady handed me an orchid. I might be interested in it; it was not very common, she believed. I looked at it, thinking at first that I had never seen it before. Then I seemed to remember something. "Is it *Pogonia verticillata*?" I asked. She smiled, and said it was; and when I told her that to the best of my recollection I had never seen more than one specimen before, and that upwards of twenty years ago (a specimen from Blue Hill, Massachusetts), she insisted upon believing that I must have an extraordinary botanical memory, though of course she did not put the compliment thus baldly, but dressed it in some graceful, unanswerable, feminine phrase which I, for all my imaginary mnemonic powers, have long ago forgotten.

The same lady had the rare *Shortia galacifolia* growing—transplanted—in her grounds, and her husband volunteered to show me one of the few places in the neighborhood of Highlands (this, too, on his own land) where the true lily-of-the-valley—identical with the European plant of our gardens—grows wild. It was something I had greatly desired to see, and was now in bloom. Still another man—but he was only a summer cottager—took me to look at a specimen of the Carolina hemlock (*Tsuga Caroliniana*), a tree of the very existence of which I had before been ignorant. The truth is that the region is most exceptionally rich in its flora, and the people, to their honor be it recorded, are equally exceptional in that they appreciate the fact.

A small magnolia-tree (*M. Fraseri*), in bloom everywhere along the brook-sides, did not attract me to any special degree till one day, in an idle hour at Stewart's Pond, I plucked a half-open bud. I thought I had never known so rare a fragrance; delicate and wholesome beyond comparison, and yet most deliciously rich and fruity, a perfume for the gods. The leaf, too, now that I came really to look at it, was of an elegant shape and texture, untoothed, but with a beautiful "auriculated" base, as Latin-loving botanists say, from which the plant derives its vernacular name,—the ear-leaved umbrella-tree. The waxy blossoms seemed to be quite scentless, but I wished that Thoreau, whose nose was as good as his eyes and his ears, could have smelled of the buds.

The best thing that I found at the pond, however, by long odds the most interesting and unexpected thing that I found anywhere in North Carolina (I speak as a hobbyist), was neither a tree nor a human being, but a bird. I had been loitering along the river-bank just above the pond itself, admiring the magnolias, the silver-bell trees, the lofty hemlocks,—out of the depths of which

a "mountain boomer," known to simple Northern folk as a red squirrel, now and then emitted his saucy chatter,—and the Indian paint-brush (scarlet painted-cup), the brightest and among the most characteristic and memorable of the woodland flowers; listening to the shouts of an olive-sided flycatcher and the music of the frogs, one of them a regular Karl Formes for profundity; and in general waiting to see what would happen. Nothing of special importance seemed likely to reward my diligent idleness, and I turned back toward the town. On the way I halted at the bridge, as I always did, and presently a carriage drove over it. Inside sat a woman under an enormous black sunbonnet. She did me, without knowing it, a kindness, and I should be glad to thank her. As the wheels of the carriage struck the plank bridge, a bird started into sight from under it or close beside it. A sandpiper, I thought; but the next moment it dropped into the water and began swimming. Then I knew it for a bird I had never seen before, and, better still, a bird belonging to a family of which I had never seen any representative, a bird which had never for an instant entered into my North Carolina calculations. It was a phalarope, a wanderer from afar, blown out of its course, perhaps, and lying by for a day in this little mountain pond, almost four thousand feet above sea level.

My first concern, as I recovered myself, was to set down in black and white a complete account of the stranger's plumage; for though I knew it for a phalarope, I must wait to consult a book before naming it more specifically. It would have contributed unspeakably to my peace of mind, just then, had I been better informed about the distinctive peculiarities of the three species which compose the phalarope family; as I certainly would have been, had I received any premonition of what was in store for me. As it was, I must make sure of

every possible detail, lest in my ignorance I should overlook some apparently trivial item that might prove, too late, to be all important. So I fell to work, noting the white lower cheek (or should I call it the side of the upper neck?), the black stripe through and behind the eye, the white line just over the eye, the light-colored crown, the rich reddish brown of the nape and the sides of the neck, the white or gray-white under parts, the plain (unbarred) wings, and so on. The particulars need not be rehearsed here. I was possessed by a recollection, or half recollection, that the marginal membrane of the toes was a prime mark of distinction (as indeed it is, though the only manual I had brought with me turned out not to mention the point); but while for much of the time the bird's feet were visible, it never for so much as a second held them still, and as the water was none too clear and the bottom was muddy, it was impossible for me to see how the toes were webbed, or even to be certain that they were webbed at all. Once, as the bird was close to the shore, and almost at my feet, I crouched upon a log, thinking to pick the creature up and examine it; but it moved quietly away for a yard or so, just out of reach, and though I could probably have killed it with a stick, — as a friend of mine killed one some years ago on a mountain lake in New Hampshire,¹ — it was happily too late when the possibility of such a step occurred to me. By that time I was not on collecting terms with the bird. It was "not born for death," I thought, or, if it was, I was not born to play the executioner.

Its activity was amazing. If I had not known this to be natural to the phalarope family, I might have thought the poor thing on the verge of starvation, eating for dear life. It moved its head from side to side incessantly, dabbling the water with its bill, picking some-

thing, — minute insects, I supposed, — from the surface, or swimming among the loose grass, and running its bill down the green blades one after another. Several times, in its eagerness to capture a passing insect, it almost flew over the water, and once it actually took wing for a stroke or two, with some quick, breathless notes, like *cut, cut, cut*. One thing was certain, it did not care for polliwogs, shoals of which darted about its feet unmolested.

Once a horseman frightened* it as he rode over the bridge, but even then it barely rose from the water with a startled *yip*. The man glanced at it (I was just then looking carelessly in another direction), and passed on — to my relief. At that moment the most interesting mountaineer in North Carolina would have found me unresponsive. As for my own presence, the phalarope seemed hardly to notice it, though I stood much of the time within a distance of ten feet, and now and then considerably nearer than that, — without so much as a grass-blade for cover, — holding my glass upon it steadily till a stitch in my side made the attitude all but intolerable. The lovely bird rode the water in the lightest possible manner, and was easily put about by slight puffs of wind; but it could turn upon an insect with lightning quickness. It was never still for an instant except on two occasions, when it came close to the shore and sat motionless in the lee of a log. There it crouched upon its feet, which were still under water, and seemed to be resting. It preened its feathers, also, and once it rubbed its bill down with its claw, but the motion was too quick for my eye to follow, though I was near enough to see the nostril with perfect distinctness.

I was in love with the bird from the first minute. Its tameness, the elegance of its shape and plumage, the grace and vivacity of its movements, these of themselves were enough to drive a bird-lover wild. Add to them its novelty and un-

¹ The case is recorded in *The Auk*, vol. vi. page 68.

expectedness, and the reader may judge for himself of my state of mind. It was the dearest and tamest creature I had ever seen, I kept saying to myself, forgetful for the moment of two blue-headed vireos which at different times had allowed me to stroke and feed them as they sat brooding on their eggs.

Another thing I must mention, as adding not a little to the pleasure of the hour. The moment I set eyes upon the phalarope, before I had taken even a mental note of its plumage, I thought of my friend and correspondent, Celia Thaxter, and of her eager inquiries about the "bay bird," which she had then seen for the first time at the Isles of Shoals — "just like a sandpiper, only smaller, and swimming on the water like a duck." And as the bird before me darted hither and thither, so amazingly agile, I remembered her pretty description of this very trait, a description which I here copy from her letter : —

"He was swimming about the wharf near the landing, a pretty, dainty creature, in soft shades of gray and white, with the 'needle-like beak,' and a rapidity of motion that I have never seen equaled in any living thing except a darting dragon-fly or some restless insect. He was never for one instant still, darting after his food on the surface of the water. He seemed perfectly tame, was n't the least afraid of anything or anybody, merely moving aside to avoid an oar-blade, and swaying almost on to the rocks with the swirl of the water. I watched him till I was tired, and went away and left him there still cheerfully frisking. I am so glad to tell you of something you have n't seen !"

A year afterward (May 29, 1892), she wrote again, with equal enthusiasm : "If I only had a house of my own here I should make a business of trying desperately hard to bring you here, if only for one of your spare Sundays, to see the 'bay birds' that have been round here literally by the *thousands* for the

last month, the swimming sandpipers — *so beautiful !* In great flocks that wheel and turn, and, flying in long masses over the water, show now dark, now dazzling silver as they careen and show the white lining of their wings, like a long brilliant, fluttering ribbon. I never heard of so many before, about here."

The birds seen at the Isles of Shoals were doubtless either red phalaropes or northern phalaropes, — or, not unlikely, both, — "sea snipe," they are often called ; two pelagic, circumpolar species, the presence of which in unusual numbers off our Atlantic coast was recorded by other observers in the spring of 1892. My bird here in North Carolina, if I read its characters correctly, was of the third species of the family, Wilson's phalarope, larger and handsomer than the others ; an inland bird, peculiar to the American continent, breeding in the upper Mississippi Valley and farther north, and occurring in our Eastern country only as a straggler.

That was a lucky hour, an hour worth a long journey, and worthy of long remembrance. It brought me, as I began by saying, a new bird and a new family ; a family distinguished not more for its grace and beauty than for the strangeness — the "newness," as to-day's word is — of its domestic relations ; for the female phalarope not only dresses more handsomely than the male, but is larger, and in a general way assumes the rights of superiority. She does the courting — openly and ostensibly, I mean — and, if the books are to be trusted, leaves to her mate the homely, plumage-dulling labor of sitting upon the eggs. And why not ? Nature has made her a queen, and dowered her with queenly prerogatives, one of which, by universal consent, is the right to choose for herself the father of her royal children.

Like Mrs. Thaxter, I stayed with my bird till I was tired with watching such preternatural activity ; and the next day I returned to the place, hoping to tire

myself again in the same delightful manner. But the phalarope was no longer there. Up and down the road I went, scanning the edges of the pond, but the

bird had flown. I wished her safely over the mountains, and a mate to her heart's liking at the end of the journey.

Bradford Torrey.

AFTER THE STORM: A STORY OF THE PRAIRIE.

WHEN the men drove up for supper, they found the table unset, the fire out, and the woman tossing on the bed.

There were six of the men, besides Tennant, the Englishman, who, "by the bitter road the younger son must tread," had come to Nebraska and the sandhill country, ranching, and who was put over the rest of the men because he did not get drunk as often as they did.

Sharpneck, the cattleman, was in town. So was his daughter, whose hungry cats darted about the disorderly room, crying to be fed.

The men were astonished at the condition of affairs. The woman had never failed them before in all the months that she had cooked, and made beds, and washed and scrubbed for them. They swore hungry oaths, for the autumn air gets up a sharp appetite when a man is in saddle all day.

"Poor old prairie dog," said Fitzgerald, who was rather soft-hearted, "she's clean petered out!"

Tennant had been feeling her head.

"Get in your saddles again," he said, "and ride down to Smithers' for something to eat. You, Fitzgerald, go on to town and get the doctor. Get Sharpneck, too — if you can. And you might look up Kitty."

Kitty was the daughter who owned the cats. These animals appeared to be voracious. Their eyes shone with evil phosphorescence as Tennant sent the men off and closed the door. He lit a fire in the stove, and then tried to make the woman more comfortable. Her toil-

stained clothes were twisted about her; her wisps of hair straggled about her face.

"Poor old prairie dog!" he murmured, repeating Fitzgerald's words. "Not one of us noticed at noon that she was not as usual — and why should we? What do we care?"

He had his own reasons for being out of love with his kind, and with himself, and he smiled sardonically, as, in making her more comfortable on the bed, he noticed the wretched couch, the poor garments smelling of smoke, the uncared-for body.

"She has borne two sons and a daughter," he went on, "and known the brutal boot of that drunken Dutchman, and, after all, she lies here alone, dies here alone, perhaps — and it does n't make any difference."

The sick woman was a stranger to him. To be sure, he had known her for three months. He had eaten at her table three times a day. Her little brown parchment-like face looked familiar to him from the first, not because he had seen it before, but because some things have, for certain persons, an indefinable familiarity. Besides doing the housework, she milked three cows, fed the pigs and chickens, and made the butter. Tennant had often seen her working far into the night. When he was on the night shift with the cattle, he had seen her moving about noiselessly, while the others slept.

As for Sharpneck, the proprietor of the land, the cattle, and her, he was a

big fellow from Pennsylvania, who got drunk on vile compounds. Tennant never heard him address her except to give an order, and he usually gave it with an oath. Once Tennant had brought her some bell-like yellow flowers that he picked among the tall grasses. She nodded her thanks hurriedly, — she was cooking cakes for the men, — and put the blossoms in a glass. Her husband got up and tossed the flowers out of the window. Tennant did not find it worth his while even to be angry. After that, however, he thought it the part of kindness to leave her alone.

He lit his pipe now, and sat down near her. The hours passed, and the men did not return. Tennant guessed, with a good deal of accuracy, that in the allurements of a rousing game of poker they had forgotten him and his charge. It was not surprising; on the contrary, it seemed perfectly natural. Tennant decided to bend his energies to the getting up of a meal for himself. He found some bacon, which he fried, and some cold prune sauce, and plenty of bread. Then he made tea, and persuaded the sick woman to take a little of it by giving it to her a teaspoonful at a time. He placated the cats, too, but they would not sleep. He drove them all from the house, but they ran in again through holes they had scratched in the structure, near the floor — for the shack was built of sod. Their eyes, red and green, seemed to light the whole place with a baleful radiance. Once, in anger, Tennant hurled a glowing brand at them, but furious, they rushed up the sides of the room, hissing and spitting, and making themselves much more hideous than before.

Toward morning, he could see that the sick woman was sinking into a state of coma. He grew seriously worried, and wondered if Fitzgerald had forgotten to go for the doctor. When it came time for the men to be at their places, he signaled them, and Fitzgerald came

in answer to his summons. He had seen the physician, who had said he would be along in the course of the day. Sharpneck had been fool-drunk, and in no mood to listen to anything. Kitty said she would be home in the morning. But the whole forenoon passed without word from any of them. In the afternoon, however, Dr. Bender came out. He was a young man, with avaricious eyes and a sensual mouth. His long body was lank and ill-constructed. His hair was red, and an untidy mustache gave color to an otherwise colorless face. When he saw the unconscious figure on the bed, so inert, so mortally stricken, a peculiar gleam came to his eye.

"Her chance is small, I'm afraid," said Tennant, "but do what you can. She is here with you and me, and none beside. We must n't fail her, you know, by Jove!"

The physician leered at him, stupidly. He looked the woman over, put some powders in a glass of water, and arose to go.

"Then you don't know what is the matter with her!" exclaimed Tennant roughly. "You're going to leave her to her fate?"

"I've done all there is to do," said the doctor sullenly. "I ought to have been called sooner."

"You were called sooner, you fool!" almost shouted Tennant. "Get out, will you? I'd take more interest in a dying cow than you do in this woman."

There was a sort of menace in the man's white face as he quitted the place, but Ralph Tennant was not worrying about expressions of countenance. He gave the stuff the doctor had left — merely to satisfy his conscience, and watched the road for Sharpneck. About three o'clock, the woman's breathing became so slight, he could no longer hear it. He tried to arouse her with stimulants, but it was of no avail. The last spark of life presently went out.

He rode four miles for a neighbor

woman, who came and performed the last offices for the poor creature. She got supper for Tennant, too, and then left him. He had to sit up all night to keep off the cats, and one of the other fellows sat up with him; the two men played poker gloomily, occasionally varying the monotony by throwing brands at the cats, which, smelling death, were seized with some grim carnivorous atavism. The jungle awoke in them, and they were wild beasts, only more contemptible.

When morning came, Tennant set about making preparations for the funeral. He imagined how dismal the whole thing would be; he never dreamed that events would shape themselves otherwise than monotonously and drearily. But to his astonishment, the men came in their best clothes. They were, in fact, in a state of fine excitement.

"I'll be riding down to Gester's to see if they have a spring seat to give us the loan of," said young Fitzgerald, who was the first to appear in the morning. The other men were close behind him. They had all breakfasted at Smithers'; Smithers' was a place which sometimes served as a road-house, and they were well fed and in form for some novel entertainment.

"Spring seats?" gasped Tennant. "What is wanting with spring seats?"

"To accommodate the mourners, to be sure! You don't want the mourners to ride on boards, do you, man?"

"Mourners!" Tennant's voice was almost hollow. He felt a terrible kinship with the "poor little prairie dog," who, a small mass of mortality, lay under the cold sheet in her miserable home. "Who in God's name are the mourners?"

"We are the mourners!" cried Fitzgerald, with grandiloquence, sweeping his hand around to indicate his companions.

"And the cattle, and the other work — who, pray, will attend to them?"

Tennant put this question more to drown the sardonic guffaw that was ready to leap out, than because of any care for Sharpneck's possessions.

"In times of mourning," said the Irishman, winking to his companions, but drawing a lugubrious face to Tennant, "other matters have to go to the wall."

The men nodded. Tennant wanted to roar — or would, if he had not wanted to weep. So he went back to his watch, and to fighting the cats, and let the humans have their way.

There had not been so much riding in that part of the country since Tennant came into it. Gester sent up two spring seats, which Fitzgerald and Duncan brought home across their horses' backs. Abner Farish dashed to town with the news of the event — no one, it seemed, considered the death a catastrophe — and encountered Sharpneck on the way. Sharpneck made back for town, to interview his brother, Martin Sharpneck, the undertaker, and then turned his face homeward again. With him came his daughter, silent and straight, carrying in her lap a black crape hat she had borrowed for the occasion. There was a keg of something in the rear of the wagon calculated to raise the spirits of the mourners, and the sight of this insured Sharpneck a welcome from his men.

The air was indeed charged with excitement. The horses were combed and brushed, the wagons were washed. A missionary clergyman, who happened to be passing through the next town west, was sent over by the thoughtful neighbors, who had somehow learned of Mrs. Sharpneck's demise, and he was warmly received. The house swarmed with people. There were even a number of women present, though few or none had come to see the lonely little creature while she still lived. Tennant would have fled from it all and got out with the cattle, only he felt as if he could not

desert that pitiful body. He stayed to appease his conscience, which cried out to him that he was on guard.

Kitty Sharpneck showed a bright red spot on each cheek, but her eyes were dry. The Englishman could not make her out at all. He had sometimes seen her about the house, though she spent most of her time in town, where she was serving a sort of apprenticeship with a milliner. She was little and brown, like her mother, with the same restless, nervous glance that she had had. The cats all rubbed up against her as she entered, and leaped to her shoulders and her lap. The women poured questions upon her; the men regarded her fixedly. Every one was alert to see what her deportment would be, and was quite willing that there should be a scene. They were disappointed. The girl, after a few moments' rest, brushed away her pets, and, walking over to the place where the form of her mother was lying in a cold inner room, lifted the sheet and looked at the face. The body had been wrapped in a clean sheet.

"Mother used to have a shawl," she said to Tennant; "I'll see if I can find it."

She searched about in the drawers and finally drew it forth, a great shawl of gray silk, delicately brocaded.

"It was her wedding shawl," said Kitty. "It came from Holland."

The women made a shroud of it. Tennant still kept watch. His presence was a check on the conversation and kept it within bounds. The women baked a great meal, and they all sat down to it — except Kitty, who could not be found. The men were convivial. It was part of the inevitable programme, apparently. Tennant needed sleep, but when night came, every one went away, and he was left there alone again. Kitty could not be found even now. He had been up two nights, and being a young fellow with a fixed habit of sleeping, the strain was telling on him a little. But the red eyes

of the cats showed through the holes in the shack, and his aversion to the creatures keyed him to his task.

About midnight he heard some one cautiously approaching the shack from the outside. The door opened softly. Kitty Sharpneck came in. She stole past Tennant and into the room where her mother lay. She closed the door behind her, and there was silence. Presently she came out. There were no tears in her eyes; a look of peculiar hardness marred her young face.

She went up to Tennant and stood before him, looking at him.

"You have been good," she whispered. "Why?"

"Why not?" said Tennant, horribly afraid of sentiment. But he need not have feared it from Kitty.

"No doubt you had your reason," she said sharply. "Now go to sleep. I'll watch."

Tennant demurred.

"Get over there on the settle, I say, and go to sleep. I'll watch."

He obeyed her and lay on the settle. She took his seat before the fire, and from time to time made flourishes at the cats, even as he had done. Periodically she went to the inner room to change the cloths on the dead woman's face. The rest of the time she sat still, looking straight before her, and as she looked, her little brown face hardened ever more and more. Sometimes for a moment bright red spots would burn on her cheeks, and then die away again.

Tennant had passed the point where he was sleepy. He lay awake, watching the girl. Her low brow, her thin, delicately curved lips, her shapely nose, the high cheek bones and dainty chin, the pretty ears and sloping shoulders, all indicated femininity and intelligence. It was difficult to account for the fineness of her quality. And yet, who could tell what the "poor little prairie dog" might have been? Women make strange mariages and travel strange roads. Tennant

knew by what devious paths a human creature could tread. He himself — But that had nothing to do with the case, and he banished thoughts of self, for they were not pleasant. Anyhow, what was the use of reminiscence? Here he was, with one good lung and one not quite so good, out in the semi-arid belt, on horseback from twelve to sixteen hours a day, eating like a Zulu, and waiting for events. He reflected that the things which affected him personally he looked upon as events. Those which touched him indirectly, such as the death of Maria Sharpneck, he looked upon as episodes. Such is the involuntary egotism of man.

"I'm not sleeping," Tennant announced to the girl.

"I know it," she said.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked.

Her eye involuntarily went toward the room where the silent Thing was.

"The cats, of course," said she, her lip curling a trifle.

"Don't be angry with me," pleaded Tennant. "I feel very sorry for you."

"You need n't."

"Why not?"

"It's none of your funeral."

She had meant merely to use the slang, not to refer to the actual event.

"Shall I keep still?"

"Yes, I guess you'd better."

The minutes passed. Outside, silence — silence — silence. It reaches so far on the plains, does silence. The sky is higher above the earth than in other places. The night is of velvet. Vast breaths of wind and mystery blow backward and forward.

This night a wolf bayed, and gave the voice of life. Dismal as was the sound, it was not so bleak as the utter stillness had been.

"You were with mother when she died?" asked the girl suddenly.

She arose and stood near Tennant, looking down into his eyes.

"I was with her."

"Tell me what happened."

He told her.

"I'm glad she's dead. Of course you know I'm glad."

"If you loved her, I know you must be glad."

"I ought to have stayed with her."

"Yes."

"But — well, it was — Oh, you know what it was."

"I can guess."

"You know what I did. I went to town and worked for my board. My father is a rich man. I washed dishes in another woman's kitchen and went to school. Then I went to the milliner. I apprenticed myself to her. But I was sorry. I did not like her, nor the other girls, nor things that happened. I did not like the town. I dared not come home. Father was worse then. We always quarreled. He and mother quarreled about me."

"I never heard your mother say anything."

"No, she didn't say much, except when father pitched on me. But it was different — once."

She turned, went into the inner room, opened a drawer, and took something out. When she came back, she placed it in Tennant's hand. It was an ambrotype of a young girl with a face like that of the girl before him. The hair was parted smoothly from the low, lovely brow. Alert dark eyes looked gently from the picture. Around the bared neck was a coral necklace with a gold clasp, and the miniature-maker had gilded the clasp and tinted the cheeks and lips, and made the coral its natural tint. A dainty low-necked gown and big puffed sleeves confessed to the coquetry of the wearer.

"That was mother," said Kitty.

And then the storm broke at last, and she was on the floor, face downward, in a passion of weeping, and the young man — he who had trod the bitter road

—felt his own frame quiver at sight of her woe, at thought of his own, at knowledge of the world's big burden.

By and by, when Kitty lay on the settle and Tennant sat beside her, she grew confidential, and told him in detail the life at which he had guessed.

"He'll expect me to be the drudge now," she said in conclusion, referring to her father. "Now I'll be the one to get breakfast and dinner and supper, and breakfast and dinner and supper, and stay here at home forever, and wear dirty clothes, and scrub and wash and iron! I know how it will be. That is — if" —

"If what?"

"If I stay."

"What else can you do? Go back to the millinery shop?"

"No. He would n't give me a minute's peace there. He never comes to town that he does n't make me ashamed of him. I suppose you wonder why I didn't come out as soon as you sent word that mother was sick. Well, he would n't let me. He sat himself down there, and swore I ought to stay. Miss Hiner, the milliner, was having her fall opening, and she got round him and said I ought to stay. So I stayed."

She set her teeth hard and looked unutterable protest at the young man.

Tennant was a gentleman, and not given to parading his own troubles, yet now, in the desolation and silence, with the dead within and the wolves without, it seemed natural that he should tell the girl something of his own life. It was a familiar tale. Thousands of young Englishmen, crowded out of their own land and their own families, who come here to wring something from fortune's greedy grasp, could tell a similar one. But given the personal quality, it seemed unique, particularly to the inexperienced girl who listened. The two had a community of suffering and deprivation and loneliness. They looked at each other with eyes of profound sympathy. Each felt

so deep a pity for the other that for a time self-pity was submerged.

Morning dawned. Presently the men came from the adjoining buildings for breakfast. Kitty had risen to the emergency,—the emergency of breakfast; she had it ready,—corn bread, salt pork, potatoes, eggs, and black coffee. In her fear lest she should not have enough to satisfy these men of prodigious appetite, she had cooked even more than they could eat. She had set the table just as her mother had been in the habit of doing. Everything was cluttered together. As she worked, imitating in each most trifling particular the ways of the dead woman, a gray look settled about her face. Tennant, who had both sympathy and imagination, knew she was looking down the long, long road of monotonous and degrading toil which lay before her. He saw her soul shuddering at the captivity to which it was doomed. Now and then she cast at him a glance of mute horror.

The men were excited, and eager to do anything to help to the success of the day. Sharpneck himself was restless. His little green eyes rolled around in their fleshy sockets. He shuffled about constantly, and at last said he was going to town to make the final arrangements, but would be back soon. A number of men immediately offered to go for him. In spite of all they knew of the truth, they had created a fiction regarding him now in this supreme hour, and had actually persuaded themselves that he was a sufferer. He insisted on making the journey himself, and some of the simple fellows chose to believe this to be an evidence of devotion.

Kitty did not share this belief. She cast an apprehensive glance at Tennant. He looked as reassuring as he could. They both feared he was going to get drunk and shirk the funeral altogether. But he was back in a wonderfully short time, wearing a new suit of clothes. Kitty had the house cleared up,

and the neighbors began to arrive. The coffin came, — a brilliantly varnished coffin, with much nickel plate on it. It was placed in the front room. The men stood around, the big sombreros in their hands, their pretty, high-heeled boots carefully cleaned. Five women were present. Their sobs, oddly enough, were genuine, and at moments became even violent, though none of them had known the dead woman well. But who could know that silent and inscrutable creature?

The minister wore squeaky boots, and had a red beard, which claimed much of his attention. Fitzgerald, who found the whole proceeding tamer than it ought to have been, took him into an inner room and braced him for his melancholy duties. The clergyman had never met Mrs. Sharpneck, but he seemed to be cognizant of all her virtues, and exploited them in tones at once strident and nasal. Poor Kitty, behind her crape veil, grew hard and angry, and Tennant knew that the quivering of her frame did not denote grief so much as inarticulate rage and revolt. The girl's passion was setting her apart from her world in his estimation. Something tragic in her surroundings and her soul put her above the others.

The men did not appear to be at all surprised at the way the women wept. They considered weeping the function of women at a funeral. That they were weeping from self-pity did not once occur to them. The minister neglected none of his duties, and they included an address lasting forty-five minutes and two prayers, one of thirty minutes' duration. The people sang *Nearer, my God, to Thee*. At this Kitty grew almost rigid, and at last, her misery passing all bounds, she caught Tennant's hand in hers — he was sitting near her — and pressed it in a bitter grasp.

"What is it? What is it?" he whispered.

"The song!" she managed to say.

"As if she knew anything about God, or ever thought" —

"Hush! Hush! Perhaps it was n't as bad as you think. She did her duty well, you know, and may be she will be rewarded."

Kitty looked about the room, — at the stove where she had seen the soiled little figure of her mother standing these years and years, at the pots she had patiently scoured, at the low walls, the deep windows, the unstable sandhills beyond, the wind-stricken pool where the cattle stood, — she looked at it all, and thought of the slave bound to it, loaded with heavy chains, starved in the midst of it, and her eyes turned to meet those of Tennant, big with knowledge which knew no words.

Since Ralph Tennant put the world behind him and came out into the wilderness with the cattle and the men who herd them, he had never seen so comprehensive a glance, or been so conscious of the fact of mind. Though the hour was so hideous, though the poor girl beside him was bowed with shame and tortured with inexpressible grief, yet a joy came to his heart at finding once more the human soul, sane, susceptible, responsive, courageous. He drew his chair a little closer, as if he would protect her from the facts that confronted her.

But the people, watching him and her, while the minister droned on and on in dull explanation to his Creator, saw in his sympathy only what was natural and the outcome of the occasion. They guessed at nothing more.

The getting of the coffin into the wagon was no easy task.

"By the saints, it ought to go in feet first," said Fitzgerald, who was one of the pall-bearers. "You'll not be launchin' the woman head foremost into her own grave!"

"It goes head on, you fool!" replied Watson.

The six men stood still, arguing.

"Oh, what's the difference?" asked a

bystander. But Watson, who had been an Englishman some time or other, — or at least the father before him had, — was not one to yield to a man who had once called the British jack a dirty rag, as Fitzgerald had, more than once, in the heat of argument. So the discussion waxed hot, and might have ended in a manner more or less sensational, for the men had had a taste of novelty and their appetites were whetted by it, had it not been for Tennant, who came out, leaving Kitty standing in the door, and pointed a stern finger at the wagon; and poor Maria Sharpneck was laid in, head foremost as it happened. It was thought proper that Sharpneck should ride in this wagon, but he was somewhat loath to do so, as the owner of the team, who insisted on driving his own horses, was not of the same politics as himself, and was, moreover, stone-deaf. He had an offensive way of airing his own opinions, and he was so deaf — or affected to be — that he never could hear anything his opponent might say. There was only one bond of sympathy between them, and that was plug tobacco. Some sympathizing friend, endeavoring to mitigate present woes, loaded Sharpneck up with this succulent commodity, and, thus placated, the enemies sat side by side in a semblance of amicability. Behind came two wagon-loads of chief mourners, composed of the men of the ranch, and Kitty. After them came five or six loads of neighbors who took this opportunity to enjoy an outing, to which they considered themselves entitled after weeks of monotonous toil. It happened that the horses which drew the wagon containing the coffin were very frisky, and it was not long before this wagon was well in advance of the others, the coffin bumping meantime from side to side.

"Hold on, man!" cried Sharpneck to his deaf driver, "hold on, I say! There's reasons why I don't want that there coffin scratched up. Hold in the horses, I say!"

The driver did not hear, and the horses were really too excitable for Sharpneck to risk meddling with the reins.

The mourners were soon left well behind, though they did their utmost to urge on their animals. In fact, the Dickeys, who had some freshly broken colts of their own raising, had taken another road to town, boasting confidently to the Abernethys that their colts would get them there before the far-famed black team of the Abernethys saw the first church spire. The Abernethys were behind the mourners, and when it developed that the off horse on the second wagon was winded, and it was proved to be impossible for one team to get ahead of another on the steep grade of the road, indignation ran high. The Abernethys fumed, knowing that their neighbors were amused at their predicament.

The mourners were not very far distant, and, being on a rise of ground, they could see the Sharpneck wagon brought to a halt by a horseman who had dashed out from town.

"It's Martin Sharpneck. It's the undertaker," the men made out. He had apparently brought out a big rubber cloth to protect the coffin, for it was beginning to look like rain, and by the time the others were up with the group, the coffin was wrapped from sight.

Tennant began to wonder what this could mean. Not a man living would have ridden out that way to meet the "poor little prairie dog" in her lifetime — not a man!

"You're to come around to my place after it's over," the undertaker said. "You'll need to steady your nerves a bit. Come around as soon as you can, boys. You must be about used up." He looked with solicitude at the strapping bronzed men in the wagons.

Tennant glanced sharply at Kitty. Was she not conscious that there was something in the wind? But she watched the wheels rolling in the sand, — watched them turning and dripping the sallow

granules from the wheels, as if she dared look neither behind nor before, — and she did not see his look.

The minister had not accompanied the cortège to the cemetery. (One always refers to a cortège in the West, on even a very slight provocation.) So the coffin, shining and gleaming with its nickel plate, was dropped gently into the grave, and then, presently, the undertaker was urging all the boys to come around to his place and brace up, and they all went — Tennant with the rest. Etiquette in such matters is imperative in that section of the country. Tennant could not have refused without paying the penalty of a quarrel, and it was no time for self-assertion. So he cast a look of appeal and apology at Kitty, and went. Sharpneck followed them. There was no one left save the gravedigger, who insisted that he knew his business and did not need any one to help him.

The women drove the wagons back to town, and went into the stores to gossip and trade. Kitty accompanied them. She had no place to go to except the millinery shop, and it had never seemed more dreadful to her than this day. She felt she could not endure the scrutiny of the girls. She crept out of the big store at the back, and sat on a pair of stairs which made their way to the upper story. The day was growing bleak, and gray shadows trailed along the plain. Kitty was not warmly clothed, and the wind sifted through her black garments and chilled her. She had not an idea of what was to happen next. She did not know whether her father would look for her or not. She did not believe Tennant would remember to seek her. Indeed, why should he? She had known him no better than she had known the other men in her father's employ. She had, of course, always felt him to be different. No one could help noticing that he was not a part of his environment. But, after all, young English gentlemen were not an uncommon sight in the sandhill

country, and every one was quite aware that of all fools an Englishman was the worst, and could go to the dogs generally with a rapidity which none could rival. With the reasons for this the natives did not trouble themselves. These poor tragedies merely amused them, or awoke their contempt.

The afternoon grew late. Kitty still sat crouched upon the stairs. She was facing her future. She was looking into the eyes of her destiny — and it was a fearsome thing to do.

The base drudgery of the ranch presented itself to her vision with no compensation. The life at the little millinery shop, with its temptations, its wretched scandal, its petty, never-ending talk, came before her too. On every side there seemed to be only what was unspeakably distasteful and disgustingly common. Romance and youth were fair and fleeting things; they were as the mirage which in August days trembled on the heat-misted horizon.

In the midst of all this she saw Tennant crossing over from the millinery shop, which stood, almost solitary, on the street behind the main one. He was looking for her. Kitty ran to meet him, glad to set aside her terrible scrutiny of the future. Perhaps he represented a change or a possibility.

His face was white. He had been drinking a little, but some sudden knowledge had banished all trace of it, save that in the shock his face had suffered.

"We went with your uncle," he began at once, too full of his theme to use judgment or mercy, — "we all went with him, and he 'braced us up,' though God knows why! I scented something in the wind — else why such generosity? It is n't your uncle's way — no, nor your father's — to give something for nothing. The others drank heavily. I drank some, but not enough to dull my curiosity. I got out unnoticed, Miss Kitty, and went back to — to the grave."

"Well — well?" gasped Kitty.

"Well, it was already empty!"

"What?"

"Yes, the coffin was" —

"Where?"

"Back in Martin Sharpneck's shop, by God!"

"And the — and my" —

"And the red-headed doctor had — had the rest!"

The wind blew the sand into dirty yellow spirals, and these danced in drunken fashion about the two who stood there. Down the street could be heard the voices of the drunken men. Kitty saw her father come out of his brother's shop and reel along the street. The women who had ridden to the funeral were coming out of the stores with their arms full of parcels. Their vociferous husbands were about to join them.

"Shall I go to the doctor," asked Tennant, "and" —

"No. What does it matter! It is of a piece with the rest."

Ralph Tennant felt a sudden revulsion. The girl seemed — but, after all, how could he judge her?

"There's no use in trying to do anything. We could n't. There's no one to help us. Besides, father can do what he pleases — with his own."

"But if he was exposed?"

"No one would care — it would only give them something to talk about. They would pretend to care — but they would n't, really."

"Then you are going back, to-night, of course, with" —

"I'm not going back with anybody. I am never going back."

At the last her resolution was taken quite suddenly.

"What will you do, then?"

"In half an hour the train will be here. I am going to take it."

"I'll take it with you."

They were very young; they were half-mad with horror and disgust. They stood alone, and they were in revolt. This accounted for it.

"Very well," said Kitty.

"It is impossible to stay here longer," said the poor younger son, who might, had things been different, have wooed some sweet and well-bred girl in England, instead of this poor, angry savage of the sand wastes.

"It is impossible," said she. "We will go away."

"I have a little money with me."

"I have a little."

"I know the men on the freight, due here in an hour. If you like" —

"Do you think we could manage it?"

"I feel sure of it."

"Then we can save our money."

"Yes. We will go to Omaha."

"As you please."

The gray sky showed a gleam of pale gold at the horizon. The sun was setting. The wagons were driving out of town. Tennant and Kitty saw her father looking for her, and she and Tennant hid in a coal-shed, till Sharpneck's patience being exhausted he drove furiously out of town, cursing.

"He thinks I have gone home with some of the others," said Kitty.

The passenger train rushed into the town and out again. After a time they heard the freight in the distance, and ran down to the little station. Every one was home at supper. Only the station agent saw them talking with the conductor of the freight.

"Goin' away, Miss Sharpneck?" he asked. He did not blame her, but he wanted to know.

"I'm going away," she replied steadily, but hardly hearing him.

Tennant looked too severe to be questioned. He helped the girl into the caboose. She was famished with cold, hunger, and misery. He and the blowzy Irishman on the train built up a brisk fire, and laid her down on a bench near it, wrapped in their cloaks. The Irishman shared his luncheon with them, and made coffee on the stove.

Kitty felt no anticipation. She looked forward to the morning with no emotion whatever. She did not taste the food she put in her mouth. But little by little the warmth of the friendly fire reached her, and she fell asleep and lay as still as — her mother.

“Better come on to Council Bluffs,” said the conductor when they reached Omaha.

“Why not?” said Tennant, and laughed.

“Why not?” echoed Kitty.

Both “why nots” sounded bitter. These young persons were adventurers by force of circumstances.

Council Bluffs is a charming place. Part of it lies on a flat lowland, beyond which are the bottom-lands of the river. The rest of the town is built on serrated bluffs, covered with foliage. Although the yellow Missouri separates it from the great American plain, yet it has the sky of the plain, which is a throbbing and impenetrable blue. Its abrupt bluffs have made precipitous and irregular streets. Some of them are almost in the shape of a scimitar; some run like a creek between high terraces; others look up to heights which drip with vineyards; many of them present yellow clay banks which the graders have cut like gigantic cheeses to make way for practical thoroughfares. In these clay cuts the swallows burrow industriously, and perforate the face of the cut with innumerable Zuñi-like residences. The squirrels chatter in the fine old trees. Charming houses stand in the “dells,” that is, in the umbrageous cul-de-sacs where the graded streets terminate in bluffs too bold to be penetrated.

Why nature is more prolific there than across the river it would be hard to say; but it is a fact that flowers and vines, and, no doubt, vegetables and fruit, grow better in that locality than in the great grain State over the way. It often happens in America that natural beauty

fails to instruct the people who live in the midst of it. This has not been the case at Council Bluffs. From the time when the Mormons first settled there in their historical hegira and built their odd little huts with the numerous outside doors, — cutting an entrance for each housewife, — there has been something involuntarily quaint about the architecture of the place. Roofs slope off into the bluffs, houses are built on green ledges of earth, and back yards shoot skyward, so that the vineyards grow at an angle of forty-five degrees, and he who goes to look at his garden must needs take an alpenstock in his hands. Hammocks hang under the trees; cottages riot in porches; old mansions wander with a sort of elegant negligence over ground which has never been held at a fictitious value. An exclusive and self-conscious aristocracy looks down upon the ostentation of the fashionable set of Omaha, and lives its quiet life of sociable exclusion, making much of music and ceramics, and attaching no very great importance to commercial aggression or to literature.

Into this peaceful town the adventurers came one bleak autumn day, when the leaves were skirring about the narrow and tortuous streets and the nuts were rattling to the ground. Coming as they did from the treeless region, the place was enchanting to them. No sooner had they sat down to their breakfast than things began to wear a rosier hue. They ate in a fascinating restaurant, where a steel engraving of the destruction of Johnstown, with innumerable remarks, hung above them. Kitty had never eaten a breakfast just like it, and even Tennant, who had known flesh-pots, found it delicious.

As they sipped their coffee, they talked, scrutinizing each other all the time. Tennant was thinking the situation enchanting. Kitty was waiting — waiting for events — for life! She did not reflect. Her hour was a subjective one.

"What shall we do after breakfast?" asked Kitty.

"We must be married," said Tennant decidedly. The girl paled, then blushed and paled again.

"Oh no, no!" she gasped.

"There is nothing else to do," went on Tennant decidedly. "You need n't worry about it a bit. You need n't pay any particular attention to me, you know. But we've got to be married, my dear. We have cut loose from every one and everything. We must go into partnership. Perhaps you don't love me now, — how could you? — but we have cast in our lot together, and we're coming out on top, somehow. We're going to succeed. Moreover, I don't mind telling you that I'm happier and more contented with you here, this morning, and was happier and more contented all last night, while we were rushing along through the darkness escaping from all manner of hideous things, than I have been since — well, since I was a little boy, and thought my mother was greater than the Queen of England and lovelier than the angels."

The blush came gently back to the girl's cheeks and stayed there this time. She ventured on her confession, too.

"I never felt — well — safe, I guess you call it, before in all my life. Until that night when I talked with you (and I was so cross at first), there in the shack, with poor mother, I never told any one the whole truth about anything, or cared what they thought, or was glad to have them understand what I was thinking."

"What made you so cross with me?"

"Oh, I don't know. You bothered me. You made me want to be different. I thought you were hating me."

"I thought all the time you were hating me."

"I guess we were just hating the world."

"Probably that was it. Anyhow, fate has thrown us together. It's a case of united we stand."

They looked about the town after breakfast, and found a tiny cottage with three rooms on the side of a hill. A grassy bluff rose immediately behind it, and the roof of the kitchen ran into the bluff. Grapevines rioted down the side. Catalpas grew on the level ledge of ground, and straggling up the hill, holding on tenaciously by their roots, were great chestnut-trees. The little house was painted green, and in summer, Kitty could imagine, it would seem quite to melt into the hill.

"We can have a hammock up there," cried Tennant, after he had arranged to rent it for a trifle, and forgetful that winter was coming. There was actually a rude brick fireplace in the front room — indeed, the place had been the summer retreat of an artist. This filled the young Englishman with delight, and he was off to order some wood.

"To think that we shall have a wood fire!" he exclaimed over and over again. "I will put my pipe on the shelf, and smoke evenings, eh?"

"Yes," cried Kitty. Then she was silent, and something troubled came into her face.

"Well," said Tennant, seeing it, "what is it, my child?"

"I was thinking."

"Yes?"

"Well, please don't be offended with me. But — well, I don't like drinking."

"Don't you, my dear? Well, neither do I."

"But" —

"Oh, I know. But what else was there to do out there? You don't know how lonely I was. You need n't worry about that now!"

They had a wonderful day. They bought a pine table and three pine chairs, and a little second-hand cook-stove, and some shades for the window. Then Tennant asked every man he met for work. He would have made a nuisance of himself if he had not been so excited and

generally filled with anticipation that the people pardoned him for his effervescence.

"I've got to have work," he declared to every one. "Anything — anything — manual, clerical, it makes no difference to me. I'll chop wood, or keep books, or coach for college, or work on the road — but I've got to have work!"

He got it — never mind what it was. It was not the sort he was destined to do by and by, but it served for bread and butter, and a little more. Incidentally, that day, he and Kitty were married. Tennant would have a clergyman perform the ceremony, though Kitty, poor little heathen, was indifferent about it. So they stood before the altar of a curious church up one of the tortuous streets, and were married by a young Episcopal priest, while the merry wind sang outside and red leaves tumbled down the wild hills beyond. They told a bit of their story to the young priest, and he took them to his home, which was on the very top of one of the hills, and they had dinner there, and met the young man's wife, who was a lovely girl from the East, and who took to Kitty at once. That was the beginning of many things — friendships, and little gayeties, and hours of study, — but it is easy to guess what could happen.

Ah, how bare the little green cottage was! But what of it? What of it?

Frequently Kitty spent an hour of her day up at the little wind-haunted rectory, hemming tablecloths and pillow-cases, and she learned to keep a potted fern on her table, — the minister's wife taught her that, — and to have the hearth swept at night, and the big chunks of wood blazing. Then Tennant smoked, and she read to him in the evening.

It was delightful to watch the new home grow! Neat clothes finally were hung up in the closets, and the demure little lady who was Kitty's friend taught her all manner of things that could not be learned in books. She helped her buy her furniture bit by bit, and Tennant and Kitty would sit a whole evening and look at a new chair in amazement at the knowledge that it was their own.

Presently they had their hospitalities and their institutions and their beaten paths. It was quite wonderful how quickly they became an orderly part of the community — these two from the wilderness. Moreover, they were very happy. It was all simple and commonplace enough; but it was their life, and they lived it with honesty and with courage. Still, perhaps that is not remarkable either. Honesty and courage are so common — in the West.

Elia W. Peattie.

WILLOW DALE.

THE water slipped the falls all day,
And clear beyond the little wood
The cuckoo's monotone held sway,
Until we almost understood

Why willow, wave, and far-off throat
Hold the same instinct, strange and sad,
That vibrates in the human note
As haunting sorrow when most glad.

Lucy S. Conant.

A SECOND MARRIAGE.

AMELIA PORTER sat by her great open fireplace, where the round, consequential black kettle hung from the crane and breathed out a steamy cloud to be at once licked up and absorbed by the heat from a snatching flame below. It was exactly a year and a day since her husband's death, and she had packed herself away in his own corner of the settle, her hands clasped across her knees, and her red-brown eyes brooding on the nearer embers. She was not definitely speculating on her future, nor had she any heart for retracing the dull and gentle past. She had simply relaxed hold on her mind; and so, escaping her, it had gone wandering off into shadowy prophecies of the immediate years. For, as Amelia had been telling herself for the last three months, since she had begun to outgrow the habit of a dual life, she was not old. Whenever she looked in the glass, she could not help noting how free from wrinkles her swarthy face had been kept, and that the line of her mouth was still scarlet over white, even teeth. Her crisp black hair, curling in those tight fine rolls which a bashful admirer had once commended as "full of little jerks," showed not a trace of gray. All this evidence of her senses read her a fair tale of the possibilities of the morrow; and without once saying, "I will take up a new life," she did tacitly acknowledge that life was not over.

It was a "snapping cold" night of early spring, so misplaced as to bring with it a certain dramatic excitement. The roads were frozen hard, and shone like silver in the ruts. All day sleds had gone creaking past, set to that fine groaning which belongs to the music of the year. The drivers' breath ascended in steam, the while they stamped down the probability of freezing, and yelled to Buck and Broad until that inner fervor

raised them one degree in warmth. The smoking cattle held their noses low and swayed beneath the yoke.

Amelia, shut snugly in her winter-tight house, had felt the power of the day without sharing its discomforts; and her eyes deepened and burned with a sense of the movement and warmth of living. To-night, under the spell of some vague expectancy, she had sat still for a long time, her sewing laid aside and her room scrupulously in order. She was waiting for what was not to be acknowledged even to her own intimate self. But as the clock struck nine she roused herself, and shook off her mood in impatience and a disappointment which she would not own. She looked about the room, as she often had of late, and began to enumerate its possibilities in case she should desire to have it changed. Amelia never went so far as to say that change should be; she only felt that she had still a right to speculate upon it, as she had done for many years, as a form of harmless enjoyment. While every other house in the neighborhood had gone from the consistently good to the prosperously bad in the matter of refurnishing, John Porter had kept his precisely as his grandfather had left it to him. Amelia had never once complained; she had observed toward her husband an unflinching deference, due, she felt, to his twenty years' seniority; perhaps, also, it stood in her own mind as the only amends she could offer him for having married him without love. It was her father who made the match; and Amelia had succumbed, not through the obedience claimed by parents of an elder day, but from hot jealousy and the pique inevitably born of it. Laurie Morse had kept the singing-school that winter. He had loved Amelia; he had bound himself to her by all the most holy vows sworn

from aforetime, and then in some wanton exhibit of power — gone home with another girl. And for Amelia's responsive throb of feminine anger she had spent fifteen years of sober country living with a man who had wrapped her about with the quiet tenderness of a strong nature, but who was not of her own generation either in mind or in habit; and Laurie had kept a music-store in Saltash, seven miles away, and remained unmarried.

Now Amelia looked about the room, and mentally displaced the furniture, as she had done so many times while she and her husband sat there together. The settle could be taken to the attic. She had not the heart to carry out one secret resolve indulged in moments of impatient bitterness, — to split it up for firewood. But it could at least be exiled. She would have a good cook-stove, and the great fireplace should be walled up. The tin kitchen, sitting now beside the hearth in shining quaintness, should also go into the attic. The old clock — But at that instant the clash of bells shivered the frosty air, and Amelia threw her vain imaginings aside like a garment, and sprang to her feet. She clasped her hands in a spontaneous gesture of rapt attention; and when the sound paused at her gate, with one or two sweet, lingering clingles, "I knew it!" she said aloud. Yet she did not go to the window to look into the moonlit night. Standing there in the middle of the room, she awaited the knock which was not long in coming. It was imperative, insistent. Amelia, who had a spirit responsive to the dramatic exigencies of life, felt a little flush spring into her face, so hot that, on the way to the door, she involuntarily put her hand to her cheek and held it there. The door came open grumblingly. It sagged upon the hinges, but, well used to its vagaries, she overcame it with a regardless haste.

"Come in," she said at once to the man on the step. "It's cold. Oh, come in!"

He stepped inside the entry, removing his fur cap, and disclosing a youthful

face charged with that radiance which made him, at thirty-five, almost the counterpart of his former self. It may have come only from the combination of curly brown hair, blue eyes, and an aspiring lift of the chin, but it always seemed to mean a great deal more. * In the kitchen he threw off his heavy coat, while Amelia, bright-eyed and breathing quickly, stood by, quite silent. Then he looked at her.

"You expected me, did n't you?" he asked.

A warmer color surged into her cheeks.

"I did n't know," she said perversely.

"I guess you did. It's one day over a year. You knew I'd wait a year."

"It ain't a year over the services," said Amelia, trying to keep the note of vital expectancy out of her voice. "It won't be that till Friday."

"Well, Saturday I'll come again."

He went over to the fire and stretched out his hands to the blaze. "Come here," he said imperatively, "while I talk to you."

Amelia stepped forward obediently, like a good little child. The old fascination was still as dominant as at its birth, sixteen years ago. She realized, with a strong, splendid sense of the eternity of things, that always, even while it would have been treason to recognize it, she had known how ready it was to rise and live again. All through her married years she had sternly drugged it and kept it sleeping. Now it had a right to breathe, and she gloried in it.

"I said to myself I would n't come to-day," went on Laurie, without looking at her. A new and excited note had come into his voice, responsive to her own. He gazed down at the fire, musing the while he spoke. "Then I found I could n't help it. That's why I'm so late. I stayed in the shop till seven, and some fellows come in and wanted me to play. I took up the fiddle, and begun. But I had n't more 'n drew a note before I laid it down and put for the door.

'Dick, you keep shop,' says I. And I harnessed up, and drove like the devil."

Amelia felt warm with life and hope; she was taking up her youth just where the story ended.

"You ain't stopped swearin' yet!" she said, with a little excited laugh. Then, from an undercurrent of exhilaration, it occurred to her that she had never laughed so in all these years.

"Well," said Laurie abruptly, turning upon her, "how am I goin' to start out? Shall we hark back to old scores? I know what come between us. So do you. Have we got to talk it out, or can we begin now?"

"Begin now," replied Amelia faintly. Her breath choked her. He stretched out his arms to her in sudden passion. His hands touched her sleeves, and, with an answering rapidity of motion, she drew back. She shrank within herself, and her face gathered a look of fright. "No! no! no!" she cried strenuously.

His arms fell at his sides, and he looked at her in amazement.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

Amelia had retreated, until she stood now with one hand on the table. She could not look at him, and when she answered her voice shook.

"There's nothin' the matter," she said. "Only you must n't — yet."

A shade of relief passed over his face, and he smiled.

"There, there!" he said, "never you mind. I understand. But if I come over the last of the week, I guess it will be different. Won't it be different, Milly?"

"Yes," she owned, with a little sob in her throat, "it will be different."

Thrown out of his niche of easy friendliness with circumstance, he stood there in irritated consciousness that here was some subtle barrier which he had not foreseen. Ever since John Porter's death, there had been strengthening in him a joyous sense that Milly's life and his own must have been running parallel

all this time, and that it needed only a little widening of channels to make them join. His was no crass certainty of finding her ready to drop into his hand; it was rather a childlike, warm-hearted faith in the permanence of her affection for him, and perhaps, too, a shrewd estimate of his own lingering youth compared with John Porter's furrowed face and his fifty-five years. But now, with this new whiffing of the wind, he could only stand rebuffed and recognize his own perplexity.

"You do care, don't you, Milly?" he asked, with a boy's frank ardor. "You want me to come again?"

All her own delight in youth and the warm naturalness of life had rushed back upon her.

"Yes," she answered eagerly. "I'll tell you the truth. I always did tell you the truth. I do want you to come."

"But you don't want me to-night!" He lifted his brows, pursing his lips whimsically; and Amelia laughed.

"No," said she, with a little defiant movement of her own crisp head, "I don't know as I do want you to-night!"

Laurie shook himself into his coat. "Well," said he, on his way to the door, "I'll be round Saturday, whether or no. And Milly," he added significantly, his hand on the latch, "you've got to like me then!"

Amelia laughed. "I guess there won't be no trouble!" she called after him daringly.

She stood there in the biting wind, while he uncovered the horse and drove away. Then she went shaking back to her fire; but it was not altogether from cold. The sense of the consistency of love and youth, the fine justice with which nature was paying an old debt, had raised her to a stature above her own. She stood there under the mantel, and held by it while she trembled. For the first time, her husband had gone utterly out of her life. It was as though he had not been.

"Saturday!" she said to herself. "Saturday! Three days till then!"

Next morning the spring asserted itself; there came a whiff of wind from the south and a feeling of thaw. The sled-runners began to cut through to the frozen ground, and about the tree-trunks, where thin crusts of ice were sparkling, came a faint musical sound of trickling drops. The sun was regnant, and little brown birds flew cheerily over the snow and talked of nests.

Amelia finished her housework by nine o'clock, and then sat down in her low rocker by the south window, sewing in thrifty haste. The sun fell hotly through the panes, and when she looked up the glare met her eyes. She seemed to be sitting in a golden shower, and she liked it. No sunlight ever made her blink or screw her face into wrinkles. She throve in it like a rose-tree. At ten o'clock, one of the slow-moving sleds out that day in premonition of a "spell o' weather" swung laboriously into her yard and ground its way up to the side-door. The sled was empty save for a rocking-chair where sat an enormous woman enveloped in shawls, her broad face surrounded by a pumpkin hood. Her dark brown front came low over her forehead, and she wore spectacles with wide bows, which gave her an added expression of benevolence. She waved a mittened hand to Amelia when their eyes met, and her heavy face broke up into smiles.

"Here I be!" she called in a thick, gurgling voice, as Amelia hastened out, her apron thrown over her head. "Did n't expect me, did ye? Nobody looks for an old rheumatic creatur'. She's more out o' the runnin' 'n a last year's bird's-nest."

"Why, aunt Ann!" cried Amelia in unmistakable joy. "I'm tickled to death to see you. Here, Amos, I'll help get her out."

The driver, a short thick-set man of neutral ashy tints and a sprinkling of hair and beard, trudged round the oxen

and drew the rocking-chair forward without a word. He never once looked in Amelia's direction, and she seemed not to expect it; but he had scarcely laid hold of the chair when aunt Ann broke forth:—

"Now, Amos, ain't you goin' to take no notice of 'Melia, no more 'n if she wa'n't here? She ain't a bump on a log, nor you a born fool."

Amos at once relinquished his sway over the chair, and stood looking abstractedly at the oxen, who, with their heads low, had already fallen into that species of day-dream whereby they compensate themselves for human tyranny. They were waiting for Amos, and Amos, in obedience to some inward resolve, waited for commotion to cease.

"If ever I was ashamed, I be now!" continued aunt Ann, still with an expression of settled good nature, and in a voice all jollity though raised conscientiously to a scolding pitch. "To think I should bring such a creatur' into the world, an' set by to see him treat his own relations like the dirt under his feet!"

Amelia laughed. She was exhilarated by the prospect of company, and this domestic whirlpool had amused her from of old.

"Law, aunt Ann," she said, "you let Amos alone. He and I are old cronies. We understand one another. Here, Amos, catch hold! We shall all get our deaths out here, if we don't do nothin' but stand still and squabble."

The immovable Amos had only been awaiting his cue. He lifted the laden chair with perfect ease to one of the piazza steps, and then to another; when it had reached the topmost level, he dragged it over the sill into the kitchen, and, leaving his mother sitting in colossal triumph by the fire, turned about and took his silent way to the outer world.

"Amos," called aunt Ann, "do you mean to say you're goin' to walk out o' this house without speakin' a civil word to anybody? Do you mean to say that?"

"I don't mean to say nothin'," confided Amos to his worsted muffler, as he took up his goad and began backing the oxen round.

Undisturbed and not at all daunted by a reply for which she had not even listened, aunt Ann raised her voice in cheerful response: "Well, you be along 'tween three an' four, an' you 'll find me ready."

"Mercy, aunt Ann!" said Amelia, beginning to unwind the visitor's wraps, "what makes you keep houndin' Amos that way? If he has n't spoke for thirty-five years, it ain't likely he's goin' to begin now."

Aunt Ann was looking about her with an expression of beaming delight in unfamiliar surroundings. She laughed a rich, unctuous laugh, and stretched her hands to the blaze.

"Law," she said contentedly, "of course it ain't goin' to do no good. Who ever thought 't would? But I've been at that boy all these years to make him like other folks, an' I ain't goin' to stop now. He never shall say his own mother did n't know her duty towards him. Well, 'Melia, you *air* kind o' snug here, arter all! Here, you hand me my bag, an' I'll knit a stitch. I ain't a mite cold."

* Amelia was bustling about the fire, her mind full of the possibilities of a company dinner.

"How's your limbs?" she asked, while aunt Ann drew out a long stocking and began to knit with an amazing rapidity of which her fat fingers gave no promise.

"Well, I ain't allowed to forgit 'em very often," she replied comfortably. "Rheumatiz is my cross, an' I've got to bear it. Sometimes I wish 't had gone into my hands ruther 'n my feet, an' I could ha' got round. But there! if 't ain't one thing, it's another. Mis' Eben Smith's got eight young ones down with the whoopin'-cough. Amos dragged me over there yisterday; an' when I heerd 'em tryin' to see which could bark the

loudest, I says, 'Give me the peace o' Jerusalem in my own house, even if I don't stir a step for the next five year no more 'n I have for the last.' I dunno what 't would be if I had n't a darter. I've been greatly blessed."

The talk went on in pleasant ripples, while Amelia moved back and forth from pantry to table. She brought out the mixing-board, and began to put her bread in the pans, while the tin kitchen stood in readiness by the hearth. The sunshine flooded all the room, and lay insolently on the paling fire; the Maltese cat sat in the broadest shaft of all, and, having lunched from her full saucer in the corner, made her second toilet for the day.

"'Melia," said aunt Ann suddenly, looking down over her glasses at the tin kitchen, "ain't it a real cross to bake in that thing?"

"I always had it in mind to buy me a range," answered Amelia reservedly, "but somehow we never got to it."

"That's the only thing I ever had ag'inst John. He was as grand a man as ever was, but he did set everything by such truck. Don't turn out the old things, I say, no more 'n the old folks; but when it comes to makin' a woman stan' quiddlin' round doin' work back side foremost, that beats me."

"He'd have got me a stove in a minute," burst forth Amelia in haste, "only he never knew I wanted it!"

"More fool you not to ha' said so!" commented aunt Ann, unwinding her ball. "Well, I s'pose he would. John wa'n't like the common run o' men. Great strong creatur' he was, but there was suthin' about him as soft as a woman. His mother used to say his eyes 'd fill full o' tears when he broke up a settin' hen. He was a good husband to you, — a good provider an' a good friend."

Amelia was putting down her bread for its last rising, and her face flushed.

"Yes," she said gently, "he *was* good."

"But there!" continued aunt Ann,

dismissing all lighter considerations, "I duano's that's any reason why you should bake in a tin kitchen, nor why you should need to heat up the brick oven every week, when 't was only done to please him, an' he ain't here to know. Now, 'Melia, le's see what you could do. When you got the range in, 't would alter this kitchen all over. Why don't you tear down that old-fashioned mantelpiece in the fore-room?"

"I could have a marble one," responded Amelia in a low voice. She had taken her sewing again, and she bent her head over it as if she were ashamed. A flush had risen in her cheeks, and her hand trembled.

"Wide marble! real low down!" confirmed aunt Ann in a tone of triumph. "So fur as that goes, you could have a marble-top table." She laid down her knitting, and looked about her, a spark of excited anticipation in her eyes. All the habits of a lifetime urged her on to arrange and rearrange, in pursuit of domestic perfection. People used to say, in her first married days, that Ann Doby wasted more time in planning conveniences about her house than she ever saved by them "arter she got 'em." In her active years, she was, in local phrase, "a driver." Up and about early and late, she directed and managed until her house seemed to be a humming hive of industry and thrift. Yet there was never anything too urgent in that sway. Her beaming good humor acted as a buffer between her and the doers of her will; and though she might scold, she never rasped and irritated. Nor had she really succumbed in the least to the disease which had practically disabled her. It might confine her to a chair and render her dependent upon the service of others, but over it also was she spiritual victor. She could sit in her kitchen and issue orders; and her daughter, with no initiative genius of her own, had all aunt Ann's love of "springin' to it." She

cherished, besides, a worshipful admiration for her mother; so that she asked no more than to act as the humble hand under that directing head. It was Amos who tacitly rebelled. When a boy in school he virtually gave up talking, and thereafter opened his lips only when some practical exigency was to be filled. But once did he vouchsafe a reason for that eccentricity. It was in his fifteenth year, as aunt Ann remembered well, when the minister had called; and Amos, in response to some remark about his hope of salvation, had looked abstractedly out of the window.

"I'd be ashamed," announced aunt Ann, after the minister had gone, — "Amos, I *would* be ashamed, if I could n't open my head to a minister of the gospel!"

"If one head's open permanent in a house, I guess that fills the bill," said Amos, getting up to seek the woodpile. "I ain't goin' to interfere with nobody else's contract."

His mother looked after him with gaping lips, and for the space of half an hour spoke no word.

To-day she saw before her an alluring field of action; the prospect roused within her energies never incapable of responding to a spur.

"My soul, 'Melia!" she exclaimed, looking about the kitchen with a dominating eye, "how I should like to git hold o' this house! I al'ays did have a hankerin' that way, an' I don't mind tellin' ye. You could change it all round complete."

"It's a good house," said Amelia evasively, taking quick, even stitches, but listening hungrily to the voice of outside temptation. It seemed to confirm all the long-suppressed ambitions of her own heart.

"You're left well on 't," continued aunt Ann, her shrewd blue eyes taking on a speculative look. "I'm glad you sold the stock. A woman never undertakes man's work but she comes out the

little eend o' the horn. The house is enough, if you keep it nice. Now, you've got that money laid away, an' all he left you besides. You could live in the village, if you was a mind to."

A deep flush struck suddenly into Amelia's cheek. She thought of Saltash and Laurie Morse.

"I don't want to live in the village," she said sharply, thus reproving her own errant mind. "I like my home."

"Law, yes, of course ye do," replied aunt Ann easily, returning to her knitting. "I was only spec'latin'. The land, 'Melia, what you doin' of? Repairin' an old coat?"

Amelia bent lower over her sewing. "'T was his," she answered in a voice almost inaudible. "I put a patch on it last night by lamplight, and when day-time come I found it was purple. So I'm takin' it off, and puttin' on a black one to match the stuff."

"Goin' to give it away?"

"No, I ain't," returned Amelia, again with that sharp, remonstrant note in her voice. "What makes you think I'd do such a thing as that?"

"Law, I did n't mean no harm. You said you was repairin' on 't,—that's all."

Amelia was ashamed of her momentary outbreak. She looked up and smiled sunnily.

"Well, I suppose it *is* foolish," she owned, — "too foolish to tell. But I've been settin' all his clothes in order to lay 'em aside at last. I kind o' like to do it."

Aunt Ann wagged her head, and ran a knitting-needle up under her cap on a voyage of discovery.

"You think so now," she said wisely, "but you'll see some time it's better by fur to give 'em away while ye can. The time never 'll come when it's any easier. My soul, 'Melia, how I should like to git up into your chambers! It's six year now sence I've seen 'em."

Amelia laid down her work and considered the possibility.

"I don't know how in the world I could h'ist you up there," she remarked, from an evident background of hospitable good will.

"H'ist me up? I guess you could n't! You'd need a tackle an' falls. Amos has had to come to draggin' me round by degrees, an' I don't go off the lower floor. Be them chambers jest the same, 'Melia?"

"Oh yes, they're just the same. Everything is. You know he did n't like changes."

"Blue spread on the west room bed?"

"Yes."

"Spinnin'-wheels out in the shed chamber where his gran'mother Hooper kep' 'em?"

"Yes."

"Say, 'Melia, do you s'pose that little still 's up attic he used to have such a royal good time with, makin' essences?"

Amelia's eyes filled suddenly with hot, unmanageable tears.

"Yes," she said; "we used it only two summers ago. I come across it yesterday. Seemed as if I could smell the peppermint I brought in for him to pick over. He was too sick to go out much then."

Aunt Ann had laid down her work again, and was gazing into vistas of rich enjoyment.

"I'll be whipped if I should n't like to see that little still!"

"I'll go up and bring it down after dinner," said Amelia soberly, folding her work and taking off her thimble. "I'd just as soon as not."

All through the dinner hour aunt Ann kept up an inspiring stream of question and reminiscence.

"You be a good cook, 'Melia, an' no mistake," she remarked, breaking her brown hot biscuit. "This your same kind o' bread, made without yeast?"

"Yes," answered Amelia, pouring the tea. "I save a mite over from the last risin'."

Aunt Ann smelled the biscuit critically.

"Well, it makes proper nice bread," she said, "but seems to me that 's a terrible shif'less way to go about it. However 'd you happen to git hold on 't? You wa'n't never brought up to 't."

"His mother used to make it so. 'T was no great trouble, and 't would have worried him if I 'd changed."

When the lavender-sprigged china had been washed and the hearth swept up, the room fell into its aspect of afternoon repose. The cat, after another serious ablution, sprang up into a chair drawn close to the fireplace, and coiled herself symmetrically on the faded patchwork cushion. Amelia stroked her in passing. She liked to see puss appropriate that chair; her purr from it renewed the message of domestic content.

"Now," said Amelia, "I'll get the still."

"Bring down anything else that 's ancient!" called aunt Ann. "We've pretty much got red o' such things over t' our house, but I kind o' like to see 'em."

When Amelia returned, she staggered under a miscellaneous burden: the still, some old swifts for winding yarn, and a pair of wool-cards.

"I don't believe you know so much about cardin' wool as I do," she said in some triumph, regarding the cards with the saddened gaze of one who recalls an occupation never to be resumed. "You see you dropped all such work when new things come in. I kept right on because he wanted me to."

Aunt Ann was abundantly interested and amused.

"Well, now, if ever!" she repeated over and over again. "If this don't carry me back! Seems if I could hear the wheel hummin' an' gramma Balch steppin' back an' forth as stiddy as a clock. It's been a good while sence I've thought o' such old days."

"If it's old days you want" — began Amelia, and she sped upstairs with a new light of resolution in her eyes.

It was a long time before she returned, — so long that aunt Ann exhausted the still, and turned again to her thrifty knitting. Then there came a bumping noise on the stairs, and Amelia's shuffling tread.

"What under the sun be you doin' of?" called her aunt, listening, with her head on one side. "Don't you fall, 'Melia! Whatever 't is, I can't help ye."

But the stairway door yielded to pressure from within: and first a rim of wood appeared, and then Amelia, scarlet and breathless, staggering under a spinning-wheel.

"Forever!" ejaculated aunt Ann, making one futile effort to rise, like some cumbersome fowl whose wings are clipped. "My land alive! you'll break a blood-vessel, an' then where 'll ye be?"

Amelia triumphantly drew the wheel to the middle of the floor, and then blew upon her dusty hands and smoothed her tumbled hair. She took off her apron and wiped the wheel with it rather tenderly, as if an ordinary duster would not do.

"There!" she said. "Here's some rolls right here in the bedroom. I carded them myself, but I never expected to spin any more."

She adjusted a roll to the spindle, and, quite forgetting aunt Ann, began stepping back and forth in a rhythmic march of feminine service. The low hum of her spinning filled the air, and she seemed to be wrapped about by an atmosphere of remoteness and memory. Even aunt Ann was impressed by it; and once, beginning to speak, she looked at Amelia's face and stopped. The purring silence continued, lulling all lesser energies to sleep, until Amelia, pausing to adjust her thread, found her mood broken by actual stillness, and gazed about her like one awakened from dreams.

"There!" she said, recalling herself. "Ain't that a good smooth thread? I've sold lots of yarn. They ask for it in Sudleigh."

"'T is so!" confirmed aunt Ann cor-

dially. "An' you 've al'ays dyed it yourself, too!"

"Yes, a good blue; sometimes tea-color. There, now, you can't say you ain't heard a spinnin'-wheel once more!"

Amelia moved the wheel to the side of the room, and went gravely back to her chair. Her energy had fled, leaving her hushed and tremulous. But not for that did aunt Ann relinquish her quest for the betterment of the domestic world. Her tongue clicked the faster as Amelia's halted. She put away her work altogether, and sat, with wagging head and eloquent hands, still holding forth on the changes which might be wrought in the house: a bay window here, a sofa there, new chairs, tables, and furnishings. Amelia's mind swam in a sea of green rep, and she found herself looking up from time to time at her mellowed four walls to see if they sparkled in desirable yet somewhat terrifying gilt paper.

At four o'clock, when Amos swung into the yard with the oxen, she was remorsefully conscious of heaving a sigh of relief; and she bade him in to the cup of tea ready for him by the fire with a sympathetic sense that too little was made of Amos, and that perhaps only she, at that moment, understood his habitual frame of mind. He drank his tea in silence, the while aunt Ann, with much relish, consumed doughnuts and cheese, having spread a wide handkerchief in her lap to catch the crumbs. Amelia talked rapidly, always to her, thus averting a verbal avalanche from Amos, who never varied in his rôle of automaton. But she was not to succeed. At the very moment of parting, aunt Ann, enthroned in her chair, with a clogging stick under the rockers, called a halt just as the oxen gave their tremulous preparatory heave.

"Amos!" cried she. "I'll be whipped if you've spoke one word to 'Melia this livelong day! If you ain't ashamed, I be! If you can't speak, I can!"

Amos paused, with his habitual resignation to circumstances, but Amelia sped

forward and clapped him cordially on the arm; with the other hand she dealt one of the oxen a futile blow.

"Huddup, Bright!" she called, with a swift, smiling look at Amos. Even in kindness she would not do him the wrong of an unnecessary word. "Good-by, aunt Ann! Come again!"

Amos turned half about, the goad over his shoulder. His dull-seeming eyes had opened to a gleam of human feeling, betraying how bright and keen they were. Some hidden spring had been touched, though only they would tell its story. Amelia thought it was gratitude. And then aunt Ann, nodding her farewells in assured contentment with herself and all the world, was drawn slowly out of the yard.

When Amelia went indoors and warmed her chilled hands at the fire, the silence seemed to her benignant. What was loneliness before had miraculously translated itself into peace. That worldly voice, strangely clothing her own longings with form and substance, had been stilled; only the clock, rich in the tranquillity of age, ticked on, and the cat stretched herself and curled up again. Amelia sat down in the waning light and took a last stitch in her work; she looked the coat over critically with an artistic satisfaction, and then hung it behind the door in its accustomed place, where it had remained undisturbed now for many months. She ate soberly and sparingly of her early supper, and then, leaving the lamp on a side-table, where it brought out great shadows in the room, she took a little cricket and sat down by the fire. There she had mused many an evening which seemed to her less dull than the general course of her former life, while her husband occupied the hearthside chair and told her stories of the war. He had a childlike clearness and simplicity of speech and a self-forgetful habit of reminiscence. The war was the war to him, not a theatre for boastful individual action; but Amelia remem-

bered now that he had seemed to hold heroic proportions in relation to that immortal past. One could hardly bring heroism into the potato-field and the cow-house; but after this lapse of time it began to dawn upon her that the man who had fought at Gettysburg and the man who marked out for her the narrow rut of an unchanging existence were one and the same. And as if the moment had come for an expected event, she heard again the jangling of bells without, and the old vivid color rushed into her cheeks, reddened before by the fire-shine. It was as though the other night had been a rehearsal, and as if now she knew what was coming. Yet she only clasped her hands more tightly about her knees and waited, the while her heart hurried its time. The knocker fell twice with a resonant clang. She did not move. It beat again the more insistently. Then the heavy outer door was pushed open, and Laurie Morse came in, looking exactly as she knew he would look: half angry, wholly excited, and dowered with the beauty of youth recalled. He took off his cap and stood before her.

"Why did n't you come?" he asked imperatively. "Why did n't you let me in?"

The old wave of irresponsible joy rose in her at his presence; yet it was now not so much a part of her real self as a delight in some influence which might prove foreign to her. She answered him, as she was always impelled to do, dramatically, as if he gave her the cue, calling for words which might be her sincere expression, and might not.

"If you wanted it enough, you could get in," she said perversely, with an alluring coquetry in her mien. "The door was unfastened."

"I did want to enough," he responded. A new light came into his eyes. He held out his hands toward her. "Get up off that cricket!" he commanded. "Come here!"

Amelia rose with a swift, feminine motion, but she stepped backward, one hand upon her heart. She thought its beating could be heard.

"It ain't Saturday," she whispered.

"No, it ain't. But I could n't wait. You knew I could n't. You knew I'd come to-night."

The added years had had their effect on him; possibly, too, there had been growing up in him the strength of a long patience. He was not an heroic type of man; but, noting the sudden wrinkles in his face and the firmness of his mouth, Amelia conceived a swift respect for him which she had never felt in the days of their youth.

"Am I goin' to stay," he asked sternly, "or shall I go home?"

As if in dramatic accord with his words, the bells jangled loudly at the gate. Should he go or stay?

"I suppose," said Amelia faintly, "you're goin' to stay."

Laurie laid down his cap and pulled off his coat. He looked about impatiently, and then, moving toward the nail by the door, he lifted the coat to place it over that other one hanging there. Amelia had watched him absently, thinking only, with a hungry anticipation, how much she had needed him; but as the garment touched her husband's, the real woman burst through the husk of her outer self and came to life with an intensity that was pain. She sprang forward.

"No! no!" she cried, the words ringing wildly in her own ears. "No! no! don't you hang it there! Don't you! don't you!" She swept him aside, and laid her hands upon the old patched garment on the nail. It was as if they blessed it, and as if they defended it also. Her eyes burned with the horror of witnessing some irrevocable deed.

Laurie stepped back in pure surprise. "No, of course not," said he. "I'll put it on a chair. Why, what's the

matter, Milly? I guess you're nervous. Come back to the fire. Here, sit down where you were, and let's talk."

The cat, roused by a commotion which was insulting to her egotism, jumped down from the cushion, stretched into a fine curve, and made a silhouette of herself in a corner of the hearth. Amelia, a little ashamed, and not very well understanding what it was all about, came back, with shaking limbs, and dropped upon the settle, striving now to remember the conventionalities of saner living. Laurie was a kind man. At this moment, he thought only of reassuring her. He drew forward the chair left vacant by the cat and beat up the cushion.

"There," said he, "I'll take this, and we'll talk."

Amelia recovered herself with a spring. She came up straight and tall, a concluded resolute in every muscle. She laid a hand upon his arm.

"Don't you sit there!" said she. "Don't you!"

"Why, Amelia!" he ejaculated, in a vain perplexity. "Why, Milly!"

She moved the chair back out of his grasp, and turned to him again.

"I understand it now," she went on rapidly. "I know just what I feel and think, and I thank my God it ain't too late. Don't you see I can't bear to have your clothes hang where his belong? Don't you see 't would kill me to have you sit in his chair? When I find puss there, it's a comfort. If 't was you — I don't know but I might do you a mischief!" Her voice sank in awe of herself and her own capacity for passionate emotion.

Laurie Morse had much swift understanding of the human heart. His own nature partook of the feminine, and he shared its intuitions and its fears.

"I never should lay that up against you, Milly," he said kindly. "But we would n't have these things. You'd come to Saltash with me, and we'd furnish all new."

"Not have these things!" called Amelia, with a ringing note of dismay, — "not have these things he set by as he did his life! Why, what do you think I'm made of, after fifteen years? What did I think I was made of, even to guess I could? You don't know what women are like, Laurie Morse, — you don't know!"

She broke down in piteous weeping. Even then it seemed to her that it would be good to find herself comforted with warm human sympathy; but not a thought of its possibility remained in her mind. She saw the boundaries beyond which she must not pass. Though the desert were arid on this side, it was her desert, and there in her tent must she abide. She began speaking again between sobbing breaths: —

"I did have a dull life. I used up all my young days doin' the same things over and over, when I wanted somethin' different. It *was* dull; but if I could have it all over again, I'd work my fingers to the bone. I don't know how it would have been if you and I'd come together then, and had it all as we planned; but now I'm a different woman. I can't any more go back than you could turn Sudleigh River and coax it to run uphill. I don't know whether 't was meant my life should make me a different woman; but I *am* different, and such as I am, I'm his woman. Yes, till I die, till I'm laid in the ground 'longside of him!" Her voice had an assured ring of triumph, as if she were taking again an indissoluble marriage oath.

Laurie had grown very pale. There were forlorn hollows under his eyes; now he looked twice his age.

"I did n't suppose you kept a place for me," he said, with an unconscious dignity. "That would n't have been right, and him alive. And I did n't wait for dead men's shoes. But somehow I thought there was something between you and me that could n't be outlived."

Amelia looked at him with a frank

sweetness which transfigured her face into spiritual beauty.

"I thought so, too," she answered, with that simplicity ever attending our approximation to the truth. "I never once said it to myself; but all this year, 'way down in my heart, I knew you'd come back. And I wanted you to come. I guess I'd got it all planned out how we'd make up for what we'd lost, and build up a new life. But, so far as I go, I guess I did n't lose by what I've lived through. I guess I gained somethin' I'd sooner give up my life than even lose the memory of."

So absorbed was she in her own spiritual inheritance that she quite forgot his pain. She gazed past him with an unseeing look; and, striving to meet and recall it, he faced the vision of their divided lives. To-morrow Amelia would remember his loss and mourn over it with maternal pangs; to-night she was oblivious of all but her own. Great human experiences are costly things; they demand sacrifice not only of ourselves but of those who are near us. The room was intolerable to Laurie. He took his hat and coat and hurried out. Amelia heard the dragging door closed behind him. She realized, with the numbness born of supreme emotion, that he was putting on his coat outside in the cold; and she did not mind. The bells stirred, and went clanging away. Then she drew

a long breath, and bowed her head on her hands in an acquiescence that was like prayer.

It seemed a long time to Amelia before she awoke again to temporal things. She rose, smiling, to her feet, and looked about her as if her eyes caressed every corner of the homely room. She picked up puss in a round, comfortable ball and carried her back to the hearthside chair; there she stroked her until her touchy ladyship had settled down again to purring content. Then Amelia, still smiling, and with an absent look, as if her mind wandered through lovely possibilities of a sort which can never be undone, drew forth the spinning-wheel and fitted a roll to the spindle. She began stepping back and forth as if she moved to the measure of an unheard song, and the pleasant hum of her spinning broke delicately upon the ear. It seemed to waken all the room into new vibrations of life. The clock ticked with an assured peace, as if knowing it marked eternal hours. The flames waved softly upward without their former crackle and sheen; and the moving shadows were gentle and rhythmic ones come to keep the soul company. Amelia felt her thread lovingly.

"I guess I'll dye it blue," she said, with a tenderness great enough to compass inanimate things. "He always set by blue, did n't he, puss?"

Alice Brown.

IN QUEST OF A SHADOW: AN ASTRONOMICAL EXPERIENCE IN JAPAN.

BEARS, the barbarous Ainu, the Imperial Agricultural College at Sapporo, and the fine harbor of Hakodate, where the men-of-war of various nationalities are apt to take refuge from the summer heats of Yokohama, — these comprise practically everything that the average traveler in the Mikado's empire connects with the great northern island of Yezo. Indeed, few of the Japanese themselves know much of this island, with its intensely cold winters, its deep snows, and its general life, so different from the pleasure-loving, semi-tropical existence of the lower provinces. A missionary may be encountered here and there in southern Yezo, and still more rarely, perhaps, a foreign or Japanese ethnologist or naturalist makes his somewhat difficult investigations around Volcano Bay or along the southern coast. But the island is largely an unknown region. It is one of the few places in a supercivilized world where primitive nature prevails, where rude aborigines still pursue their unmolested way, and where many hundred miles of trackless forest await the first step from an outer civilization.

Across this island the slender shadow of the sun's total eclipse rushed in its swift passage over the earth in August of last year. Toward localities of the very existence of which few had been aware, scientific men turned, so soon as the track of anticipated darkness was found to lie along those unexplored shores; and for three years the meteorological conditions in the provinces of Kitami, Kushiro, and Nemuro had been the subject of careful investigation by the Imperial Weather Service, at the request of an American astronomer.

Japan is emphatically a country of moisture and decorative cloud-effects, of soft warmth and fitful sunshine. Yet in

its remote northern regions the astronomical conditions were more favorable, and the observations in July and August of 1893, 1894, and 1895 showed the chances of clear skies to be equal to the chance of clouded skies. And so it fell out that a scientific expedition from Massachusetts and another from France wended their way in July of 1896 toward this remote portion of the globe, and threw their flags for the first time to breezes blowing straight to Yezo from the island of Saghalien, over the tossing waves of the sea of Okhotsk.

An overland journey to Esashi, the objective point in Kitami province, would have been impossible, involving the transportation of several tons of apparatus by packhorse over roadless mountains, through unexplored forests, and across bridgeless rivers; but the Japanese government, with characteristically generous courtesy, ordered the detail of a steamship especially to convey the American expedition from Yokohama to whatever point it might select for the observing-station; giving free transportation to its members and instruments, and affording every facility for the successful completion of its mission.

Early in July, 1896, an American settlement sprang up in the midst of a greatly surprised little fishing-hamlet. Telegrams from the central government to the chief ruler of the island, and from him to the local authorities, placed practically the entire resources of the region at our disposal. Guards and interpreters, a telegraph operator who understood English, an empty schoolhouse as headquarters, a tract of land adjoining for setting up instruments, and every intelligent Japanese resident as willing assistant so far as possible, were the pleasant outcome of kindness in high places.

Esashi itself has a few characteristic Japanese features — tea-houses, whose little attendant maids were quite as daintily dressed as those in the far south; while a gnarled tree-trunk formed the street-lamp pillar just outside my window, — a picturesque corner decoration. Strolling pilgrim beggars in dingy white solicited alms. Attempts were made at temple festivals, where, instead of the gorgeous floats of Kyoto, the devotees, supposedly riding in grandeur, were really walking amid artificial cherry blossoms, in little floorless inclosures under canopies, simulating rolling cars, — a pathetic deception deceiving nobody; and more secular festivals occurred, when booths were erected and plays were performed. As no other foreign lady had ever visited Esashi, curiosity was even more active than is usual in remote Japanese villages. Children, young people of both sexes, and even a few withered grandparents formed a procession when I walked abroad, and three ecstatic little boys marched close at my side blowing tin trumpets. Truly I had never before made so triumphant a progress. The crowds were chiefly Japanese, but on the outskirts lurked a few of the shy and “haury” Ainu, who had come to this metropolis from a neighboring village, the men distinguishable at any distance by their bushy black hair and enormous beards, the women tattooed in imitation of their lords.

The most picturesque spot in Esashi was a small Shinto temple with a neatly kept graveled courtyard and two handsome *torii*, one of fine granite. The ministering priest, an odd-looking Japanese with a sparse beard and an indifferent expression, was often to be seen watering various handsome plants growing in vases around the temple. Near by, a little lighthouse rose abruptly from the rocks of the shore, in which every evening a student-lamp was dutifully lighted. The narrow platform around the summit, reached by an open outside

ladder, was the point where I was to draw the long and faint streamers of the corona during the precious two minutes and forty seconds of totality on August 9th.

Just beyond our eclipse camp, Professor Deslandres, of Paris, had located his expedition, with a fine collection of spectroscopes for attacking coronal problems; and in the offing lay a French man-of-war to carry away the instruments and members of his expedition after the eclipse should have come and gone. Out in the scrub bamboo, perhaps half a mile from the village, Professor Terao had established his party from the Imperial University; and our own instruments — twenty telescopes and spectroscopes, all attached to one great central polar axis and operated by electricity — were daily becoming more perfectly adjusted for the eclipse. In leaving the south we had apparently left the region of low-lying fogs and constant cloud. Here the sunsets were clear and yellow like autumnal skies in New England, the nights cool after hot and brilliant days. One long storm had been discouraging, but afterward the air was clearer and quieter.

Nothing could have exceeded the interest and courtesy of the leading inhabitants. The mayor, or “chief officer,” even gave orders that on eclipse day no fires were to be lighted anywhere in town. No chance smoke should be suffered to make the air thick or unsteady. All cooking should be done the day before, or else only the *hibachi* with its glowing charcoal could be used; and if dry weather had prevailed, the streets were all to be carefully watered against the risk of rising dust.

Early in the morning, just as the sun was rising, and sleep had been effectually banished by the awkward waltzes of the crows on the shingled roof over our heads, was the favorite time for official calls. A knock preceded the immediate entrance of our interpreter with members of the Board of Education and govern-

ment officials who had come to Esashi to see the eclipse and to assist in dedicating a new schoolhouse. So with ante-breakfast coffee prepared by our smiling cook, and gifts of the interesting fossils and jasper of the region from them, these occasions could not fail to be mutually gratifying.

We received these visitors in the office or headquarters of the chief of the expedition. Around the walls, on convenient shelves, were eyepieces, lenses, electrical appliances, a few books, object-glasses in their shining brass holders, levels, a transit, photographic plates, and other valuable paraphernalia of an astronomical expedition. During one of these impromptu receptions at five in the morning, the mayor, glancing about the apartment, gave utterance to a long and elaborate speech, duly accompanied by low bows and the most friendly smiles. It must have lost much of its grace in translation, but it seemed to be to the effect that on those shelves the children in former days had been wont to keep their shoes. He hoped a sort of reflex action from the wonderful objects now filling the same space might extend to every child whose straw or wooden clogs had once occupied it, giving them something of the scientific and devoted spirit that animated the famous men who had come so far for a sublime celestial spectacle.

On Friday the 7th no callers arrived; it rained heavily. The next day, too, no one came through the storm. But in the evening a glorious sunset filled the sky; the clouds broke into shreds of pink and salmon and lavender against a yellow background, and all the guests of distinction in the village, with the mayor and the leading citizens, came in together. Elaborate speeches were made again, wherein they said that while it rained for two days their hearts had failed them; they could not bear to look at all the fine apparatus and the extensive preparations, with the prospect of cloud on Sunday. But now, in the face of the sunset glory,

they came joyfully, with congratulations from all the fishermen, who knew the signs of the sky; and with hopeful portents from a book of prophecy, and a local oracle just interrogated at a neighboring shrine. In truth, everything promised well. Stars enough came out in the evening for testing the instruments, and hearts more contented slept than awoke once again to the sound of rain.

The nerve-tension of that Sunday morning was beyond what one would often be able to endure. Shower succeeded sunshine, cloud followed blue sky, northwest wind supplanted a damp breeze from the south full of scudding vapor. The hours rolled on toward two o'clock and "first contact." The chief astronomer kept calmly at work, giving final directions to each person for every instrument, keeping each of the multitudinous details in mind, with a philosophy as imperturbable as if the skies had been unchangingly clear, and cloudless totality were a celestial certainty. The vagaries of the western horizon, the moods of the wind, and the prevailing drift of cirrus and cumulus had no further charm. Time was too precious. It remained for the unofficial member of the party to feel the alternations of hope and despair.

At one o'clock almost half the sky was blue; two o'clock, and the moon had already bitten a small piece from the bright disk of the sun, slightly obscured by a drifting vapor; half after two all the people of the town were ranged along the fence about our inclosure, looking once in a while at the narrowing crescent of the sun, but generally at the instruments, the sober faces in curious contrast to the sooty decorations made by looking through the wrong side of smoked glass. And still the drifting vapor passed, — sometimes so thin as to be hardly perceptible, often heavy, but constantly changing.

Then perceptible darkness began to creep onward. Everything grew quiet. The black moon was stealing her silent

way over the sun, until the crescent grew thin and wan. The Ainu suppose an eclipse to be the fainting or dying of the sun, and they whisk drops of water from sacred god-sticks toward him, as they do in the face of a fainting person. But no one spoke.

Just before totality, to occur at two minutes after three o'clock, I went over to the little lighthouse, taking up my appointed station on the summit, an ideal vantage-ground for a spectacle beyond anything else I ever witnessed. Grayer and grayer grew the day, narrower and narrower the crescent of shining sunlight. The sea faded to leaden nothingness. Armies of crows which had pretended entire indifference, fighting and flapping as usual on gables and flag-poles with unabated fervor, finally succumbed, and flew off with heavy haste to the pine forest on the mountain side. The French man-of-war disappeared in gloom, the junks blended in colorlessness; but grass and verdure suddenly turned strangely, vividly yellow-green.

It was a moment of appalling suspense; something was being waited for, the very air was portentous. The flocks of circling sea-gulls disappeared with strange cries. One white butterfly fluttered by, vaguely.

Then an instantaneous darkness leaped upon the world. Unearthly night enveloped all things. With an indescribable outflashing at the same second, the corona burst forth in wonderful radiance. But dimly seen through thinly drifting cloud, it was nevertheless beautiful, a celestial flame beyond description. Simultaneously the whole northwestern sky was instantly flooded with a lurid and startlingly brilliant orange, across which floated clouds slightly darker, like flecks of liquid flame, while the west and southwest gleamed in shining lemon-yellow. It was not like a sunset; it was too sombre and terrible.

Still the pale circle of coronal light glowed peacefully, while Nature held her

breath for the next stage in the amazing spectacle. It might well have been the prelude to the shriveling and disappearing of the whole world. Absolute silence reigned. No human being spoke. No bird twittered. Even the sighing of the surf breathed into silence; not a ripple stirred the leaden sea. One human being seemed so small, so helpless, so slight a part of all the mystery and weirdness.

It might have been hours, for time seemed annihilated; and yet when the tiniest possible globule of sunlight, like a drop, a pin-hole, a needle-shaft, reappeared, the fair corona and all the color in sky and cloud flashed from sight, and a natural aspect of stormy twilight filled all the wide spaces of the day. Then the two minutes and a half in memory seemed but a few seconds, — like a breath, a tale that is told.

The fine detail of the corona was lost in the thick sky, but its brilliance must have been unusual to show so plainly through cloud; and it was remarkably flattened at the solar poles, and extended equatorially, thus indicating to the astronomer new lines of research for eclipses in the future. A few photographs of the corona were taken, — too misty through vapors for much subsequent scientific study. One or two hand-drawings give its general outline well; and a most interesting experiment seems to indicate the presence of Roentgen radiations in the corona, — singularly enough, since they appear to be absent in sunlight.

But the invention, the perfect working, and the manifest advantage of an automatic system of celestial photography, operated electrically, by which twenty telescopes can be manipulated by one observer and his assistant, and between four and five hundred coronal photographs secured in two or three minutes, was the most practical result of the expedition, only hindered from its fullest success by cloud at the critical moment.

Just after totality, a telegram came

from the astronomer royal of England, far away on the southeastern coast: "Thick clouds. Nothing done."

Nature knows how to be cruel, — though it may be mere indifference. But until, in his search for the unknown, man learns to circumvent clouds, I must still feel that she keeps the advantage. On that Sunday afternoon, the sun, emerging from the partial eclipse, set cheerfully in a clear sky; the next morning dawned cloudless and sparkling.

The astronomer must keep his hope perennial. The heavens remain, and sun and moon still pursue their steady cycle. In celestial spaces shadows cannot fail to fall, and the solid earth must now and then intercept them. In January of 1898, India will be darkened; in 1900, our own Southern States; in 1901, Sumatra and Celebes will be the scientific Mecca for six wonderful minutes of totality. Somewhere the shadow will be caught, beneficently falling through unclouded skies.

Mabel Loomis Todd.

A MAN AND THE SEA.

ON the great shiny plain of the Atlantic, hushed and passive as though resting after the gale, the dismasted, storm-stricken hull of a vessel rolled sickishly from side to side in the trough of the sluggish swells. Her decks, previously a tar-lined stretch of boards shadowed by the sails above, now lay desolate beneath the sun, strewn with broken bits of plank-ing from the shattered deck-house and covered with a meshwork of tangled ropes and spars. The after-part of the star-board gunwale had been washed away, leaving the deck in that section open to the sea; and facing the gap, propped up against the jagged stump of the main-mast, sat a man.

There had been six of them in all when the vessel cleared from Rio Janeiro. Five the sea had already taken. This one had yet to wait. He was a large man, well along in middle age. His face was dark, heavy-featured, almost hard; with a bold, self-contained look about the black eyes that showed him to be a man determined to have his own way in all things, and accustomed to dominate over his fellow men. But a falling yard-arm had broken his leg, and he remembered, with a half-cynical smile on his pain-drawn lips, how, when the gale was

screeching and seething about him, he had seen the fifth man sweep down the deck in the swash of the boarding sea, hurled straight through that gap in the gunwale; and how he had sat there powerless even to cast the poor devil a rope.

So all through the morning of the calm he gazed stupidly out over the illimitable heaving level of the sea to where the blue dome of the heavens bent down to the sun-white water, drawing at the imagined meeting the curved and delusive line of the horizon. He seldom moved, for the pain in his leg was less intense when he kept very still; but he knew the sea was the same behind him, and over the bows, and over the stern the same.

Now and again he heard a strange bumping, and felt the shocks tremble through the hull. At first he thought it some hindrance in the ceaseless clanking of the wheel-gear; then it occurred to him it was the end of the mainmast, held close to the vessel by the ratlines, thumping against her quarter. After that he waited for the shocks. But they came irregularly. When two of them followed each other in quick succession it startled him; when a longer spell of quiet intervened, he thought he must snatch up the

great spar from the water and smash it against the planking. He reasoned against it. The thirst and heat, he told himself, were drying him up, and it was only natural that the spar should pound. His teeth came together hard for a minute; then he grew calmer, and waited no more for the shocks.

The morning passed slowly away. The sun, almost directly overhead now, shone blazing from the sky and softened the tar in the decking, so that the man could poke shallow holes in the black lines with his stubby finger. Then a blotch of cloud crept up from behind the edge of sea before him, wafted along in an upper draft of air. It grew larger as it approached, changing in form. Finally it reached the sun and cast its shadow over the deck. The man breathed deep in the cool it afforded, thankful for the respite from the stifling heat. The ragged end of the cloud, however, was drawing near on the water. It came to the vessel, drifting in silence over the litter of boards and ropes. Just one more breath in the cool. He must have it. Instinctively he stretched out his hands as if he could hold the line back. But the cloud above was moving fast, the shadow moved with it, and as the man inhaled he sucked into his aching throat the warm, dry air of the sunshine.

A whimpering cry broke from his lips, and in sheer desperation at his helplessness he picked up the end of a board and hurled it into the sea. A slight splash, and the circle of little waves scampered outward over the water. Larger and larger grew the arch of the circle, the little waves less distinct. The man watched the wrinkles intently, — watched them until they disappeared. But what had become of them? Had they quietly sunk back again into the ocean, or were they still spreading, somewhere outside the range of sight, running toward the distant horizon, and beyond?

The sun sank lower in the west, and at last dropped into the sea. A great

red daub of varying color lingered in the sky, which simmered in reflection on the water and streaked the glaring surface prettily with pink. Thus the water appeared to the eye, in the sunset. Below, unconscious of sunset, storm, or calm, the unknown depths of the ocean lay hidden in ominous mystery.

The swells had quieted down. The spar must have drifted from under the vessel's quarter, for the bumping had ceased. Only the uneasy squeaking of the helm and the splashing chuckle of the water on the sides of the hull broke upon the silence of the evening.

As the still night came on, the man watched the dim horizon narrow in to vanish in the black of the water alongside, and saw the multitude of stars grow in the heavens. Then after a little while he fell into a turbulent sleep, whilst the huge night hung thick about him.

He awoke some hours later with the pain in his leg. And there before him, as if suspended from a star, a chain of bright red lights ran down obliquely to the sea. He rubbed his eyes wonderingly, but the lights remained hanging brilliant against the blackness of the sky. He remembered how a former shipmate of his, in mid-ocean, had seen lights along the shore before turning insane, and the fear of madness choked his lungs. A nameless something was creeping stealthily upon him; in from the sea, squirming along the deck, and sliding down the stump of spar at his back. Not a sound now disturbed the stillness. The large man, unmindful of his broken leg, cowered before it. He tried to crawl away. But on came the thing, noiseless and slimy, like the closing in of the fog. He could almost feel it touch him. Then of a sudden the well-known bump of the mast-end, with its vibrating shock, shattered the strain, and he fell backward upon the deck with a groan.

The pounding continued, less frequent, still irregular; but now in the dark it came as a friendly companionship to the

man. Each time the spar struck the quarter he smiled contentedly to himself; each time it waited longer than usual he became afraid lest it had slipped away.

After a while the dawn appeared in the east and widened rapidly over the sky. Every moment it grew lighter. The stars above paled out and disappeared; the gray and misty sea stretched below. The spar all the time had been thumping at the planking. He noticed that the vessel, when she rolled, seemed clumsy and awkward in the movement, and he heard the slopping of the water inside. As the morning broke clear the vessel sank lower and lower.

So the end of it all was near. He tried to think, — tried to collect his senses and find out what the sinking meant. It came to him that as he had been a swimmer since his childhood he would not drown at once; that he would be left behind on that vast plain of sea. It would not be long, for his broken leg would soon exhaust him, but while it lasted the great sky and indefinite ocean would be worse than the dark and the crawling thing of madness. And another

fear, that of being alone in his universe, rushed upon him, and rolling to where a rope lay, made fast to a belaying-pin at the gunwale, he tied the end hastily about his waist.

He stopped suddenly with his hand upon the knot, gazing fixedly over the stern. The fear was still upon him, but a certain quiet had come over him in which he was made to realize that he was afraid. Again, as on the day before, when the pounding of the mast-end was torturing him, his teeth clicked sharply together. He began tugging at the knot to unloosen it, trembling lest he should not free himself in time. As the rope fell from about his waist he dragged himself up until he stood on one foot, leaning against the battered gunwale, — a man alone beneath the morning light, staring desperately over the vastness of the space before him.

Then the hull staggered and plunged bow first. A green wall of water poured over the gunwale with a clinging chill, throwing him to the deck, and the suction of the sinking vessel dragged him down.

Guy H. Scull.

MEN AND LETTERS.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

MARGARET OLIPHANT WILSON OLIPHANT, who died at Wimbledon on the 25th of June, was in many respects the most remarkable woman of our time. No other woman of any time, indeed, has ever written both so much and so well. For nearly half a century, from her twenty-first year to her seventieth, her invention never flagged, nor her industry, nor her ready command of pure and fitting English; while that which was undoubtedly the highest quality of her mind, and hardly less a moral than an intellectual

one, her deep insight into human nature and sympathetic divination of human motive, seemed to grow in strength and gentle assurance as the long, laborious years went by. It was to this quality that her success as a story-teller and her yet more striking success, in some instances, as a biographer was mainly due. She was naturally more analytic than dramatic, but knew where her own weakness lay, and her fine literary conscience led her to fortify herself exactly there; so that the best of her tales are scarcely more remarkable as character-studies than for ingenuity of plot and

liveliness of action. She had that which is so rare among women, even clever ones, that it is often summarily denied them all, — spontaneous and abundant humor; a humor not dry and sarcastic, as that of her nation is apt to be (for Mrs. Oliphant was a loyal Scotchwoman), and still less having any sub-flavor of bitterness or *acidia*, but broad, genial, sunshiny, a quality which, more than any other human endowment, helps its possessor to see human things in their true proportions and relations, their large natural masses of light and shade.

Her works were so numerous — about a hundred volumes in all, of fiction, biography, history, and criticism — that one is compelled in a brief notice like this to regard them in classes rather than individually. Her novels are almost all stories of modern English or Scottish life; that life of which the setting is so mellow and harmonious, the class-distinctions so picturesque, the historic background so deep, and the soil so prolific of strong character-types that the artist with a good eye and a moderately well-trained hand works easily at its representation and under specially favorable conditions. "No wonder the English water-colors are good," we say, or used to say while they were still the height of artistic fashion; "all England is a water-color."

Mrs. Oliphant will probably be thought to have touched the height of her creative and dramatic power in the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, stories of the quiet, decorous, and yet concentrated life of an old-fashioned English provincial town, in several of which the same characters reappear. In their manner of treatment, midway between the demure conventionalism and half-unconscious drolleries of Miss Austen and the labored intellectuality and excessive research of the more imposing George Eliot, they seem to me among the soundest, sweetest, fairest fruits we have of the unforced feminine intelligence. Mrs. Oliphant was on the summit of her own life and in the ripe-

ness of her power when she wrote these charming tales; and to the same rich years between thirty-five and forty belong also the most moving of her admirable biographies, the *Life of Edward Irving* and the remarkably brilliant series of literary studies first published in *Blackwood's Magazine* and afterward collected under the title of *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.* The chapter on Queen Caroline, which I have not seen, it must be confessed, for more years than I care to number, remains in my memory as something very near perfection in that style of portraiture.

Mrs. Oliphant was for many years a member of the regular corps of able and accomplished but always anonymous contributors to *Maga*, and many of her best stories first appeared in the ever welcome pages of the fine old Edinburgh periodical. The name of her novels is legion, and their merits, upon the whole, are wonderfully even, though a few detach themselves from the rest, as excelling in the mingled humor and pathos of their situations, in a well-prepared climax of interest, or in the irresistible effect of a never obtruded moral. Such are *The Story of Valentine and his Brother*, *In Trust*, *The Greatest Heiress in England*, *He that Will not when he May*, *A House divided against Itself*, and, in later years, *Kirsteen*, which lacks but little of the distinction of Stevenson or the local color of Barrie and his followers, and *The Cuckoo in the Nest*. Each of these titles recalls others, half forgotten in the ungrateful haste of modern life or the breathless pursuit of modern publications, until one doubts, after all, whether one has done more than put on record a personal bias.

I myself attempted in these pages, about a dozen years ago, a rather elaborate review of Mrs. Oliphant's work as it then stood. I was in the main, I believe, very laudatory; I dare say imperitously so; but I thought it my duty discreetly to intimate that so enormous

a production as hers must needs imply something of haste and carelessness. Her inimitably graceful and amiable acknowledgment of my ambitious critique lies before me, addressed, not to myself, but to Mr. Aldrich, who was then editing *The Atlantic Monthly*: —

“I feel inclined to explain that I don’t really work at the breakneck pace my kind reviewer supposes, but am, in fact, very constant, though very leisurely, in my work, . . . and my faults must be set down to deficiencies less accidental than want of time. The occasions, now and then, when I am hurried are those on which I usually do my best. . . . I have had a long time to do my work in, and I always feel inclined to apologize for having written so much, or, indeed, sometimes for having written at all. But I have always tried, though never entirely to my own satisfaction, to do the best I know.”

One can no more doubt the transparent truth of this than question its beautiful modesty, and one reconsiders, almost abashed, one’s own most confident opinions. If the *Life of Edward Irving* is the most thrilling of the half dozen biographies which all deserve a permanent place in English literature, both those of Count Charles de Montalembert and of Mrs. Oliphant’s own erratic but most interesting kinsman, Laurence Oliphant, show a larger knowledge of the world and of men and a more exquisite poise of judgment, while that of Jeanne d’Arc, her last effort in the line where she had so rare a gift, is a model in the way of patiently amassed and carefully sifted testimony; and it is undervalued by certain pedants merely because the author firmly declines to advance any rationalizing theory or hasty explanation of the mystic and spiritual side of the Maid’s extraordinary career.

Herself, Mrs. Oliphant, had faith in faith as St. Augustine had love for love. And this brings us to another group of writings which are, at least, among the

most original which she produced. The series called collectively *Studies of the Unseen* began, almost twenty years ago, with the highly imaginative and impressive story of *The Beleaguered City*, and closed only last winter by a solemn meditation upon the possibilities of a future state, which may have been written with full knowledge that the “last necessity” was near at hand for the author, and the great secret very soon to be disclosed.

The *Studies of the Unseen* can leave no reader quite indifferent. To some few, I suppose, they have been almost a revelation. To others they are specially touching from the proof they seem to afford of race instincts and the temperamental proclivity to mysticism and “second sight” of the long-descended Scot, awakening and gathering strength as life declines. All must acknowledge the immense literary merit of some of them, the serious and reverent courage, the candor, the entire absence of anything hysterical or fancifully sentimental with which the writer’s imagination is disciplined to the most solemn of its possible uses, and the inevitable unknown scrutinized and interrogated.

I have spoken above of the essentially feminine character of Mrs. Oliphant’s great talent, and I return to the point, for it seems to me full of significance and, in a certain way, of admonition. I cannot help thinking that her power of sustained effort and production, her exceptional clearness and sanity of spirit, and the elastic vigor which her faculties retained for threescore years and ten, were due most of all to the fact that her mind was suffered to grow and develop in freedom; not compelled into any academic groove, nor teased to overpass its native limitations; that her precious intellectual instincts, in short, were not smothered and slain in the enforced service of an uncertain reason. She was a lady and a writer of that old school which gave a better training in some few essentials than all the new colleges, and a

cachet which their diplomas do not confer. She was highly endowed, but found scope and use for all her generous gifts under the antiquated conditions of private and domestic life.

She dwelt, indeed, in so dignified a seclusion that one hesitates even now, when all is over, to pry into the circumstances which she preferred to withhold. We know that her life was a full as well as a long one; rich in affection, but crowded with care, and that the joy of excellent achievement was often dimmed, for her, by shadows of heavy trouble. She worked always under the pressure of a tyrannous, if not sordid necessity, and she worked bravely, with indomitable spirit and untiring pains. One by one her natural props and comforts were withdrawn, until the death, in 1894, of her last surviving son left her almost alone to confront the spectre of incurable disease. The hour of evensong had struck, and the heroically busy pen might at last be laid aside.

For several years Mrs. Oliphant had lived at Windsor, where her royal neighbor came to know and have a warm regard for her, and had showed her such sympathy when her children died as a mother and a queen may do. Now, at the very moment of the aged sovereign's jubilee, amid the bells and salvos and loyal acclamations which hailed the longest and most blameless reign in English history, the uncrowned queen received her quiet summons into that far country which she had so often visited in thought, and heard, we may hope, over all the exultant noise abroad, that voice of a yet more satisfying welcome and surpassing commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Harriet Waters Preston.

CONCERNING A RED WAISTCOAT.

Hero-worship is appropriate only to youth. With age one becomes cynical, or indifferent, or perhaps too busy. Either the sense of the marvelous is dulled, or

one's boys are just entering college and life is agreeably practical. Marriage and family cares are good if only for the reason that they keep a man from getting bored. But they also stifle his yearnings after the ideal. They make hero-worship appear foolish. How can a man go mooning about when he has just had a good cup of coffee and a snatch of what purports to be the news, while an attractive and well-dressed woman sits opposite him at breakfast-table, and by her mere presence, to say nothing of her wit, compels him to be respectable and to carry a level head? The father of a family and husband of a federated club woman has no business with hero-worship. Let him leave such folly to beardless youth.

But if a man has never outgrown the boy that was in him, or has never married, then may he do this thing. He will be happy himself, and others will be happy as they consider him. Indeed, there is something altogether charming about the personality of him who proves faithful to his early loves in literature and art; who continues a graceful hero-worship through all the caprices of literary fortune; and who, even though his idol may have been dethroned, sets up a private shrine at which he pays his devotions, unmindful of the crowd which hurries by on its way to do homage to strange gods.

Some men are born to be hero-worshippers. Théophile Gautier is an example. If one did not love Gautier for his wit and his good-nature, one would certainly love him because he dared to be sentimental. He displayed an almost comic excess of emotion at his first meeting with Victor Hugo. Gautier smiles as he tells the story; but he tells it exactly, not being afraid of ridicule. He went to call upon Hugo with his friends Gérard de Nerval and Pétrus Borel. Twice he mounted the staircase leading to the poet's door. His feet dragged as if they had been shod with lead instead

of leather. His heart throbbed; cold sweat moistened his brow. As he was on the point of ringing the bell, an idiotic terror seized him, and he fled down the stairs, four steps at a time, Gérard and Pétrus after him, shouting with laughter. But the third attempt was successful. Gautier saw Victor Hugo — and lived. The author of *Odes et Ballades* was just twenty-eight years old. Youth worshiped youth in those great days.

Gautier said little during that visit, but he stared at the poet with all his might. He explained afterwards that one may look at gods, kings, pretty women, and great poets rather more scrutinizingly than at other persons, and this too without annoying them. "We gazed at Hugo with admiring intensity, but he did not appear to be inconvenienced."

What brings Gautier especially to mind is the appearance within a few weeks of an amusing little volume entitled *Le Romantisme et l'éditeur Renduel*. Its chief value consists, no doubt, in what the author, M. Adolphe Jullien, has to say about Renduel. That noted publisher must have been a man of unusual gifts and unusual fortune. He was a fortunate man because he had the luck to publish some of the best works of Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Théophile Gautier, Alfred de Musset, Gérard de Nerval, Charles Nodier, and Paul Lacroix; and he was a gifted man because he was able successfully to manage his troop of geniuses, neither quarreling with them himself nor allowing them to quarrel overmuch with one another. Renduel's portrait faces the title-page of the volume, and there are two portraits of him besides. There are facsimiles of agreements between the great publisher and his geniuses. There is a famous caricature of Victor Hugo with a brow truly monumental. There is a caricature of Alfred de Musset with a figure like a Regency dandy, — a figure which could have been acquired only by much patience and unremitted tight-

lacing; also one of Balzac, which shows that that great novelist's waist-line had long since disappeared, and that he had long since ceased to care. What was a figure to him in comparison with the flesh-pots of Paris!

One of the best of these pictorial satires is Roubaud's sketch of Gautier. It has a teasing quality, it is diabolically fascinating. It shows how great an art caricature is in the hands of a master.

But the highest virtue of a good new book is that it usually sends the reader back to a good old book. One can hardly spend much time upon Renduel; he will remember that Gautier has described that period when hero-worship was in the air, when the sap of a new life circulated everywhere, and when he himself was one of many loyal and enthusiastic youths who bowed the head at mention of Victor Hugo's name. The reader will remember, too, that Gautier was conspicuous in that band of Romanticists who helped to make *Hernani* a success the night of its first presentation. Gautier believed that to be the great event of his life. He loved to talk about it, dream about it, write of it.

There was a world of good fellowship among the young artists, sculptors, and poets of that day. They took real pleasure in shouting Hosanna to Victor Hugo and to one another. Even Zola, the Unsentimental, speaks of *ma tristesse* as he reviews that delightful past. He cannot remember it, to be sure, but he has read about it. He thinks ill of the present as he compares the present with "those dead years." Writers then belonged to a sort of heroic brotherhood. They went out like soldiers to conquer their literary liberties. They were kings of the Paris streets. "But we," says Zola in a pensive strain, "we live like wolves each in his hole." I do not know how true a description this is of modern French literary society, but it is not difficult to make one's self think that those other days were the days of magnificent

friendships between young men of genius. It certainly was a more brilliant time than ours. It was flamboyant, to use one of Gautier's favorite words.

Youth was responsible for much of the enthusiasm which obtained among the champions of artistic liberty. These young men who did honor to the name of Hugo were actually young. They rejoiced in their youth. They flaunted it, so to speak, in the faces of those who were without it. Gautier says that young men of that day differed in one respect from young men of this day; modern young men are generally in the neighborhood of fifty years of age.

Gautier has described his friends and comrades most felicitously. All were boys, and all were clever. They were poor and they were happy. They swore by Scott and Shakespeare, and they planned great futures for themselves.

Take for an example Jules Vabre, who owed his reputation to a certain Essay on the Inconvenience of Conveniences. You will search the libraries in vain for this treatise. The author did not finish it. He did not even commence it, — only talked about it. Jules Vabre had a passion for Shakespeare, and wanted to translate him. He thought of Shakespeare by day and dreamed of Shakespeare by night. He stopped people in the street to ask them if they had read Shakespeare.

He had a curious theory concerning language. Jules Vabre would not have said, As a man thinks so is he, but, As a man drinks so is he. According to Gautier's statement, Vabre maintained the paradox that the Latin languages needed to be "watered" (*arroser*) with wine, and the Anglo-Saxon languages with beer. Vabre found that he made extraordinary progress in English upon stout and extra stout. He went over to England to get the very atmosphere of Shakespeare. There he continued for some time regularly "watering" his language with English ale, and nourish-

ing his body with English beef. He would not look at a French newspaper, nor would he even read a letter from home. Finally he came back to Paris, anglicized to his very galoshes. Gautier says that when they met, Vabre gave him a "shake hand" almost energetic enough to pull the arm from the shoulder. He spoke with so strong an English accent that it was difficult to understand him; Vabre had almost forgotten his mother tongue. Gautier congratulated the exile upon his return, and said, "My dear Jules Vabre, in order to translate Shakespeare it is now only necessary for you to learn French."

Gautier laid the foundations of his great fame by wearing a red waistcoat the first night of Hernani. All the young men were fantastic in those days, and the spirit of carnival was in the whole Romantic movement. Gautier was more courageously fantastic than other young men. His costume was effective, and the public never forgot him. He says with humorous resignation: "If you pronounce the name of Théophile Gautier before a Philistine who has never read a line of our works, the Philistine knows us, and remarks with a satisfied air, 'Oh yes, the young man with the red waistcoat and the long hair.' . . . Our poems are forgotten, but our red waistcoat is remembered." Gautier cheerfully grants that when everything about him has faded into oblivion this gleam of light will remain, to distinguish him from literary contemporaries whose waistcoats were of soberer hue.

The chapter in his *Histoire du Romantisme* in which Gautier tells how he went to the tailor to arrange for the most spectacular feature of his costume is lively and amusing. He spread out the magnificent piece of cherry-colored satin, and then unfolded his design for a "pourpoint," like a "Milan cuirass." Says Gautier, using always his quaint editorial *we*, "It has been said that we know a great many words, but we don't know

words enough to express the astonishment of our tailor when we lay before him our plan for a waistcoat." The man of shears had doubts as to his customer's sanity.

"Monsieur," he exclaimed, "this is not the fashion!"

"It will be the fashion when we have worn the waistcoat once," was Gautier's reply. And he declares that he delivered the answer with a self-possession worthy of a Brummel or "any other celebrity of dandyism."

It is no part of this paper to describe the innocently absurd and good-naturedly extravagant things which Gautier and his companions did, not alone the first night of *Hernani*, but at all times and in all places. They unquestionably saw to it that Victor Hugo had fair play the evening of February 25, 1830. The occasion was a historic one, and they with their Merovingian hair, their beards, their waistcoats, and their enthusiasm helped to make it an unusually lively and picturesque occasion.

I have quoted a very few of the good things which one may read in Gautier's *Histoire du Romantisme*. The narrative is one of much sweetness and humor. It ought to be translated for the benefit of readers who know Gautier chiefly by *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and that for reasons among which love of literature is perhaps the least influential.

It is pleasant to find that Renduel confirms the popular view of Gautier's character. M. Jullien says that Renduel never spoke of Gautier but in praise. "Quel bon garçon!" he used to say. "Quel brave cœur!" M. Jullien has naturally no large number of new facts to give concerning Gautier. But there are eight or nine letters from Gautier to Renduel which will be read with pleasure, especially the one in which the poet says to the publisher, "Heaven preserve you from historical novels, and your eldest child from the smallpox."

Gautier must have been both generous and modest. No mere egoist could

have been so faithful in his hero-worship or so unpretentious in his allusions to himself. One has only to read the most superficial accounts of French literature to learn how universally it is granted that Gautier had skillful command of that language to which he was born. Yet he himself was by no means sure that he deserved a master's degree. He quotes one of Goethe's sayings, — a saying in which the great German poet declares that after the practice of many arts there was but one art in which he could be said to excel, namely, the art of writing in German; in that he was almost a master. Then Gautier exclaims, "Would that *we*, after so many years of labor, had become almost a master of the art of writing in French! But such ambitions are not for us!"

Yet they were for him; and it is a satisfaction to note how invariably he is accounted, by the artists in literature, an eminent man among many eminent men in whose touch language was plastic.

Leon H. Vincent

A MATINÉE PERFORMANCE.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* was about to be performed. For an elderly person like myself the situation was strange enough. Rows on rows of young girls in their new spring dresses filled the theatre, — blondes and brunettes, city girls and suburban girls, with a sprinkling of country cousins. Hardly a male form dared to show itself in the orchestra chairs, and the average age of the whole audience could scarcely have exceeded nineteen years. Four "pigtails" depended immediately in front of me, and at the head of their wearers sat a noble maiden, a chaperon for the nonce, tall and beautifully formed, with brows such as Joan of Arc might have had, — more robust than Juliet, not quite so passionate, but fit to be the mother of heroes.

How grave the youthful audience was! I confess that I felt almost like an inter-

loper at some sacred ceremony. These girls knew what they were about: they were drawn hither by Nature herself; they knew that the business in hand was the chief business of their lives. Love and marriage! Pedagogues and parents might prate about books and accomplishments, about music and culture, the art class and Radcliffe College; but the owner of the shortest pigtail there knew in her secret heart that Juliet and Juliet's experience were of more moment to her than all the learning of the schools. And she was right. At twenty, and thereabout, the romance of life is duly appreciated; at twenty-five or thirty, the man, not the woman, begins to think that the world has something of more value and importance in store for him; but when he has quaffed the cup of life to the bottom, he realizes that the first taste was the best.

Up rose the curtain, and disclosed the Romeo and the Juliet of the occasion. No need for paint or padding here! There stood the immortal lovers, young and beautiful, as Shakespeare himself might have imagined them. The audience gasped simultaneously. What a voice Juliet had! — rich, full, young, but with such a melancholy ring in it that every word she spoke presaged the end. Well might she say, —

“O God, I have an ill-divining soul!”

It is a thought precipitate, the courtship of Romeo and Juliet, — at least it seems so to elderly persons who go cautiously about their affairs; but youth and Shakespeare know better. The pig-tails before me exhibited not a quiver of surprise when Juliet cried to the nurse, some twenty minutes after she had first laid eyes on Romeo, —

“Go, ask his name: if he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.”

Then came the balcony scene. You could have heard the fall of a ribbon, so still was the theatre. Flushed faces and parted lips bent toward the stage,

as Juliet's melodious and pathetic voice spoke those exquisite lines: —

“Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!”

A tear quivered in the young chaperon's eye as these words dropped like pearls from Juliet's lips. What better school for a girl could there be than that which Shakespeare keeps? Even Juliet, with all her youthful passion, in spite of her scant fourteen years, has a true woman's sense of what is right and fitting. There are no lines in the whole play more touching than those with which she takes leave of Romeo on that first night: —

“Although I joy in thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night;

It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, ‘It lightens.’ Sweet, good-night!”

Between the acts I felt the strangeness of my situation most acutely, so difficult were the questions put to me. The fact is — I have had no opportunity to mention it till now — I had been sent to the theatre as escort for a girl from the country, no older than Juliet; a tall, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Anglo-Saxon maiden, — the beauty of a village which lies among the hills of remote New England, fourteen miles from a railroad. Sad was the havoc wrought in her acute but untutored mind by the scenic representation of Romeo and Juliet. At an early period in the play, she wisely conjectured that “Romeo's folks could n't get on with Juliet's folks.” And it was easy for me to reply that she was quite right. But later, after Romeo had been banished from Verona for killing Tybalt, what was I to say, when she inquired with the utmost seriousness, “Was it wrong for Romeo to kill Tybalt?” God knows. Fourteen years of study and thought at

a German university would not have enabled me to answer the question, and here was I called upon to settle it off-hand! The feudal system, chivalry, the duel, the theory of Honor, and its relation to ethics and to Christianity, — a few trifling matters like these had first to be disposed of before I could pronounce upon Romeo's conduct. I hesitated, and the blue eyes of rustic Juliet beside me dilated with astonishment. The question was a simple one, — as it seemed to her; why could not I, a person, like Friar Laurence, of "long-experienced time," give it a simple answer? At last I replied, with the awkwardness of conscious ignorance, "I don't know, but the Prince thought he was wrong." The answer was not satisfactory, and she turned away with a sigh, as if for the first time it occurred to her that perhaps life was more complex than it appeared as she had been wont to view it from her home in North Jay.

As the play progressed and the tragedy began to deepen, a kind of awe settled down upon the youthful audience, now sitting almost in darkness, for the lights had been extinguished. The pig-tails within my view hung tense and rigid, and my young companion frowned, as she endeavored to follow the working of Juliet's mind.

There is a beautiful simplicity, an utter absence of affectation or self-consciousness, in Juliet's declaration of what she would rather do than be false to Romeo. An answering fire kindled in the eyes of the youthful chaperon, and the four pig-tails in the same row trembled with horror when the climax was reached in these lines: —

"Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made
me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love."

But Juliet was capable not only of courageous action, but of despair; and

that is the last test of an heroic mind. The ordinary person cannot endure to look despair in the face; he shuffles, endeavors to compromise, pretends to himself, against his reason, that the end has not been reached, and takes refuge in any form of evasion that presents itself. Not so with Juliet.

"If all else fail, myself have power to die."

Moreover, it was the peculiarity of the Elizabethan age, — perhaps one should say, of the age of chivalry, — that any high and difficult course of conduct presented itself to the mind of the actor not merely as a matter of duty, but as a matter of honor. This identification of duty with honor gave to conduct an artistic as well as a moral element, and invested human speech and act with an ideal dignity. Thus Juliet exclaimed to Friar Laurence: —

"Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring."

There lies the moral of the story. Mercutio, Tybalt, Paris, Romeo, and Juliet, all young and vigorous persons, with the world before them, preferred "true honour" to life. But Juliet had the hardest part to play. It is probable that Shakespeare in his modesty never dreamed that the words which he puts in the mouth of Montague would come true of himself:

"For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet."

The audience passed demurely out, after the horrors of the final scene, with a gentle rustle of silken skirts. Outside, the sun still rode high in heaven, and the bells on the electric cars still profaned the air; but the spell which the great poet had cast over the witnesses of the tragedy shut out the light of common day — even to my elderly perceptions — till night had fallen.



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